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WILHELM MEISTER'S TRAVELS

THE RECREATIONS OF THE GERMAN EMIGRANTS

THE WORKS
OF
J. W. von GOETHE

WILHELM MEISTER'S TRAVELS
THE RECREATIONS OF THE GERMAN EMIGRANTS
THE SORROWS OF YOUNG WERTHER
ELECTIVE AFFINITIES

TRANSLATED BY
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Does Fortune try thee? She had cause to do't:
She wished thee temperate; obey, be mute!

What, shap'st thou here at the world! 'tis shapen long ago;
The Maker shaped it, *he* thought it best even *so:*
Thy lot is appointed, go follow its hest;
Thy way is begun, thou must walk, and not rest:
For sorrow and care cannot alter thy case;
And running, not raging, will win thee the race.

Enweri tells us, a most royal man,
The deepest heart and highest head to scan:
"In every place, at every time, thy surest chance
Lies in decision, justice, tolerance."

My inheritance, how wide and fair!
Time is my estate: to time I'm heir.

Now it is day: be doing, every one;
For the night cometh, wherein work can none.

And so I, in Tale adjoining,
Lift old treasures into day;
If not gold or perfect coining,
They are metals any way:
Thou canst sort them, thou canst sunder,
Thou canst melt and make them one;
Then take that with smiling wonder,
Stamp it like thyself, my son.

Wilhelm Meister's Travels;

or, The Renunciants

CHAPTER I.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

WILHELM was sitting under the shadow of a huge crag, on a shaggy, impressive spot, where the steep mountain path turned abruptly round a corner, down into the chasm. The sun was still high, and brightening the tops of the pine-trees in the clefts at his feet. He was looking at something in his note-book, when Felix, who had been clambering about, came to him with a stone in his hand. "What is the name of this stone, father?" said the boy.

"I know not," answered Wilhelm.

"Can this be gold that glitters in it so?" said Felix.

"No, no," replied Wilhelm; "and now I remember, people call it mica, or cat-gold."

"Cat-gold!" said the boy, smiling. "And why?"

"I suppose because it is false, and cats are reckoned false too."

"Well, I will note that," said the son, and put in the stone beside the rest with which he had already filled his pockets.

Scarcely was this over when, adown the steep path, a strange enough appearance came in sight. Two boys,

beautiful as day, in coloured jackets which you might have taken for outer shirts, came bounding down, one after the other; and Wilhelm had opportunity of viewing them more closely, as they faltered on observing him, and stopped for a moment. Round the elder boy's head waved rich, fair locks, which you looked at first, on observing him; and then his clear blue eyes attracted your attention, which spread itself with delight over his beautiful shape. The younger, more like a friend than a brother, was decked with brown, sleek hair, which hung down over his shoulders, and the reflection of which appeared to be imaged in his eyes.

These strange, and, in this wilderness, quite unexpected, beings, Wilhelm had not time to view more narrowly; for he heard a man's voice calling down round the corner of the crag, in a serious, but friendly, tone, "Why do you stand still? Don't stop the way."

Wilhelm looked upwards; and, if the children had surprised him, what he now saw filled him with astonishment. A stout, firm-set, not too tall, young man, tucked up for walking, of brown complexion and black hair, was stepping firmly and carefully down the rock-way, and leading an ass behind him, which first presented its glossy, well-trimmed head, and then the fair burden it bore. A soft, lovely woman was seated on a large and well-panelled saddle: in her arms, within a blue mantle which hung over her, lay an infant, which she was pressing to her breast, and looking at with indescribable tenderness. The man did as the children had done, — faltered for a moment at sight of Wilhelm. The beast slackened its step, but the descent was too precipitous: the travellers could not halt; and Wilhelm with astonishment saw them vanish behind the contiguous wall of rocks.

Nothing was more natural than that this singular procession should cut short his meditations. He rose in no small curiosity, and looked from his position

toward the chasm, to see whether they would not again make their appearance somewhere below. He was just about descending to salute these strange travellers, when Felix came climbing up, and said, "Father, may I not go home with these boys to their house? They want to take me with them. Thou must go too, the man said to me. Come! they are waiting down there."

"I will speak with them," answered Wilhelm.

He found them at a place where the path was more level, and he could not but gaze in wonder at the singular figures which had so strongly attracted his attention. Not till now had it been in his power to note the peculiarities of the group. The young, stout man, he found, had a joiner's axe on his shoulder, and a long, thin iron square. The children bore in their hands large sedge-tufts, like palms; and if, in this point, they resembled angels, they likewise carried little baskets with shop-wares in them, thereby resembling the little daily posts, as they pass to and fro over the mountains. The mother, also, he observed, on looking more leisurely, wore under her blue mantle a reddish, mild-coloured, lower garment: so that "The Flight into Egypt," which our friend had so often seen painted, he now, with amazement, saw bodied forth before his eyes.

The strangers exchanged salutations; and as Wilhelm, from surprise and attention, could not speak, the young man said, "Our children have formed a friendship in these few moments. Will you go with us to see whether some kind relation will not spring up between the elder parties also?"

Wilhelm bethought himself an instant, and then answered, "The aspect of your little family procession awakens trust and good-will, and, to confess it frankly, curiosity no less, and a lively desire to be better acquainted with you. For, at the first glance, one might

ask himself the question, Whether you are real travellers, or only spirits that take pleasure in enlivening these uninhabitable mountains by pleasant visions?"

"Then, come home with us to our dwelling," said the other. "Come with us!" cried the children, already drawing Felix along with them. "Come with us!" said the woman, turning her soft kindliness from the suckling to the stranger.

Without reflecting, Wilhelm answered, "I am sorry, that, for the present moment, I cannot follow you. This night, at least, I must spend up at the Border-house. My portmanteau, my papers, — all is lying up there, unpacked, entrusted to no one. But, that I may prove my wish and purpose to satisfy your friendly invitation, take my Felix with you as a pledge. To-morrow I shall see you. How far is it?"

"We shall be home before sunset," said the carpenter; "and from the Border-house you are but a league and a half. Your boy increases our household for this night, and tomorrow we expect you."

The man and the animal set forth. Wilhelm smiled thoughtfully to see his Felix so soon received among the angels. The boy had already seized a sedge tuft, and taken the basket from the younger of his companions. The procession was again on the point of vanishing behind a ledge of rock, when Wilhelm recollected himself, and cried, "But how shall I inquire you out?"

"Ask for St. Joseph!" sounded from the hollow; and the whole vision had sunk behind the blue, shady wall of cliffs. A pious hymn, uplifted on a chorus of several voices, rose echoing from the distance; and Wilhelm thought he could distinguish the voice of his Felix among the rest.

He ascended the path, and thus protracted the period of sunset. The heavenly star, which he had more than once lost sight of, illuminated him afresh

as he mounted higher; and it was still day when he reached his inn. Once more he delighted himself with the vast mountain prospect, then withdrew to his chamber, where immediately he seized his pen, and passed a part of the night in writing.

Wilhelm to Natalia.

Now at last I have reached the summit,—the summit of the mountains, which will place a stronger separation betwixt us than all the tract I had passed over before. To my feeling, one is still in the neighbourhood of those he loves, so long as the streams run down from him toward them. To-day I can still fancy to myself that the twig which I cast into the forest-brook may, perhaps, float down to her, may in a few days land at her garden; and thus our spirit sends its images more easily, our heart its sympathies, by the same downward course. But over on the other side I fear there rises a wall of division against the imagination and the feelings. Yet this, perhaps, is but a vain anxiety; for over on the other side, after all, it will not be otherwise than it is here. What could part me from thee! From thee, whose own I am for ever; though a strange destiny sunders me from thee, and unexpectedly shuts the heaven to which I stood so near. I had time to compose myself; and yet no time could have sufficed to give me that composure, had I not gained it from thy mouth, from thy lips, in that decisive moment. How could I have torn myself away, if the enduring thread had not been spun which is to unite us for time and eternity? Yet I must not speak of all this. Thy tender commands I will not break: on this mountain-top be it the last time that I name the word Separation before thee! My life is to become a restless wandering. Strange duties of the wanderer have I to fulfil, and peculiar

trials to undergo. How I often smile within myself when I read the terms which thou prescribedst to me, which I prescribed to myself. Many of them have been kept, many broken; but, even while breaking them, this sheet is of use to me, this testimonial of my last confession, — of my last absolution: it speaks to me as an authoritative conscience, and I again turn to the right path. I watch myself; and my faults no longer rush like mountain torrents, one over the other.

Yet I will confess to thee I many times wonder at those teachers and guides of men who impose on their scholars nothing but external, mechanical duties. They make the task light for themselves as well as for the world. For this very part of my obligations, which at first seemed the heaviest, the strangest, I now observe with greatest ease, with greatest satisfaction.

I am not to stay beyond three days under one roof. I am to quit no inn without removing at least one league from it. These regulations are, in truth, calculated to make my life a life of travel, and to prevent the smallest thought of settlement from taking hold of me. Hitherto I have fulfilled this condition to the letter, not even using all the liberty it grants me. This is the first time that I have paused: here, for the first time, I sleep three nights in the same bed. From this spot I send thee much that I have heard, observed, laid up for thee; and early in the morning I descend on the other side, — in the first place, to a strange family, I might almost say, a Holy Family, of which, in my journal, thou wilt find further notice. For the present, farewell; and lay down this sheet with the feeling that it has but one thing to say, but one thing which it would say and repeat for ever; yet will not say it, will not repeat it now, till I have once more the happiness of lying at thy feet, and weeping over thy hands for all that I renounce.

MORNING.

My packing is done. The porter is girding the portmanteau on his dorsel. As yet, the sun is not up: vapours are streaming out of all the hollows, but the upper sky is clear. We step down into the gloomy deeps, which also will soon brighten over our heads. Let me send my last sigh home to thee! Let my last look toward thee be yet blinded with involuntary tears! I am decided and determined. Thou shalt hear no more complaints from me: thou shalt hear only what happens to the wanderer. And yet now, when I am on the point of ending, a thousand thoughts, wishes, hopes, and purposes come crowding through my soul. Happily the people force me away. The porter calls me; and mine host has already in my presence begun sorting the apartment, as if I were gone: thus feelingless, imprudent heirs do not hide from the departing testator their preparations for assuming management.

CHAPTER II.

ST. JOSEPH THE SECOND.

ALREADY had the wanderer, following his porter on foot, left the steep rocks behind and above him: already were they traversing a softer mid-range of hills, and hastening through many a well-pruned wood, over many a friendly meadow, forward and forward; till at last they found themselves on a declivity, and looked down into a beautifully cultivated valley, begirt on all sides with hills. A large monastic edifice, half in ruins, half in repair, immediately attracted their attention. "This is St. Joseph," said the porter. "Pity for the fine church! Do but look how fresh and firm it still holds up its pillars through bush and tree, though it has lain many hundred years in decay."

"The cloister, on the contrary," said Wilhelm, "I observe, is kept in good state."

"Yes," said the other: "there is a *Schaffner* lives here; he manages the husbandry, collects the dues and tithes, which the people far and wide have to pay him."

So speaking they had entered through the open gate into a spacious court, surrounded with earnest-looking, well-kept buildings, and announcing itself as the residence of some peaceful community. Among the children playing in the area, Wilhelm noticed Felix: the other two were the angels of last night. The friendly trefoil came running toward him with salutations, and assurances that papa would soon be back. He, in the meanwhile, they said, must go into the hall, and rest himself.

How surprised was Wilhelm when the children led him into this apartment which they named the hall. Passing directly from the court, through a large door, our wanderer found himself in a very cleanly, undecayed chapel, which however, as he saw well enough, had been fitted up for the domestic uses of daily life. On the one side stood a table, a settle, some chairs and benches; on the other side a neatly carved dresser, with variegated pottery, jugs, and glasses. Some chests and trunks were standing in suitable niches: and, simple as the whole appeared, there was not wanting an air of comfort; and daily household life looked forth from it with an aspect of invitation. The light fell in from high windows on the side. But what most roused the attention of the wanderer was a series of coloured figures painted on the wall, stretching under the windows, at a considerable height, round three-quarters of the chapel, and hanging down to the wainscot, which covered the remainder of the wall to the ground. The pictures represented the history of St. Joseph. Here you might see him first employed with his carpentry work: here he meets Mary; and a lily is sprouting from the ground between them, while angels hover round observing them. Here his betrothing takes place: next comes the salutation of the angel. Here he is sitting disconsolate among his neglected work: he has laid by the axe, and is thinking to put away his wife. But now appears the angel to him in a dream, and his situation changes. With reverence he looks on the new-born child in the stable at Bethlehem, and prays to it. Soon after this comes a wonderfully beautiful picture. You observe a quantity of timber lying dressed: it is just to be put together, and by chance two of the pieces form a cross. The child has fallen asleep on the cross; his mother sits by, and looks at him with heartfelt love; and the foster-father pauses with his labour, that he may not

awaken him. Next follows the flight into Egypt: it called forth a smile from the gazing traveller, for he saw here on the walls a repetition of the living figures he had met last night.

He had not long pursued his contemplations, when the landlord entered, whom he directly recognised as the leader of the Holy Caravan. They saluted each other cordially: much conversation followed, yet Wilhelm's chief attention continued fixed on the pictures. The host observed the feeling of his guest, and began with a smile, "No doubt you are wondering at the strange accordance of this building with its inhabitants, whom you last night got acquainted with. Yet it is, perhaps, still more singular than you suppose: the building has, in truth, formed the inhabitants. For, when the inanimate has life, it can also produce what has life."

"Yes, indeed!" answered Wilhelm: "I should be surprised if the spirit, which worked so powerfully in this mountain solitude long centuries ago, and drew round it such a mighty body of edifices, possessions, and rights, diffusing in return the blessings of manifold culture over the region, could not still, out of these ruins, manifest the force of its life on some living being. But let us not linger on general reflections: make me acquainted with your history; let me know how it can possibly have happened, that, without affectation and presumption, the past again represents itself in you, and what was, again is."

Just as Wilhelm was expecting responsive information from the lips of his host, a friendly voice in the court cried, "Joseph!" The man obeyed it, and went out.

"So he, too, is Joseph!" said Wilhelm to himself. "This is strange enough, and yet not so strange as that in his life he should personate his saint." At the same time, looking through the door, he saw the Virgin Mother of last night speaking with her husband.

They parted at last: the woman walked toward the opposite building. "Mary," cried he after her, "a word more."

"So she, too, is Mary!" said Wilhelm inwardly. "Little would make me feel as if I were transported eighteen hundred years into the past!" He thought of the solemn and secluded valley in which he was, of the wrecks and silence all around; and a strange, antiquarian mood came over him. It was time for the landlord and children to come in. The latter called for Wilhelm to go and walk, as the landlord had still some business to do. And now came in view the ruins of the church, with its many shafts and columns, with its high peaks and walls; which looked as if gathering strength in the influence of wind and weather; for strong trees from of old had taken root in the broad backs of the walls, and now, in company with grass, flowers, and moss in great quantities, exhibited bold hanging gardens vegetating in the air. Soft sward-paths led you up the banks of a lively brook; and from a little elevation our wanderer could now overlook the edifice and its site with more interest, as its occupants had become still more singular in his eyes, and by their harmony with their abode had awakened his liveliest curiosity.

The promenaders returned, and found in the religious hall a table standing covered. At the upper end was an armchair, in which the mistress of the house took her seat. Beside her she had placed a high wicker-cradle, in which lay the little infant: the father sat next this on her left hand, Wilhelm on her right. The three children occupied the under space of the table. An old serving-maid brought in a well-readied meal. Eating and drinking implements alike pointed to the past. The children afforded matter for talk, while Wilhelm could not satisfy himself with looking at the form and the bearing of his saintly hostess.

Their repast over, the company separated. The landlord took his guest to a shady spot in the ruin, where, from an elevated station, the pleasant prospect down the valley lay entire before them; and, farther off, the heights of the lower country, with their fruitful declivities and woody backs, were seen protruding one behind the other. "It is fair," said the landlord, "that I satisfy your curiosity; and the rather, as I feel that you can view the strange with seriousness when you find it resting on a serious ground. This religious foundation, the remains of which are lying round us, was dedicated to the Holy Family, and in old times noted as a place of pilgrimage for many wonders done in it. The church was consecrated to the Mother and the Son. It has lain for several centuries in ruins. The chapel, dedicated to the holy foster-father, still remains, as does likewise the serviceable part of the cloister. The revenues have for many years belonged to a temporal prince, who keeps a steward or *Schaffner* here: this *Schaffner* am I, son of the last *Schaffner*, who also succeeded his father in the office.

"St. Joseph, though any regular worship of him has long ceased here, had been so helpful to our family, that it is not to be wondered at if they felt particularly well inclined toward him: hence came it that they had me baptised by the name of Joseph, and thereby, I may say, in some sense determined my whole future way of life. I grew up; and, if I used to help my father in managing the dues, I attached myself as gladly, nay, still more gladly, to my mother, who cheerfully distributed her bounty according to her fortune, and for her kindness and good deeds was known and loved over all the mountains. Erelong she would send me out, now this way, now that; now to fetch, now to carry, now direct; and I very speedily began to be at home in this sort of pious occupation.

"In general, our mountain life has something more humane in it than the life of Lowlanders. The inhabitants here are nearer, and, if you will, more remote also. Our wants are smaller, but more pressing. Each man is placed more on his own footing; he must learn to depend on his own hands, on his own limbs. The labourer, the post, the porter, all unite in one person: each of us is more connected with the other, meets him oftener, and lives with him in joint activity.

"As I was still young, and my shoulders could not bear heavy burdens, I fell upon a thought of furnishing a little ass with panniers, which I might drive before me up and down the steep foot-paths. In the mountains the ass is no such despicable animal as in the plain country, where the labourer that ploughs with horses reckons himself better than he that turns his furrow with oxen. And I walked behind my beast with the less hesitation, as I had before observed in the chapel, that an animal of this same sort had been promoted to such honour as to carry God and his Mother. This chapel was not then, however, in the state you now see it in. It had been treated as a cart-house, nay, almost as a stable. Firewood, stakes, implements, barrels, and ladders, everything that came to hand, lay huddled together in it. Lucky that the pictures were so high, and the wainscot could stand some hardships. But even in my childhood I used many a time to clamber over the wood, and delight myself with looking at the pictures, which no one could properly explain to me. However, I knew at least that the saint whose life stood depicted on these walls was my patron; and I rejoiced in him as much as if he had been my uncle. I waxed in stature; and it being an express condition, that whoever meant to aspire after this post of *Schaffner* must practise some handicraft, our family, desiring that I might inherit so good a benefice, determined on putting me to learn

some trade, and such a one, at the same time, as might be useful here in our upland way of life.

"My father was a cooper, and had been accustomed to supply of himself whatever was required in that sort; from which there arose no little profit, both to himself and the country. But I could not prevail on myself to follow him in this business. My inclination drew me irresistibly to the joiner trade, the tools and materials of which I had seen, from infancy upwards, so accurately and circumstantially painted beside my patron saint. I signified my wish: nothing could be objected to it, — the less, as in our frequent buildings the carpenter is often wanted here; nay, if he have any sleight in his trade, and fondness for it, especially in forest districts, the arts of the cabinet-maker, and even of the carver, lie close beside his province. And what still further confirmed me in my higher purposes was a picture, which now, alas! is almost effaced. If once you know what it is meant to represent, you may still be able to decipher the figures, when I take you to look at it. St. Joseph had got no lower a commission than to make a throne for King Herod. The royal seat was to be erected between two given pillars. Joseph carefully measures the breadth and height, and fashions a costly throne. But how astonished is he, how alarmed, on carrying his finished work to the place: the throne is too high, and not broad enough. King Herod, as we know, was a man that did not understand jesting: the pious wright is in the greatest perplexity. The divine child, accustomed to follow him everywhere, and in childlike, humble sport to carry his tools after him, observes his strait, and is immediately at hand with advice and assistance. He requires of his foster-father to take hold of the throne by the one side, he himself grasps it by the other, and both begin to pull. Easily and pliantly, as if it had been made of leather. the carved throne extends in

breadth, contracts proportionately in length, and fits itself to the place with the nicest accuracy, to the great comfort of the reassured master, and the perfect satisfaction of the king.

"This throne was, in my youth, quite distinctly visible; and by the remains of the one side you will still be able to discern that there was no want of carving on it, — which, indeed, must have been easier for the painter than it would have been for the carpenter, had such a thing been required of him.

"That circumstance, however, raised no scruples in me; but I looked on the handicraft to which I had devoted myself in so honourable a light, that I was all impatience to be apprenticed to it, — a longing which was the easier to fulfil, as a master of the trade lived in our neighbourhood, who worked for the whole district, and kept several apprentices and journeymen about him. Thus I continued in the neighbourhood of my parents, and to a certain extent pursued my former way of life also; seeing I employed my leisure hours and holidays in doing those charitable messages which my mother still entrusted to me."

CHAPTER III.

THE VISIT.

"So passed several years," continued the narrator. "I very soon comprehended the principles of my trade; and my frame, expanded by labour, was equal to the undertaking of everything connected with the business. At the same time I kept managing my ancient service, which my good mother, or rather the sick and destitute, required at my hands. I moved with my beast through the mountains, punctually distributed my lading, and brought back from shopkeepers and merchants what we needed here at home.

"My master was contented with me, my parents also. Already I enjoyed the satisfaction, in my wanderings, of seeing many a house which I had helped to raise, or had myself decorated. For, in particular, that last notching of the beam-ends, that carving of certain simple forms, that branding in of pretty figures, that red painting of certain recesses, by which a wooden house in the mountains acquires so pleasant an aspect, — these arts were specially entrusted to me; as I always made the best hand of such tasks, having Herod's throne and its ornaments constantly in my head.

"Among the help-needing persons whom my mother took peculiar charge of, were particularly young wives near the time of their confinement, as by degrees I could well enough remark; though, in such cases, the commissions given me were veiled in a certain mystery. My messages, on these occasions, never reached directly

to the party concerned; but everything passed through the hands of a good old woman, who lived down the dale, and was called Frau Elizabeth. My mother, herself, skilful in the art which saves life to so many at their very entrance into life, constantly maintained a good understanding with Frau Elizabeth; and I often heard, in all quarters, that many a one of our stout mountaineers stood indebted for his existence to these two women. The secrecy with which Elizabeth received me at all times, her pointed replies to my enigmatical questions, which I myself did not understand, awoke in me a singular reverence for her; and her house, which was extremely clean, appeared to me to represent a sort of sanctuary.

"Meanwhile, by my acquirements and adroitness in my craft, I had gained considerable influence in the family. As my father, in the character of cooper, had taken charge of the cellar and its contents, I now took charge of roof and room, and repaired many a damaged part in the old building. In particular, I contrived to make some fallen barns and out-houses once more serviceable for domestic use; and scarcely was this done when I set about cleaning and clearing out my beloved chapel. In a few days it was put in order, almost as you see it at present; and such pieces of the wainscot as were damaged or altogether wanting, I had endeavoured, as I went along, to restore in the same fashion as the rest. These door-leaves of the entrance, too, you might think, were old enough; yet they are of my workmanship. I passed several years in carving them at leisure hours, having first mortised the body of them firmly together out of strong oaken planks. Whatever of the pictures had not been effaced or injured at that time, has since continued unimpaired; and I assisted our glazier in a new house he was erecting, under the condition of his putting in coloured windows here.

"If these figures and thoughts on the saint's life had hitherto occupied my imagination, the whole impressed itself on me with much more liveliness, now that I could again regard the place as a sanctuary, could linger in it, and muse at leisure on what I saw or conjectured. There lay in me an irresistible desire to follow in the footsteps of this saint: and, as a similar history was not to be looked for in these times, I determined on commencing my resemblance from the lowest point upward; as, indeed, by the use of my beast of burden, I had already commenced it long ago. The small creature which I had hitherto employed would no longer content me: I chose for myself a far more stately carrier, and got a large, stout saddle, which was equally adapted for riding and packing. A pair of new baskets were also procured; and a net of many-coloured knots, flakes, and tufts, intermixed with jingling tags of metal, decorated the neck of my long-eared beast, which might now show itself beside its model on the wall. No one thought of mocking me when I passed over the mountains in this equipment: people do not quarrel with Benevolence for putting on a strange outside.

"Meanwhile, war, or rather its consequences, had approached our district; for dangerous bands of vagabond deserters had more than once collected, and here and there practised much violence and wanton mischief. By the good order of our provincial militia, by patrolling and prompt watchfulness, the evil was very soon remedied: but we too quickly relapsed into our former carelessness; and, before we thought of it, new disorders broke forth.

"For a long time all had been quiet in our neighbourhood, and I had travelled peacefully with my ass along the accustomed paths; till one day, passing over a newly sown glade of the forest, I observed a female form sitting, or rather lying, at the edge of the fence-

ditch. She seemed to be asleep, or in a swoon. I endeavoured to recall her; and, as she opened her eyes and sat upright, she cried with eagerness, 'Where is he? Did you see him?' I asked, 'Whom?' She replied, 'My husband.' Considering her extremely youthful appearance, I had not been expecting this reply; yet I continued, so much the more kindly, to assist her, and assure her of my sympathy. I learned that the two travellers had left their carriage, the road being so heavy, and struck into a footpath to make a shorter cut. Hard by they had been overtaken by armed marauders; her husband had gone off fighting with them; she, not able to follow him far, had sunk on this spot, and lain there she knew not how long. She pressingly begged of me to leave her, and hasten after her husband. She rose to her feet; and the fairest, loveliest form stood before me: yet I could easily observe that she was in a situation in which she might soon require the help of my mother and Frau Elizabeth. We disputed awhile: for I wished, before all, to bring her to some place of safety; she wished, in the first place, to have tidings of her husband. She would not leave the trace of him; and all my arguments would perhaps have been unavailing, had not a party of our militia, which the tidings of fresh misdeeds had again called out into service, chanced to pass that way through the forest. These I informed of the matter: with them the necessary arrangements were made, the place of meeting appointed, and so the business settled for the time. With great expedition I hid my panniers in a neighbouring cave, which had often served me before as a repository: I adjusted my saddle for easy riding, and, not without a strange emotion, lifted the fair burden on my willing beast, which, knowing of itself what path to choose, left me at liberty to walk by her side.

"You can figure to yourself, without my describing

it at large, in what a strange mood I was. What I had long been seeking I had now found. I felt as if I were dreaming, and then again as if I were awakening from a dream. That heavenly form which I saw, as it were, hovering in the air, and bending aside from the green branches, now seemed to me like a dream which had risen in my soul through those figures in the chapel. Soon those figures themselves seemed to me to have been only dreams, which were here issuing in a fair reality. I asked her many things: she answered me softly and kindly, as beseemed a dignified distress. She often desired me, when we reached any open height, to stop, to look round, to listen. She desired me with such grace, with such a deep, wistful look from under her long black eyelashes, that I could not but do whatever lay in my power; nay, at last I climbed to the top of a high, solitary, branchless pine. Never had this feat of my handicraft been more welcome to me: never had I, with greater joy, brought down ribbons and silks from such elevations at festivals and fairs. But for this time, alas! I came back without booty: above, as below, I could hear or see nothing. In the end, she herself called me down, and beckoned to me earnestly with her hand: nay, at last, as in gliding down I quitted my hold a considerable way up, and dropped on the ground, she gave a scream; and a sweet kindliness spread over her face as she saw me before her unhurt.

"Why should I tell you in detail of the hundred attentions with which I strove the whole way to be pleasing, to divert her thoughts from her grief? Indeed, how could I? For it is the very quality of true attention, that, at the moment, it makes a nothing all. To my feeling, the flowers which I broke for her, the distant scenes which I showed her, the hills, the woods, which I named to her, were so many precious treasures which I was giving her to obtain for myself a

place among her interests, as one tries to do by presents.

"Already she had gained me for my whole life, when we reached our destination, at that good old woman's door; and I saw a painful separation close at hand. Once more I ran over all her form; and, as my eyes came on her feet, I stooped as if to adjust something in my girdle, and kissed the daintiest shoe that I had ever seen, yet without her noticing me. I helped her down, sprang up the steps, and called in at the door, 'Frau Elizabeth, here is a visitor!' The good old woman came down: and I looked over her shoulders toward the house, as the fair being mounted the steps with graceful sorrow, and inward, painful self-consciousness; till she gratefully embraced my worthy old woman, and accompanied her into the better chamber. They shut the door; and I was left standing outside by my ass, like a man that has delivered a loading of precious wares, and is again as poor a carrier as before."

CHAPTER IV.

THE LILY-STALK.

"I WAS still lingering in my departure, for I knew not what to do if I were gone, when Frau Elizabeth came to the door, and desired me to send my mother down to her, and then to go about, and, if possible, get tidings of the husband. 'Mary begs you very much to do this,' said she. 'Can I not speak with her again myself?' replied I. 'That will not do,' said Elizabeth; and we parted. In a short time I reached our dwelling: my mother was ready that same night to go over, and be helpful to the young stranger. I hastened down the country, thinking I should get the surest intelligence at the *Amtmann's*. But the *Amtmann* himself was still in uncertainty; and, as I was known to him, he invited me to pass the night there. It seemed interminably long; and still I had the fair form before my eyes, as she sat gently swaying in the saddle, and looking down to me so sorrowful and friendly. Every moment I hoped for news. To the worthy husband I honestly wished life and safety, and yet I liked so well to fancy her a widow! The ranging troops by little and little collected; and, after many variable rumours, the certainty at last came to light, that the carriage was saved, but the hapless traveller dead of his wounds in a neighbouring village. I learned also, that, according to our first arrangement, some of the party had gone to communicate the melancholy tidings to Frau Elizabeth: consequently I had nothing more to do there. Yet a boundless impatience, an immeasurable

longing, drove me over wood and mountain once more to her threshold. It was dark; the door was shut; I saw light in the room, I saw shadows moving on the curtains; and thus I sat watching on a bench opposite the house; still on the point of knocking, and still withheld by many considerations.

"But why should I go on describing to you what is in itself of no interest? In short, next morning, too, the house was shut against me. They knew the heavy tidings, they needed me no further; they sent me to my father, to my work; they would not answer my inquiries; they wanted to be rid of me.

"For eight days this sort of treatment had continued, when at last Frau Elizabeth called me in. 'Step softly, my friend,' said she, 'but enter without scruple.' She led me into a trim apartment, where, in the corner, through the half-opened curtains, I saw my fair one dressed, and sitting upright in the bed. Frau Elizabeth went toward her as if to announce me, lifted something from the bed, and brought it me,—wrapped in the whitest swathings, the prettiest boy! Frau Elizabeth held it straight betwixt the mother and me; and just then the lily-stalk occurred to me, which, in the picture, springs from the ground between Joseph and Mary, as witness of the purity of their affection. From that moment I was certain of my cause, certain of my happiness. I could approach her with freedom, speak with her, meet her heavenly eye, take the boy on my arm, and imprint a warm kiss on his brow.

"'How I thank you for the love you bear to that orphan child!' said the mother. Unthinkingly and briskly I cried, 'It is no orphan any longer, if you like!'

"Frau Elizabeth, more prudent than I, took the child from my hands, and got me put away.

"To this hour, when I chance to be wandering over our mountains and forests, the remembrance of that

time forms my happiest entertainment. I can still recall the slightest particulars; which, however, as is fit, I spare you at present. Weeks passed on: Mary was recovered; I could see her oftener; my intercourse with her was a train of services and attentions. Her family circumstances allowed her to choose a residence according to her pleasure. She first stayed with Frau Elizabeth: then she paid us a visit, to thank my mother and me for so many and such friendly helps. She liked to live with us, and I flattered myself that it was partly on my account. What I wished to tell her, however, and durst not utter, came to words in a singular and pretty wise, when I took her into the chapel, which I had then fitted up as a habitual apartment. I showed her the pictures, and explained them to her one after the other, and, so doing, unfolded the duties of a foster-father in so vivid and cordial a manner that the tears came into her eyes, and I could not get to the end of my picture exhibition. I thought myself certain of her affection, though I was not proud enough to wish so soon to efface the memory of her husband. The law imposes on widows a year of mourning; and, in truth, such an epoch, which includes in it the change of all earthly things, is necessary for a feeling heart, to alleviate the painful impressions of a great loss. We see the flowers fade and the leaves fall; but we likewise see fruits ripen, and new buds shoot forth. Life belongs to the living, and he who lives must be prepared for vicissitudes.

"I now spoke with my mother on the concern which lay so near my heart. She thereupon disclosed to me how grievous to Mary the death of her husband had been, and how she had borne up and gathered courage again, solely from the thought that she must live for her child. My inclination was not unknown to the women, and already Mary had accustomed herself to the idea of living with us. She stayed awhile longer in

the neighbourhood: then she came up to us, and we lived for a time in the gentlest and happiest state of betrothment. At last we wedded. That feeling which had first drawn us together did not fade away. The duties and joys of the father and the foster-father were united: and so our little family, as it increased, did certainly surpass its prototype in number of persons; but the virtues of that pattern, in respect to faithfulness, and purity of sentiments, were sacredly maintained and practised by us. And so also in friendly habitude we keep up the external appearance which we, by accident, arrived at, and which fits our internal state so well; for though all of us are good walkers, and stout bearers of weight, the beast of burden still remains in our company, when any business or visit takes us through these mountains and valleys. As you met us last night, so does the whole country know us; and we feel proud that our walk and conversation are of such a sort as not to throw disgrace on the saintly name and figure whose imitators we profess to be."

Wilhelm to Natalia.

I now conclude a pleasant, half-marvellous history, which I have just written down for thee, from the mouth of a very worthy man. If I have not always given his very words; if here and there, in describing his sentiments, I have expressed my own, — this, considering the relationship of mind I feel with him, was natural enough. His reverence for his wife, does it not resemble that which I entertain for thee? And is there not, even in the first meeting of these lovers, something similar to ours? But that he is fortunate enough to walk beside his animal, as it bears the doubly beautiful burden; that he can enter at evenings, with his family possession, through the old cloister-gate; that he is inseparable from his own loved ones,

— in all this, I may well secretly envy him. Yet I must not complain of my destiny; seeing I have promised thee that I will suffer and be silent, as thou also hast undertaken.

Many a fair feature in the domestic union of these devout and cheerful persons I have been obliged to omit, for how could it be depicted in writing? Two days have passed over me agreeably, but the third warns me to be mindful of my farther wayfaring.

With Felix I had a little quarrel to-day. He was almost for compelling me to break through one wholesome regulation, for which I stand engaged to thee. It has been an error, a misfortune, in short, an arrangement of Fate with me hitherto, that, before I am aware, my company increases; that I take a new burden on my shoulders, which thenceforth I have to bear, and drag along with me. So, in my present wanderings, no third party is to be become a permanent associate with us. We are, we will and must continue, Two; and just now a new, and not very pleasing, connection, seemed about to be established.

To the children of the house, with whom Felix has gaily passed these days in sporting, there had joined himself a little merry beggar-boy, who, submitting to be used or misused as the play required, had very soon got into favour with Felix. By various hints and expressions, I now gathered that the latter had found himself a playmate for the next stage of our journey. The boy is known in this quarter, and everywhere tolerated for his lively humour, and now and then obtains an alms. Me, however, he did not please; and I desired our host to get him sent away. This likewise took place; but Felix was angry at it, and we had a little flaw of discord.

In the course of this affair, I discovered something which was pleasant to me. In the corner of the chapel, or hall, stood a box of stones, which Felix,

who, since our wanderings through the mountains, has acquired an excessive fondness for minerals, eagerly drew forth and examined. Many pretty eye-catching things were among them. Our landlord said the child might choose out what he liked: these were the remains of a large collection which a friend had despatched thence a short while ago. He called this person Montan; and thou wilt easily suppose how glad I was to hear this name, under which one of our best friends is travelling, one to whom we owe so much. Having inquired into date and circumstances, I can now hope to meet him erelong on my pilgrimage.

CHAPTER V.

THE news that Montan was in the neighbourhood had made Wilhelm reflect. He considered that it ought not to be left to chance alone whether he should meet with so estimable a friend, therefore he inquired of his landlord if they did not know toward what quarter this traveller had turned his course. No one had any information on this point; and Wilhelm had determined to pursue his pilgrimage on the former plan, when Felix cried, "If father were not so strange, we might soon find Montan."

"What way?" said Wilhelm.

Felix answered, "Little Fitz told us last night that he could trace out the stranger gentleman, who had many fine stones with him, and understood them well."

After some talking, Wilhelm at last resolved on making the experiment; purposing, in the course of it, to keep so much the sharper watch on the suspicious boy. Fitz was soon found; and, hearing what was to be done, he soon produced mallet and chisel, and a stout hammer, with a little bag, and set forth, running merrily before the party, in his mining accoutrements.

The way went to a side, and up the mountains. The children skipped on together, from crag to crag, over stock and stone, over brook and bourn; and, without having any path before him, Fitz pressed rapidly upwards, now looking to the right hand, now to the left. As Wilhelm, and especially the laden porter, could not follow so fast, the boys often ran back and forward, singing and whistling. The aspect of some new trees arrested the attention of Felix, who now,

for the first time, formed acquaintance with larches and fir-cones, and curiously surveyed the strange gentian shrubs. And thus, in their toilsome wandering, there lacked not from time to time a little entertainment. But all at once they were fronted by a barricado of trees, which a storm had hurled together in a confused mass. "This was not in my reckoning," said Fitz. "Wait here till I find my way again, only have a care of the cave up there: no one goes into it or near it, without getting harm, or having tricks played on him."

The boy went off in an ascending direction: the porter, on the other hand, grumbling at the excessive difficulty of the way, set down his luggage, and searched sidewards and downwards for some beaten path.

No sooner did Felix see himself alone with his father, than his curiosity awoke, and he glided softly toward the cave. Wilhelm, who gave him leave, observed after some time that the child was no longer in sight. He himself mounted to the cave, at the mouth of which he had last seen the boy; and, on entering, he found the place empty. It was spacious, but could be taken in at a glance. He searched for some other outlet, and found none. The matter began to be serious. He took the whistle which he wore at his buttonhole: an answer to his call came sounding out of the depth, so that he was uncertain whether he should take it for an echo, when, shortly afterward, Felix peeped out of the ground; for the chink through which he looked was scarcely wide enough to let through his head.

"What art thou about there?" cried his father.

"Hush!" said Felix: "art thou alone?"

"Quite alone," answered Wilhelm.

"Then, go quick," cried the boy, "and fetch me a couple of strong clubs."

Wilhelm went to the fallen timber, and, with his hanger, cut off a pair of thick staves: Felix took them, and vanished, having first called to his father, "Let no one into the cave!"

After some time Felix cried, "Another pair of staves, and larger ones!" With these also his father provided him, and waited anxiously for the solution of his riddle. At length the boy issued rapidly from the cleft, and brought a little box with him, not larger than an octavo volume, of rich, antique appearance: it seemed to be of gold, decorated with enamel. "Put it up, father," said the boy, "and let none see it." Wilhelm had not time to ask many questions, for they already heard the call of the returning porter; and scarcely had they joined him, when the little squire also began to shout and wave from above.

On their approach he cried out, "Montan is not far off: I bet we shall soon meet him."

"How canst thou know this," said Wilhelm, "in so wild a forest, where no human being leaves any trace behind him?"

"That is my knack," said Fitz; and, like a Will-o'-wisp, he hopped off hither and thither, in a side direction, to lead his masters the strangest road.

Felix, in the meanwhile, highly satisfied in the treasure he had found, highly delighted at possessing a secret, kept close by his father, without, as formerly, skipping up and down beside his comrade. He nodded to Wilhelm with sparkling eyes; glancing toward his companion, and making significant faces, to indicate how much he was above Fitz now, in possessing a secret entirely wanting to the other. He carried it so far at length, that Fitz, who often stopped and looked about, must very soon have noticed it. Wilhelm therefore said to Felix, "My son, whoever wishes to keep a secret must hide from us that he possesses one. Self-complaisance over the concealed destroys its conceal-

ment." Felix restrained himself; but his former gay, free manner to his comrade he could not now attain.

All at once little Fitz stood still. He beckoned the rest to him. "Do you hear a beating?" said he. "It is the sound of a hammer striking on the rock."

"We hear it," answered they.

"That is Montan," said he, "or some one who will tell us of him."

Following the sound, which was repeated from time to time, they reached an opening in the wood, and perceived a steep, high, naked rock, towering over all the rest, leaving even the lofty forest deep beneath it. On the top of it they descried a man: he was too far off to be recognised. Immediately the boys set about ascending the precipitous path. Wilhelm followed with some difficulty, nay, danger: for the person that climbs a rock foremost always proceeds with more safety, because he can look out for his conveniences; he who comes after sees only whither the other has arrived, but not how. The boys soon reached the top, and Wilhelm heard a shout of joy. "It is Jarno," cried Felix to his father; and Jarno immediately came forward to a rugged spot, stretched out his hand to his friend, and drew him up. They embraced, and welcomed each other into the free, skyey air, with the rapture of old friends.

But scarcely had they stepped asunder, when a giddiness came over Wilhelm, not so much on his own account, as at seeing the boys hanging over the frightful abyss. Jarno observed it, and immediately bade all sit down. "Nothing is more natural," said he, "than that we should grow giddy at a great sight, which comes unexpectedly before us, to make us feel at once our littleness and our greatness. But there is not in the world any truer enjoyment than at the moment when we are so made giddy for the first time."

"Are these, then, down there, the great mountains

we climbed over?" inquired Felix. "How little they look! And here," continued he, loosening a crumb of stone from the rock, "is the old cat-gold again: this is found everywhere, I suppose?"

"It is found far and wide," answered Jarno; "and, as thou art asking after such things, I may bid thee notice that thou art now sitting on the oldest mountain, on the earliest rock, of this world."

"Was the world not made at once, then?" said Felix.

"Hardly," answered Jarno: "good bread needs baking."

"Down there," said Felix, "is another sort of rock; and there again another, and still again another," cried he, pointing from the nearest mountains to the more remote, and so downward to the plain.

It was a beautiful day, and Jarno let them survey the lordly prospect in detail. Here and there stood several other peaks, similar to the one our travellers were on. A secondary moderate range of mountains seemed as if struggling up, but did not by far attain that height. Farther off, the surface flattened still more; yet again some strangely protruding forms rose to view. At last, in the remote distance, lakes were visible, and rivers; and a fruitful country spread itself out like a sea. And, when the eye came back, it pierced into frightful depths, sounding with cataracts, and connected with each other in labyrinthic combination.

Felix could not satisfy himself with questions, and Jarno was kind enough to answer all of them; in which, however, Wilhelm thought he noticed that the teacher did not always speak quite truly and sincerely. So, after the unstaid boys had again clambered off, Wilhelm said to his friend, "Thou hast not spoken with the child about these matters as thou speakest to thyself."

"That, indeed, were a heavy requisition," answered Jarno. "We do not always speak, even to ourselves, as we think; and it is not fit to tell others anything but what they can take up. A man understands nothing but what is commensurate with him. To fix a child's attention on what is present; to give him a description, a name, — is the best thing we can do for him. He will soon enough begin to inquire after causes."

"One cannot blame this latter tendency," observed Wilhelm. "The multiplicity of objects perplexes every one; and it is easier, instead of investigating them, to ask directly, whence and whither?"

"And yet," said Jarno, "as children look at what is present only superficially, we cannot speak with them of origin and object otherwise than superficially also."

"Most men," answered Wilhelm, "continue all their days in this predicament, and never reach that glorious epoch in which the comprehensible appears to us common and insipid."

"It may well be called glorious," answered Jarno; "for it is a middle stage between despair and deification."

"Let us abide by the boy," said Wilhelm, "who is, at present, my first care. He has, somehow, got a fondness for minerals since we began this journey. Canst thou not impart so much to me as would put it in my power to satisfy him, at least for a time?"

"That will not do," said Jarno. "In every new department one must, in the first place, begin again as a child; throw a passionate interest over the subject; take pleasure in the shell till one has the happiness to arrive at the kernel."

"Tell me, then," said Wilhelm, "how hast thou attained this knowledge? For it is not so very long, after all, since we parted."

"My friend," said Jarno, "we were forced to resign

ourselves, if not for ever, at least for a long season. The first thing that occurs to a stout-hearted man, under such circumstances, is to begin a new life. New objects will not suffice him; these serve only for diversion of thought: he requires a new whole, and plants himself in the middle of it."

"But why, then," interrupted Wilhelm, "choose this strangest and loneliest of all pursuits?"

"Even because of its loneliness," cried Jarno. "Men I wished to avoid. To them we can give no help, and they hinder us from helping ourselves. Are they happy, we must let them persevere in their stolidities; are they unhappy, we must save them without disturbing these stolidities; and no one ever asks whether Thou art happy or unhappy."

"It is not quite so bad with them, surely," answered Wilhelm, smiling.

"I will not talk thee out of thy happiness," said Jarno. "Go on thy way, thou second Diogenes! Let not thy lamp in daylight go out! Down on that side lies a new world before thee; but, I dare wager, things stand there as in the old one. If thou canst not pimp, and pay debts, thou availest nothing."

"Yet they seem to me more entertaining than thy dead rocks," said Wilhelm.

"Not they!" answered Jarno, "for my rocks are at least incomprehensible."

CHAPTER VI.

THE two friends had descended, not without care and labour, to reach the children, who were now lying in a shady spot down below. With almost greater eagerness than their picnic repast, the collected rock specimens were unpacked by Montan and Felix. The latter had much to ask, the former much to nominate. Felix was delighted that his new teacher could give him names for all, and he speedily committed them to memory. At length he produced another specimen, and asked, "What do you call this, then?"

Montan viewed it with surprise, and said, "Where did you get it?"

Fitz answered promptly, "I found it myself: it is of this country."

"Not of this quarter," said Montan. Felix rejoiced to see his master somewhat puzzled. "Thou shalt have a ducat," said Montan, "if thou bring me to the spot where it lies."

"That is easy to earn," answered Fitz, "but not immediately."

"Then, describe the place to me accurately, that I may not fail to find it: but the thing is impossible; for this is a cross-stone, which comes from Santiago in Compostella, and which some stranger has lost, — if, indeed, thou hast not stolen it from him, for its curious look."

"Give your ducat into my master's hands," said Fitz, "and I will honestly confess where I got the stone. In the ruined church at St. Joseph there is likewise a ruined altar. Under the top-stones, which

are all broken and heaped together, I discovered a layer of this rock, which has been the foundation of the other, and broke off from it as much as I could come at. If the upper stones were cleared away, one might find much more of it there."

"Take thy ducat," said Montan: "thou deservest it for this discovery. It is pretty enough. Men naturally rejoice when inanimate nature produces any likeness of what they love and reverence. Nature then appears to us in the form of a sibyl, who has beforehand laid down a testimony of what had been determined from eternity, and was not to be realised till late in time. On this rock, as on a sacred, mysterious, primeval basis, the priests had built their altar."

Wilhelm, who had listened for awhile, and observed that many names, many designations, were repeatedly mentioned, again signified his former wish, that Montan would impart to him so much as was required for the primary instruction of the boy. "Give that up," replied Montan. "There is nothing more frightful than a teacher who knows only what his scholars are intended to know. He who means to teach others may, indeed, often suppress the best of what he knows; but he must not be half instructed."

"But where are such perfect teachers to be had?"

"These thou wilt find very easily," replied Montan.

"Where, then?" said Wilhelm, with some unbelief.

"Where the thing thou art wishing to learn is in practice," said Montan. "Our best instruction we obtain from complete conversance. Dost thou not learn foreign languages best in the countries where they are at home? — where only these and no other strike thy ear?"

"And so it was among the mountains," inquired Wilhelm, "that thy knowledge of mountains was acquired?"

"Of course."

"Without help from men?"

"At least only from men who were miners. There, where the pygmies, allured by the metallic veins, bore through the rock, making the interior of the earth accessible, and in a thousand ways endeavouring to solve the hardest problems, — there is the place where an inquiring thinker ought to take his stand. He looks on action and effort, watches the progress of enterprises, and rejoices in the successful and the unsuccessful. What is useful forms but a part of the important. Fully to possess, to command, and rule an object, we must first study it for its own sake."

"Is there such a place in the neighbourhood?" said Wilhelm. "I should like to take Felix thither."

"The question I can answer in the affirmative," replied Montan, "the project not exactly assent to. At least, I must first tell thee, that thou hast the power of choosing among many other branches of activity, of knowledge, of art, for thy Felix, some of which might, perhaps, suit him better than this sudden fancy which he has taken up at the moment, most probably from mere imitation."

"Explain thyself more clearly," interrupted Wilhelm.

"Thou must know, then," said Montan, "that we are here on the borders of a province, which I might justly call a Pedagogic Utopia. In the conviction that only one thing can be carried on, taught, and communicated with full advantages, several such points of active instruction have been, as it were, sown over a large tract of country. At each of these places thou wilt find a little world, but so complete within its limitation, that it may represent and model any other of these worlds, nay, the great busy world itself."

"I do not altogether comprehend what thou canst mean by this," interrupted Wilhelm.

"Thou shalt soon comprehend it," said the other.

"As down, not far from this, among the mountains, thou wilt, in the first place, find collected round a mass of metalliferous rocks, whatever is of use for enabling man to appropriate these treasures of Nature, and, at the same time, to acquire general conceptions of moulding the ruggedness of inanimate things more dexterously to his own purposes; so down in the lowest level, far out on the plain, where the soil spreads into large meadows and pastures, thou wilt find establishments for managing another important treasure which Nature has given to men."

"And this?" inquired Wilhelm.

"Is the horse," replied the other. "In that last quarter thou art in the midst of everything which can instruct one on the training, diet, growth, and likewise employment, of this noble animal. As in these hills all are busy digging, boring, climbing; so there nothing is more anxiously attended to than the young brood, springing, as it were, out of the ground; and every one is occupied foddering, grazing, driving, leading, curbing them, mounting their backs, and in all sorts of movements, natural and artificial, coursing with them over the plain."

Felix, who had approached in the deepest attention, exclaimed, interrupting him, "Oh, thither will we! That is the prettiest, the best, of all."

"It is far thither," answered Jarno; "and thou wilt find something more agreeable and suitable, perhaps, by the way. Any species of activity," continued he, "attracts the fondness of a child; for everything looks easy that is practised to perfection. All beginnings are hard, says the proverb. This, in a certain sense, may be true: but we might say, with a more universal application, All beginnings are easy; and it is the last steps that are climbed most rarely and with greatest difficulty."

Wilhelm, who had been reflecting in the mean-

while, now said to Montan, "Is it actually so, as thou sayest, that these people have separated the various sorts of activity, both in the practice and teaching of them?"

"They have done it," said Montan, "and with reason. Whatever any man has to effect, must emanate from him like a second self; and how could this be possible, were not his first self entirely pervaded by it?"

"Yet has not a general culture been reckoned very advantageous?"

"It may really be so," replied the other: "everything in its time. Now is the time of specialties. Happy he who understands this, and works for himself and others in that spirit."

"In my spirit it cannot be," replied Wilhelm; "but tell me, if I thought of sending Felix, for awhile, into one of these circles, which wouldst thou recommend to me?"

"It is all one," said Jarno. "You cannot readily tell which way a child's capacity particularly points. For me, I should still advise the merriest trade. Take him to those horse-subduers. Beginning as a groom is, in truth, little easier than beginning as an ore-beater: but the prospect is always gayer; you can hope at least to get through the world riding."

It is easy to conceive that Wilhelm had many other doubts to state, and many further explanations to require: these Jarno settled in his usual laconic way, but at last he broke out as follows: "In all things, to serve from the lowest station upwards is necessary. To restrict yourself to a trade is best. For the narrow mind, whatever he attempts is still a trade; for the higher, an art; and the highest, in doing one thing, does all; or, to speak less paradoxically, in the one thing which he does rightly, he sees the likeness of all that is done rightly. Take thy Felix," continued he,

"through the province: let the directors see him; they will soon judge him, and dispose of him to the best advantage. The boy should be placed among his equals, otherwise he seeks them for himself, and then, in his associates, finds only flatterers or tyrants."

CHAPTER VII.

THE third day being over, the friends, in conformity to the engagement of our renunciants, had to part; and Jarno declared he would now fly so far into the waste mountains, that no one should be able to discover him. "There is nothing more frightful," said he, "in a state like ours, than to meet an old, true friend, to whom we can communicate our thoughts without reserve. So long as one is by himself, one fancies there is no end to the novelties and wonders he is studying: but let the two talk awhile together, right from the heart; one sees how soon all this is exhausted. Nothing is endless but inanity. Clever people soon explain themselves to one another, and then they have done. But now I will dive into the chasms of the rocks, and with them begin a mute, unfathomable conversation."

"Have a care," said Wilhelm, smiling, "lest Fitz come upon thy track. This time, at least, he succeeded in finding thee."

"How didst thou manage that?" said Montan. "After all, it was only chance."

"Not in the least," answered Fitz: "I will tell you my secret for a fair consideration. You mineralogists, wherever you go, keep striking to the right and left; from every stone, from every rock, breaking off a piece, as if gold and silver were hid in them. One has but to follow this trace; and, where any corner shows a fresh breakage, there some of you have been. One notes and notes forward and forward, and at last comes upon the man."

Fitz was praised and rewarded. The friends parted,

— Montan alone, the little caravan in company. Wilhelm had settled the place they should make for. The porter proposed a road to it; but the children had taken a fancy for looking, by the way, at the Giant's Castle, of which Fitz had talked so much. Felix was curious about the large, black pillars, the great door, the cellar, the caves, and vaults, and hoped he might perhaps find something there, — something of even greater value than the box.

How he came by this he had, in the interim, informed his father. Creeping through the cleft, it appeared he had got down into an open space pretty well lighted, and noticed in the corner of it a large iron chest, the lid of which, though it was not locked, he could not lift, but only raise a very little. To get into this, he had called to his father for the staves, which he had employed partly as props under the lid, partly as levers to heave it up, and so at length forcing his way into the chest, had found it wholly empty, except for the little box which was lying in one of the nooks. This toy they had shown Montan, who agreed with them in opinion, that it should be kept unopened, and no violence done to it; for it could not be unlocked except by a very complicated key.

The porter declined going with the rest to the Giant's Castle, and proceeded down the smooth footpath by himself. The others toiled after Fitz through moss and tangle, and at length reached the natural colonnade, which, towering over a huge mass of fragments, rose black and wondrous into the air. Yet, without much regarding what he saw before his eyes, Felix instantly began inquiring for the other promised marvels; and, as none of them was to be seen, Fitz could excuse himself no otherwise than by declaring that these things were never visible except on Sundays and particular festivals, and then only for a few hours. The boys remained convinced that the pillared

palace was a work of men's hands: Wilhelm saw well that it was a work of Nature, but he could have wished for Montan to speak with on the subject.

They now proceeded rapidly down hill, through a wood of high, taper larches, which, becoming more and more transparent, erelong exposed to view the fairest spot you can imagine, lying in the clearest sunshine.

A large garden, seemingly appropriated to use, not ornament, lay richly furnished with fruit-trees, yet open before their eyes; for the ground, sloping, on the whole, had been regularly cut into a number of divisions, now raised, now hollowed in manifold variety, and thus exhibited a complex waving surface. Several dwelling-houses stood scattered up and down, so that it seemed as if the space belonged to several proprietors; yet Fitz assured them that one individual owned and directed the whole. Beyond the garden stretched a boundless landscape, beautifully cultivated and planted, in which lakes and rivers might be distinguished in the distance.

Still descending, they had approached nearer and nearer, and were now expecting in a few moments to be in the garden, when Wilhelm all at once stopped short, and Fitz could not hide his roguish satisfaction; for a yawning chasm at the foot of the mountain opened before them, and showed on the other side a wall which had hitherto been concealed, steep enough without, though within it was quite filled up with soil. A deep trench, therefore, separated them from the garden, into which they were directly looking. "We have still a good circuit to make," said Fitz, "before we get the road that leads in. However, I know an entrance on this side, which is much shorter. The vaults where the hill-water in time of rain is let through, in regular quantities, into the garden, open here: they are high, and broad enough for one to walk

along without difficulty." The instant Felix heard of vaults, he insisted on taking this passage and no other. Wilhelm followed the children; and the party descended the large steps of this covered aqueduct, which was now lying quite dry. Down below they found themselves sometimes in light, sometimes in darkness, according as the side-openings admitted day, or the walls and pillars excluded it. At last they reached a pretty even space, and were slowly proceeding, when all at once a shot went off beside them; and at the same time two secret iron-grated doors started out, and enclosed them on both sides. Not, indeed, the whole of them: Wilhelm and Felix only were caught. For Fitz, the instant he heard the shot, sprang back; and the closing grate caught nothing but his wide sleeve: he himself, nimbly throwing off his jacket, had darted away without loss of a moment.

The two prisoners had scarcely time to recover from their astonishment, till they heard voices, which appeared to be slowly approaching. In a little while some armed men with torches came forward to the grate, looking with eager eyes what sort of capture they had made. At the same time they asked if the prisoners would surrender peaceably. "Surrender is not the word here," said Wilhelm: "we are already in your power. It is rather our part to ask, whether you will spare us? The only weapon we have, I give up to you." And with these words he handed his hanger through the grate: this opened directly, and the two strangers were led forward by the party with great composure. After a short while they found themselves in a singular place: it was a spacious, cleanly apartment, with many little windows at the very top of the walls; and these, notwithstanding the thick iron gratings, admitted light enough. Seats, sleeping-places, and whatever else is expected in a middling inn, had been provided; and it seemed

as if any one placed here could want nothing but freedom.

Wilhelm, directly after entering, had sat down to consider his situation: Felix, on the other hand, on recovering from his astonishment, broke out into an incredible fury. These large walls, these high windows, these strong doors, this seclusion, this restriction, were entirely new to him. He looked round and round, he ran hither and thither, stamped with his feet, wept, rattled the doors, struck against them with his fists, nay, was even on the point of running at them with his head, had not Wilhelm seized him, and held him fast between his knees. "Do but look at the thing calmly, my son," began he; "for impatience and violence cannot help us. The mystery will clear up; and I must be widely mistaken, or we are fallen into no wicked hands. Read these inscriptions: 'To the innocent, deliverance and reparation; to the misled, compassion; and, to the guilty, avenging justice.' All this bespeaks to us that these establishments are works, not of cruelty, but of necessity. Men have but too much cause to secure themselves from men. Of ill-wishers there are many, of ill-doers not few; and, to live fitly, well-doing will not always suffice." Felix still sobbed; but he had pacified himself in some degree, more by the caresses than the words of his father. "Let this experience," continued Wilhelm, "which thou gainest so early and so innocently, remain a lively testimony to thy mind, in how complete and accomplished a century thou livest. What a journey had human nature to travel before it reached the point of being mild, even to the guilty, merciful to the injurious, humane to the inhuman! Doubtless they were men of godlike souls who first taught this, who spent their lives in rendering the practice of it possible, and recommending it to others. Of the beautiful, men are seldom capable, oftener of

the good; and how highly should we value those who endeavour, with great sacrifices, to forward that good among their fellows!"

Felix, in the course of this consolatory speech, had fallen quietly asleep on his father's bosom; and scarcely had the latter laid him down on one of the ready-made beds, when the door opened, and a man of prepossessing appearance stepped in. After looking kindly at Wilhelm for some time, he began to inquire about the circumstances which had led him by the private passage, and into this predicament. Wilhelm related the affair as it stood, produced some papers which served to explain who he was, and referred to the porter, who, he said, must soon arrive on the other side, by the usual road. This being so far explained, the official person invited his guest to follow him. Felix could not be awakened, and his father carried him asleep from the place which had incited him to such violent passion.

Wilhelm followed his conductor into a fair garden-apartment, where refreshments were set down, which he was invited to partake of; while the other went to report the state of matters to his superior. When Felix, on awakening, perceived a little covered table, fruit, wine, biscuit, and, at the same time, the cheerful aspect of a wide-open door, he knew not what to make of it. He ran out, he ran back; he thought he had been dreaming; and in a little while, with such dainty fare and such pleasant sights, the preceding terror and all his obstruction had vanished like an oppressive vision in the brightness of morning.

The porter had arrived; the officer, with another man of a still friendlier aspect, brought him in; and the business now came to light, as follows: The owner of this property, charitable in this higher sense, that he studied to awaken all round him to activity and effort, had, for several years, been accustomed, from his

boundless young plantations, to give out the small wood to diligent and careful cultivators, gratis; to the negligent, for a certain price; and to such as wished to trade in it, likewise at a moderate valuation. But these two latter classes, also, had required their supplies gratis, as the meritorious were treated; and, this being refused them, they had attempted stealing trees. Their attempt succeeded in many ways. This vexed the owner the more, as not only were the plantations plundered, but, by too early thinning, often ruined. It had been discovered that the thieves entered by this aqueduct: so the trap-gate had been erected in the place, with a spring-gun, which, however, was only meant for a signal. This little boy had, under various pretexts, often made his appearance in the garden; and nothing was more natural than that, out of mischief and audacity, he should lead the stranger by a road which he had formerly discovered for other purposes. The people could have wished to get hold of him: meanwhile, his little jacket was brought in, and put by among other judicial seizures.

Wilhelm was now made acquainted with the owner and his people, and by them received with the friendliest welcome. Of this family we shall say nothing more here, as some further light on them and their concerns is offered us by the subsequent history.

CHAPTER VIII.

Wilhelm to Natalia.

MAN is of a companionable, conversing nature: his delight is great when he exercises faculties that have been given him, even though nothing further came of it. How often in society do we hear the complaint that one will not let the other speak; and in the same manner, also, we might say, that one would not let the other write, were not writing an employment commonly transacted in private and alone.

How much people write, one could scarcely ever conjecture. I speak not of what is printed, though that, in itself, is abundant enough, but of all that, in the shape of letters and memorials and narratives, anecdotes, descriptions of present circumstances in the life of individuals, sketches, and larger essays, circulates in secret: of this you can form no idea, till you have lived for some time in a community of cultivated families, as I am now doing. In the sphere where I am moving at present, there is almost as much time employed in informing friends and relatives of what is transacted as was employed in transacting it. This observation, which for several weeks has been constantly forced on me, I now make with the more pleasure, as the writing tendency of my new friends enables me, at once and perfectly, to get acquainted with their characters and circumstances. I am trusted: a sheaf of letters is given to me, some quires of a travelling-journal, the confessions of some mind not yet in unity with itself; and thus everywhere, in a little

while, I am at home. I know the neighbouring circle, I know the persons whose acquaintance I am to obtain: I understand them better, almost, than they do themselves; seeing they are still implicated in their situation, while I hover lightly past them, ever with thy hand in mine, ever speaking with thee about all I see. Indeed, it is the first condition I make before accepting any confidence offered me, that I may impart it to thee. Here, accordingly, are some letters which will introduce thee into the circle in which, without breaking or evading my vow, I, for the present, revolve.

THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

Lenardo to his Aunt.

At last, dear aunt, after three years you receive my first letter, conformably to our engagement, which, in truth, was singular enough. I wished to see the world and mingle in it, and wished, during that period, to forget the home whence I had departed, whither I hoped to return. The whole impression of this home I purposed to retain, and the partial and individual was not to confuse me at a distance. Meanwhile the necessary tokens of life and welfare have, from time to time, passed to and fro between us. I have regularly received money, and little presents for my kindred have been delivered you for distribution. By the wares I sent, you would see how and where I was. By the wines, I doubt not my uncle has tasted out my several places of abode; then the laces, knick-knacks, steel wares, would indicate to my fair cousins my progress through Brabant, by Paris, to London; and so, on their writing-desks, work-boxes, tea-tables, I shall find many a symbol wherewith to connect the history of my journeyings. You have accompanied me without hearing of me, and, perhaps, may care little about

faction or vexation. At other times each lets his neighbour go his way. You alone could manage it, dear aunt; for you have both the penetration and the tolerance. Hersilia, who, you know, is not difficult to kindle, has just, on the spur of the moment, given me a bird's-eye view of the whole family in all the graces of caricature. I wish it stood on paper, to entice a smile from yourself in your illness, but not that I would have it sent. My own project is, to lay before him our correspondence for these three years: then let him read, if he have the heart; or let him come and see with his eyes, if he have not. Your letters to me, dear aunt, are in the best order, and all at your service. Hersilia dissents from this opinion, excuses herself with the disorder of her papers, and so forth, as she will tell you herself.

Hersilia to her Aunt.

I will and must be very brief, dear aunt; for the messenger is clownishly impatient. I reckon it an excess of generosity, and not at all in season, to submit our correspondence to Lenardo. What has he to do with knowing all the good we have said of him, with knowing all the ill we have said of him, and finding out from the latter, still more than from the former, that we like him? Hold him tight, I entreat you! There is something so precise and presumptuous in this demand, in this conduct, of his, — just the fashion of your young gentlemen when they return from foreign parts. They can never look on those who have stayed at home as full-grown persons, like themselves. Make your headache an excuse. He will come, doubtless; and, if he do not come, we can wait a little. Perhaps his next idea may be, to introduce himself in some strange, secret way, to become acquainted with us in disguise; and who knows what

more may be included in the plan of so deep a gentleman? How pretty and curious this would be! It could not fail to bring about all manner of embroilments and developments, far grander than any that could be produced by such a diplomatic entrance into his family as he now purposes.

The messenger! The messenger! Bring up your old people better, or send young ones. This man is neither to be pacified with flattery nor wine. A thousand farewells!

Postscript for Postscript. — What does our cousin want, will you tell me, with his postscript of Valerina? This question of his has struck me doubly. She is the only person whom he mentions by name. The rest of us are nieces, aunts, stewards, — not persons, but titles. Valerina, our lawyer's daughter! In truth, a pretty, fair-haired girl, that may have glanced in our gallant cousin's eyes before he went away. She is married well and happily: this to you is no news; but to him it is, of course, as unknown as everything that has occurred here. Forget not to inform him, in a postscript, that Valerina grew daily more and more beautiful, and so at last made a very good match. That she is the wife of a rich proprietor. That the lovely, fair-haired maid is married. Make it perfectly distinct to him. But neither is this all, dear aunt. How the man can so accurately remember his flaxen-headed beauty, and yet confound her with the daughter of that worthless farmer, with a wild humble-bee of a brunette, whose name was Nachodina, and who went away, Heaven knows whither, — this, I declare to you, remains entirely incomprehensible, and puzzles me quite excessively. For it seems as if our pretty cousin, who prides himself on his good memory, could change names and persons to a very strange degree. Perhaps he feels this obscurely himself, and would have the

faded image refreshed by your delineation. Hold him tight, I beg of you! but try to learn, for our own behoof, how it does stand with these Valerinas and Nachodinas, and how many more Inas and Trinas have retained their place in his imagination, while the poor Ettas and Ilias have vanished. The messenger! The cursed messenger!

The Aunt to her Nieces.

(DICTATED.)

Why should we dissemble toward those we have to spend our life with? Lenardo, with all his peculiarities, deserves confidence. I send him both your letters; from these he will get a view of you: and the rest of us, I hope, will erelong unconsciously find occasion to depict ourselves before him likewise. Farewell! My head is very painful.

Hersilia to her Aunt.

Why should we dissemble toward those we have to spend our life with? Lenardo is a spoiled nephew. It is horrible in you to send him our letters. From these he will get no real view of us; and I wish, with all my heart, for opportunity to let him view me in some other light. You give pain to others, while you are in pain yourself, and blind to boot. Quick recovery to your head! Your heart is irrecoverable.

The Aunt to Hersilia.

Thy last note I should likewise have packed in for Lenardo, had I happened to continue by the purpose which my irrecoverable heart, my sick head, and my love of ease, suggested to me. Your letters are not gone. I am just parting with the young man who

has been for some time living in our circle, who, by the strangest chance, has come to know us pretty well, and is, withal, of an intelligent and kindly nature. Him I am despatching. He undertakes the task with great readiness. He will prepare our nephew, and send or bring him. Thus can your aunt recollect herself in the course of a rash enterprise, and bend into another path. Hersilia also will take thought, and a friendly revocation will not long be wanting from her hand.

Wilhelm having accurately and circumstantially fulfilled this task, Lenardo answered with a smile, "Much as I am obliged to you for what you tell me, I must still put another question. Did not my aunt, in conclusion, request you also to inform me of another, and, seemingly, an unimportant, matter?"

Wilhelm thought a moment. "Yes," said he then: "I remember. She mentioned a lady, named Valerina. Of her I was to tell you that she is happily wedded, and every way well."

"You roll a stone from my heart," replied Lenardo. "I now gladly return home, since I need not fear that my recollection of this girl can reproach me there."

"It beseems not me to inquire what relation you have had to her," said Wilhelm: "only you may be at ease if in any way you feel concerned for her fortunes."

"It is the strangest relation in the world," returned Lenardo,—"nowise a love-matter, as you might, perhaps, conjecture. I may confide in you, and tell it; as, indeed, there is next to nothing to be told. But what must you think, when I assure you that this faltering in my return, this fear of revisiting our family, these strange preparatives, and inquiries how things looked at home, had no other object but to learn, by the way, how it stood with this young woman?

"For you will believe," continued he, "I am very well aware that we may leave people whom we know without finding them, even after a considerable time, much altered; and so I likewise expect very soon to be quite at home with my relatives. This single being only gave me pause: her fortune, I knew, must have changed; and, thank Heaven, it has changed for the better."

"You excite my curiosity," said Wilhelm. "There must be something singular in this."

"I, at least, think it so," replied Lenardo, and began his narrative as follows:—

"To accomplish, in my youth, the grand adventure of a tour through cultivated Europe was a fixed purpose, which I had entertained from boyhood; but the execution of which was, as usually happens in these things, from time to time postponed. What was at hand attracted me, retained me; and the distant lost more and more of its charms the more I read of it or heard it talked of. However, at last, incited by my uncle, allured by friends who had gone forth into the world before me, I did form the resolution, and that more rapidly than any one had been expecting.

"My uncle, who had to afford the main requisite for my enterprise, directly made this his chief concern. You know him, and the way he has,—how he still rushes with his whole force on one single object, and everything else in the meanwhile must rest and be silent: by which means, indeed, he has effected much that seemed to lie beyond the influence of any private man. This journey came upon him, in some degree, unawares; yet he very soon took his measures. Some buildings which he had planned, nay, even begun, were abandoned; and, as he never on any account meddles with his accumulated stock, he looked about him, as a prudent financier, for other ways and means. The most obvious plan was, to call in outstanding debts,

especially remainders of rent; for this, also, was one of his habits, that he was indulgent to debtors, so long as he himself had, to a certain degree, no need of money. He gave his steward the list, with orders to manage the business. Of individual cases we learned nothing: only I heard transiently, that the farmer of one of our estates, with whom my uncle had long exercised patience, was at last actually to be ejected; his cautionary pledge, a scanty supplement to the produce of this prosecution, to be retained, and the land to be let to some other person. This man was of a religious turn, but not, like others of his sect among us, shrewd and active withal; for his piety and his goodness he was loved by his neighbours, but, at the same time, censured for his weakness, as the master of a house. After the death of his wife, a daughter, whom we usually named the Nut-brown Maid, though already giving promise of activity and resolution, was still too young for taking a decisive management: in short, the man went back in his affairs; and my uncle's indulgence had not stayed the sinking of his fortune.

"I had my journey in my head, and could not quarrel with the means for accomplishing it. All was ready: packing and sorting went forward; every moment was becoming full of business. One evening I was strolling through the park for the last time, to take leave of my familiar trees and bushes, when all at once Valerina stepped into my way, — for such was the girl's name: the other was but a by-name, occasioned by her brown complexion. She stepped into my way."

Lenardo paused for a moment, as if considering. "How is this, then?" said he. "Was her name really Valerina? Yes, surely," he continued; "but the by-name was more common. In short, the brown maid came into my path, and pressingly entreated me to speak a good word for her father, for herself, to my

uncle. Knowing how the matter stood, and seeing clearly that it would be difficult, nay, impossible, to do her any service at this moment, I candidly told her so, and set before her the blameworthiness of her father in an unfavourable light.

"She answered this with so much clearness, and, at the same time, with so much filial mitigation and love, that quite gained me; and, had it been my own money, I should instantly have made her happy by granting her request. But it was my uncle's income; these were his arrangements, his orders: with such a temper as his, to attempt altering aught that had been done was hopeless. From of old I had looked on a promise as in the highest degree sacred. Whoever asked anything of me embarrassed me. I had so accustomed myself to refuse, that I did not even promise what I purposed to perform. This habit came in good stead in the present instance. Her arguments turned on individuality and affection, mine on duty and reason; and I will not deny that at last they seemed too harsh, even to myself. Already we had more than once repeated our topics without convincing one another, when necessity made her more eloquent: the inevitable ruin which she saw before her pressed tears from her eyes. Her collected manner she entirely lost: she spoke with vivacity, with emotion; and, as I still kept up a show of coldness and composure, her whole soul turned itself outward. I wished to end the scene; but all at once she was loing at my feet, had seized my hand, kissed it, and was looking up to me, so good, so gentle, with such supplicating loveliness, that, in the haste of the moment, I forgot myself. Hurriedly I said, while raising her from her kneeling posture, 'I will do what is possible: compose thyself, my child!' and so turned into a side-path. 'Do what is impossible!' cried she after me. I now knew not what I was saying, but answered, 'I will,' and hesitated. 'Do

it!' cried she, at once enlivened, and with a heavenly expression of hope. I waved a salutation to her, and hastened away.

"To my uncle I did not mean to apply directly; for I knew too well that with him it was vain to speak about the partial, when his purpose was the whole. I inquired for the steward; he had ridden off to a distance: visitors came in the evening, friends wishing to take leave of me. They supped and played till far in the night. They continued next day, and their presence effaced the image of my importunate petitioner. The steward returned: he was busier and more overloaded than ever. All were asking for him: he had no time to hear me. However, I did make an effort to detain him; but scarcely had I named that pious farmer, when he eagerly repelled the proposal. 'For Heaven's sake, not a word of this to your uncle, if you would not have a quarrel with him!' The day of my departure was fixed: I had letters to write, guests to receive, visits in the neighbourhood to pay. My servants had been hitherto sufficient for my wants, but were nowise adequate to forward the arrangements of a distant journey. All lay on my own hands; and yet, when the steward appointed me an hour in the night before my departure to settle our money concerns, I neglected not again to solicit him for Valerina's father.

"'Dear baron,' said the unstable man, 'how can such a thing ever come into your head? To-day already I have had a hard piece of work with your uncle, for the sum you need is turning out to be far higher than we reckoned on. This is natural enough, but not the less perplexing. To the old gentleman it is especially unwelcome, when a business seems concluded, and yet many odds and ends are found straggling after it. This is often the case, and I and the rest have to take the brunt of it. As to the rigour with which the out-

standing debts were to be gathered in, he himself laid down the law to me: he is at one with himself on this point, and it would be no easy task to move him to indulgence. Do not try it, I beg of you! It is quite in vain.'

"I let him deter me from my attempt, but not entirely. I pressed him, since the execution of the business depended on himself, to act with mildness and mercy. He promised everything, according to the fashion of such persons, for the sake of momentary peace. He got quit of me: the bustle, the hurry of business, increased. I was in my carriage, and had turned my back on all home concerns.

"A keen impression is like any other wound: we do not feel it in receiving it. Not till afterward does it begin to smart and gangrene. So was it with me in regard to this occurrence in the park. Whenever I was solitary, whenever I was unemployed, that image of the entreating maiden, with the whole accompaniment, with every tree and bush, the place where she knelt, the side-path I took to get rid of her, the whole scene, rose like a fresh picture before my soul. It was an indestructible impression, which, by other images and interests, might indeed be shaded or overhung, but never obliterated. Still, in every quiet hour, she came before me; and, the longer it lasted, the more painful did I feel the blame which I had incurred against my principles, against my custom, though not expressly, only while hesitating, and for the first time caught in such a perplexity.

"I failed not, in my earliest letters, to inquire of our steward how the business had turned. He answered evasively. Then he engaged to explain this point; then he wrote ambiguously; at last he became silent altogether. Distance increased; more objects came between me and my home; I was called to many new observations, many new sympathies; the image faded

away, the maiden herself, almost to the name. The remembrance of her came more rarely before me; and my whim of keeping up my intercourse with home, not by letters, but by tokens, tended gradually to make my previous situation, with all its circumstances, nearly vanish from my mind. Now, however, when I am again returning home, when I am purposing to repay my family with interest what I have so long owed it, now at last this strange repentance, strange I myself must call it, falls on me with its whole weight. The form of the maiden brightens up with the forms of my relatives: and I dread nothing more deeply than to learn, that, in the misery into which I drove her, she has sunk to ruin; for my negligence appears in my own mind an abetting of her destruction, a furtherance of her mournful destiny. A thousand times I have told myself that this feeling was at bottom but a weakness; that my early adoption of the principle, never to promise, had originated in my fear of repentance, not in any noble sentiment. And now it seems as if Repentance, which I had fled from, meant to avenge herself by seizing this incident, instead of hundreds, to pain me. Yet is the picture, the imagination which torments me, so agreeable withal, so lovely, that I like to linger over it. And, when I think of the scene, that kiss which she imprinted on my hand still seems to burn there."

Lenardo was silent; and Wilhelm answered quickly and gaily, "It appears, then, I could have done you no greater service than by that appendix to my narrative; as we often find in the postscript the most interesting part of the letter. In truth, I know little of Valerina, for I heard of her only in passing: but, for certain, she is the wife of a prosperous land-owner, and lives happily; as your aunt assured me on taking leave."

"Good and well," said Lenardo: "now there is nothing to detain me. You have given me absolution:

let us now to my friends, who have already waited for me too long." To this Wilhelm answered, "Unhappily I cannot attend you; for a strange obligation lies on me to continue nowhere longer than three days, and not to revisit any place in less than a year. Pardon me, if I am not at liberty to mention the cause of this singularity."

"I am very sorry," said Lenardo, "that we are to lose you so soon; that I cannot, in my turn, do anything for you. But, since you are already in the way of showing me kindness, you might make me very happy if you pleased to visit Valerina, to inform yourself accurately of her situation, and then to let me have in writing or in speech (a place of meeting might easily be found) express intelligence for my complete composure."

This proposal was further discussed: Valerina's place of residence had been named to Wilhelm. He engaged to visit her: a place of meeting was appointed, to which the baron should come, bringing Felix with him, who in the meanwhile had remained with the ladies.

Lenardo and Wilhelm had proceeded on their way for some time, riding together through pleasant fields, with abundance of conversation, when at last they approached the highway, and found the baron's coach in waiting, now ready to revisit, with its owner, the spot it had left three years before. Here the friends were to part; and Wilhelm, with a few kindly words, took his leave, again promising the baron speedy news of Valerina.

"Now, when I bethink me," said Lenardo, "that it were but a small circuit if I accompanied you, why should I not visit Valerina myself? Why not witness with my own eyes her happy situation? You were so friendly as to engage to be my messenger, why should you not be my companion? For some companion I

must have, some moral counsel; as we take legal counsel to assist us, when we think ourselves inadequate to the perplexities of a process."

Wilhelm's objections, that the friends at home would be anxiously expecting the long-absent traveller, that it would produce a strange impression if the carriage came alone, and other reasons of the like sort, had no weight with Lenardo; and Wilhelm was obliged at last to resolve on acting the companion to the baron, a task on which, considering the consequences that might be apprehended, he entered with no great alacrity.

Accordingly the servants were instructed what to say on their arrival, and the two friends now took the road for Valerina's house. The neighbourhood appeared rich and fertile, the true seat of agriculture. Especially the grounds of Valerina's husband seemed to be managed with great skill and care. Wilhelm had leisure to survey the landscape accurately, while Lenardo rode in silence beside him. At last the latter said, "Another in my place would perhaps try to meet Valerina undiscovered, for it is always a painful feeling to appear before those whom we have injured; but I had rather front this, and bear the reproach which I have to dread from her first look, than secure myself from it by disguise and untruth. Untruth may bring us into embarrassment quite as well as truth; and, when we reckon up how often the former or the latter profits us, it really seems most prudent, once for all, to devote ourselves to what is true. Let us go forward, therefore, with cheerful minds: I will give my name, and introduce you as my friend and fellow traveller."

They had now reached the house, and dismounted in the court. A portly man, plainly dressed, whom you might have taken for a farmer, came out to them, and announced himself as master of the family. Lenardo named himself; and the landlord seemed highly delighted to see him, and obtain his acquaint-

ance. "What will my wife say," cried he, "when she again meets the nephew of her benefactor? She never tires of recounting and reckoning up what her father owes your uncle."

What strange thoughts rushed in rapid disorder through Lenardo's mind! "Does this man, who looks so honest-minded, hide his bitterness under a friendly countenance and smooth words? Can he give his reproaches so courteous an outside? For did not my uncle reduce that family to misery? And can the man be ignorant of this? Or," so thought he to himself, with quick hope, "has the business not been so bad as thou supposest? For no decisive intelligence has ever yet reached thee." Such conjectures alternated this way and that, while the landlord was ordering out his carriage to bring home his wife, who, it appeared, was paying a visit in the neighbourhood.

"If, in the meanwhile, till my wife return," said the latter, "I might entertain you in my own way, and at the same time carry on my duties, say you walk a few steps with me into the fields, and look about you how I manage my husbandry; for, no doubt, to you, as a great proprietor of land, there is nothing of more near concernment than the noble science, the noble art, of agriculture."

Lenardo made no objection: Wilhelm liked to gather information. The landlord had his ground, which he possessed and ruled without restriction, under the most perfect treatment; what he undertook was adapted to his purpose; what he sowed and planted was always in the right place; and he could so clearly explain his mode of procedure, and the reasons of it, that every one comprehended him, and thought it possible for himself to do the same,—a mistake one is apt to fall into on looking at a master, in whose hand all moves as it should do.

The strangers expressed their satisfaction, and had

nothing but praise and approval to pronounce on everything they saw. He received it gratefully and kindly, and at last added, "Now, however, I must show you my weak side, a quality discernible in every one that yields himself exclusively to one pursuit." He led them to his courtyard, showed them his implements, his store of these, and, besides this, a store of all imaginable sorts of farm-gear, with its appurtenances, kept by way of specimen. "I am often blamed," said he, "for going too far in this matter; but I cannot quite blame myself. Happy is he to whom his business itself becomes a puppet, who, at length, can play with it, and amuse himself with what his situation makes his duty."

The two friends were not behindhand with their questions and examinations. Wilhelm, in particular, delighted in the general observations which this man appeared to have a turn for making, and failed not to answer them; while the baron, more immersed in his own thoughts, took silent pleasure in the happiness of Valerina, which, in this situation, he reckoned sure, yet felt underhand a certain faint shadow of dissatisfaction, of which he could give himself no account.

The party had returned within doors, when the lady's carriage drove up. They hastened out to meet her; but what was Lenardo's amazement, his fright, when she stepped forth! This was not the person: this was no nut-brown maid, but directly the reverse, —a fair, slim form, in truth, but light-haired, and possessing all the charms which belonged to that complexion.

This beauty, this grace, affrighted Lenardo. His eyes had sought the brown maiden: now quite a different figure glanced before them. These features, too, he recollected; her words, her manners, soon banished all uncertainty; it was the daughter of the lawyer, a man who stood in high favour with the

uncle; for which reason also the dowry had been so handsome, and the new pair so generously dealt with. All this, and much more, was gaily recounted by the young wife as an introductory salutation, and with such a joy as the surprise of an unexpected meeting naturally gives rise to. The question, whether they could recognise each other, was mutually put and answered: the changes in look were talked of, which in persons of that age are found notable enough. Valerina was at all times agreeable, but lovely in a high degree when any joyful feeling raised her above her usual level of indifference. The company grew talkative: the conversation became so lively that Lenardo was enabled to compose himself and hide his confusion. Wilhelm, to whom he had very soon given a sign of this strange incident, did his best to help him; and Valerina's little touch of vanity in thinking that the baron, even before visiting his own friends, had remembered her, and come to see her, excluded any shadow of suspicion that another purpose, or a misconception, could be concerned in the affair.

The party kept together till a late hour, though the two friends were longing for a confidential dialogue; which, accordingly, commenced the moment they were left alone in their allotted chambers.

"It appears," said Lenardo, "I am not to get rid of this secret pain. A luckless confusion of names, I now observe, redoubles it. This fair-haired beauty I have often seen playing with the brunette, who could not be called a beauty; nay, I myself have often run about with them over the fields and gardens, though so much older than they. Neither of them made the slightest impression on me: I have but retained the name of the one and applied it to the other. And now her who does not concern me I find happy above measure in her own way; while the other is cast forth, who knows whither? into the wide world."

Next morning the friends were up almost sooner than their active entertainers. The happiness of seeing her guests had also awakened Valerina early. She little fancied with what feelings they came to breakfast. Wilhelm, seeing clearly, that, without some tidings of the nut-brown maid, Lenardo must continue in a painful state, led the conversation to old times, to playmates, to scenes which he himself knew, and other such recollections; so that Valerina soon quite naturally came to speak of the nut-brown maid, and to mention her name.

No sooner did Lenardo hear the name Nachodina, than he perfectly remembered it; but, with the name, the figure also, of that supplicant, returned to him with such violence that Valerina's further narrative became quite agonising to him, as with warm sympathy she proceeded to describe the distrainment of the pious farmer, his submissive resignation and departure, and how he went away, leaning on his daughter, who carried a little bundle in her hand. Lenardo was like to sink under the earth. Unhappily and happily, she went into a certain circumstantiality in her details; which, while it tortured Lenardo's heart, enabled him, with help of his associate, to put on some appearance of composure.

The travellers departed amid warm, sincere invitations, on the part of the married pair, to return soon, and a faint, hollow assent on their own part. And as a person who stands in any favour with himself takes everything in a favourable light; so Valerina explained Lenardo's silence, his visible confusion in taking leave, his hasty departure, entirely to her own advantage, and could not, although the faithful and loving wife of a worthy gentleman, help feeling some small satisfaction at this re-awakening or incipient inclination, as she reckoned it, of her former landlord.

After this strange incident, while the friends were

proceeding on their way, Lenardo thus addressed Wilhelm: "For our shipwreck with such fair hopes, at the very entrance of the haven, I can still console myself in some degree for the moment, and go calmly to meet my people, when I think that Heaven has brought me you, you to whom, under your peculiar mission, it is indifferent whither or how you direct your path. Engage to find out Nachodina, and to give me tidings of her. If she be happy, then am I content; if unhappy, then help her at my charges. Act without reserve; spare, calculate nothing. I shall return home, shall endeavour to get intelligence, and send your Felix to you by some trusty person. Place the boy, as your intention was, where many of his equals are placed: it is almost indifferent under what superintendence; but I am much mistaken if, in the neighbourhood, in the place where I wish you to wait for your son and his attendant, you do not find a man that can give you the best counsel on this point. It is he to whom I owe the training of my youth, whom I should have liked so much to take along with me in my travels, whom, at least, I should many a time have wished to meet in the course of them, had he not already devoted himself to a quiet, domestic life."

The friends had now reached the spot where they were actually to part. While the horses were feeding, the baron wrote a letter, which Wilhelm took charge of, yet, for the rest, could not help communicating his scruples to Lenardo.

"In my present situation," said he, "I reckon it a desirable commission to deliver a generous man from distress of mind, and, at the same time, to free a human creature from misery, if she happen to be miserable. Such an object one may look upon as a star, toward which one sails, not knowing what awaits him, what he is to meet, by the way. Yet, with all this, I must not be blind to the danger which, in every case,

still hovers over you. Were you not a man who regularly avoids engagements, I should require a promise from you not again to see this female, who has come to be so precious in your eyes, but to content yourself when I announce to you that all is well with her, be it that I actually find her happy, or am enabled to make her so. But, having neither power nor wish to extort a promise from you, I conjure you by all you reckon dear and sacred, for your own sake, for that of your kindred, and of me, your new-acquired friend, to allow yourself no approximation to that lost maiden under what pretext soever; not to require of me that I mention or describe the place where I find her, or the neighbourhood where I leave her; but to believe my word that she is well, and be enfranchised and at peace."

Lenardo gave a smile, and answered, "Perform this service for me, and I shall be grateful. What you are willing and able to do, I commit to your own hands; and, for myself, leave me to time, to common sense, and, if possible, to reason."

"Pardon me," answered Wilhelm; "but whoever knows under what strange forms love glides into our hearts, cannot but be apprehensive on foreseeing that a friend may come to entertain wishes, which, in his circumstances, his station, would, of necessity, produce unhappiness and perplexity."

"I hope," said Lenardo, "when I know the maiden happy, I have done with her."

The friends parted, each in his own direction.

CHAPTER IX.

By a short and pleasant road, Wilhelm had reached the town to which his letter was directed. He found it gay and well built; but its new aspect showed too clearly, that, not long before, it must have suffered by a conflagration. The address of his letter let him into the last small, uninjured portion of the place, to a house of ancient, earnest architecture, yet well kept, and of a tidy look. Dim windows, strangely fashioned, indicated an exhilarating pomp of colours from within. Nor, in fact, did the interior fail to correspond with the exterior. In clean apartments, everywhere stood furniture, which must have served several generations, intermixed with very little that was new. The master of the house received our traveller kindly in a little chamber similarly fitted up. These clocks had already struck the hour of many a birth and many a death: everything which met the eye reminded one that the past might, as it were, be protracted into the present.

The stranger delivered his letter; but the landlord, without opening it, laid it aside, and endeavoured, in a cheerful conversation, immediately to get acquainted with his guest. They soon grew confidential; and as Wilhelm, contrary to his usual habit, let his eye wander inquisitively over the room, the good old man said to him, "My domestic equipment excites your attention. You here see how long a thing may last; and one should make such observations now and then, by way of counterbalance to so much in the world that rapidly changes, and passes away. This same teakettle served my parents, and was a witness of our evening

family assemblages; this copper fire-screen still guards me from the fire which these stout old tongs still help me to mend; and so it is with all throughout. I had it in my power to bestow my care and industry on many other things, as I did not occupy myself with changing these external necessaries, a task which consumes so many people's time and resources. An affectionate attention to what we possess makes us rich, for thereby we accumulate a treasure of remembrances connected with indifferent things. I knew a young man who got a common pin from his love while taking leave of her, daily fastened his breast-frill with it, and brought back this guarded and not unemployed treasure from a long journeying of several years. In us little men, such little things are to be reckoned virtue."

"Many a one, too," answered Wilhelm, "brings back, from such long and far travellings, a sharp pricker in his heart, which he would fain be quit of."

The old man seemed to know nothing of Lenardo's situation, though in the meanwhile he had opened the letter and read it; for he returned to his former topics.

"Tenacity of our possessions," continued he, "in many cases, gives us the greatest energy. To this obstinacy in myself I owe the saving of my house. When the town was on fire, some people wished to begin snatching and saving here too. I forbade this, bolted my doors and windows, and turned out, with several neighbours, to oppose the flames. Our efforts succeeded in preserving this summit of the town. Next morning all was standing here as you now see it, and as it has stood for almost a hundred years."

"Yet you will confess," said Wilhelm, "that no man withstands the change which time produces."

"That in truth!" said the other; "but he who holds out longest has still done something.

"Yes: even beyond the limits of our being, we are able to maintain and secure; we transmit discoveries

we hand down sentiments as well as property; and, as the latter was my chief province, I have for a long time exercised the strictest foresight, invented the most peculiar precautions; yet not till lately have I succeeded in seeing my wish fulfilled.

"Commonly the son disperses what the father has collected, collects something different, or in a different way. Yet if we can wait for the grandson, for the new generation, we find the same tendencies, the same tastes, again making their appearance. And so at last, by the care of our pedagogic friends, I have found an active youth, who, if possible, pays more regard to old possession than even I, and has, withal, a vehement attachment to every sort of curiosities. My decided confidence he gained by the violent exertions with which he struggled to keep off the fire from our dwelling. Doubly and trebly has he merited the treasure which I mean to leave him, — nay, it is already given into his hands; and ever since that time our store is increasing in a wonderful way.

"Not all, however, that you see here is ours. On the contrary, as in the hands of pawnbrokers you find many a foreign jewel, so with us, I can show you precious articles, which people, under the most various circumstances, have deposited with us for the sake of better keeping."

Wilhelm recollected the beautiful box, which, at any rate, he did not like to carry with him in his wanderings, and showed it to his landlord. The old man viewed it with attention, gave the date when it was probably made, and showed some similar things. Wilhelm asked him if he thought it should be opened. The old man thought not. "I believe, indeed," said he, "it could be done without special harm to the casket; but, as you found it in so singular a way, you must try your luck on it. For if you are born lucky, and this little box is of any consequence, the key will

doubtless by and by be found, and in the very place where you are least expecting it."

"There have been such occurrences," said Wilhelm.

"I have myself experienced such," replied the old man; "and here you behold the strangest of them. Of this ivory crucifix I have had, for thirty years, the body with the head and feet in one place. For its own nature, as well as for the glorious art displayed in it, I kept the figure laid up in my most private drawer: nearly ten years ago I got the cross belonging to it, with the inscription, and was then induced to have the arms supplied by the best carver of our day. Far, indeed, was this expert artist from equalling his predecessor; yet I let his work pass, more for devout purposes than for any admiration of its excellence.

"Now, conceive my delight! A little while ago the original, genuine arms were sent me, as you see them here united in the loveliest harmony; and I, charmed at so happy a coincidence, cannot help recognising in this crucifix the fortunes of the Christian religion, which, often enough dismembered and scattered abroad, will ever in the end again gather itself together at the foot of the cross."

Wilhelm admired the figure and its strange combination. "I will follow your counsel," added he: "let the casket continue locked till the key of it be found, though it should lie till the end of my life."

"One who lives long," said the old man, "sees much collected and much cast asunder."

The young partner in the house now chanced to enter, and Wilhelm signified his purpose of entrusting the box to their keeping. A large book was thereupon produced, the deposit inscribed in it, with many ceremonies and stipulations; a receipt granted, which applied in words to any bearer, but was only to be honoured on the giving of a certain token agreed upon with the owner.

So passed their hours in instructive and entertaining conversation, till at last Felix, mounted on a gay pony, arrived in safety. A groom had accompanied him, and was now, for some time, to attend and serve Wilhelm. A letter from Lenardo, delivered at the same time, complained that he could find no vestige of the nut-brown maid; and Wilhelm was anew conjured to do his utmost in searching her out. Wilhelm imparted the matter to his landlord. The latter smiled, and said, "We must certainly make every exertion for our friend's sake: perhaps I may succeed in learning something of her. As I keep these old, primitive household goods; so, likewise, have I kept some old, primitive friends. You tell me that this maiden's father was distinguished by his piety. The pious have a more intimate connection with each other than the wicked, though externally it may not always prosper so well. By this means I hope to obtain some traces of what you are sent to seek. But, as a preparative, do you now pursue the resolution of placing your Felix among his equals, and turning him to some fixed department of activity. Hasten with him to the great Institution. I will point out the way you must follow, in order to find the chief, who resides now in one, now in another, division of his province. You shall have a letter, with my best advice and direction."

CHAPTER X.

THE pilgrims, pursuing the way pointed out to them, had, without difficulty, reached the limits of the province, where they were to see so many singularities. At the very entrance they found themselves in a district of extreme fertility, — in its soft knolls, favourable to crops; in its higher hills, to sheep-husbandry; in its wide bottoms, to grazing. Harvest was near at hand, and all was in the richest luxuriance; yet what most surprised our travellers was, that they observed neither men nor women, but, in all quarters, boys and youths engaged in preparing for a happy harvest, — nay, already making arrangements for a merry harvest-home. Our travellers saluted several of them, and inquired for the chief, of whose abode, however, they could gain no intelligence. The address of their letter was, "To the Chief, or the Three." Of this, also, the boys could make nothing: however, they referred the strangers to an overseer, who was just about mounting his horse to ride off. Our friends disclosed their object to this man: the frank liveliness of Felix seemed to please him, and so they all rode along together.

Wilhelm had already noticed, that, in the cut and colour of the young people's clothes, a variety prevailed, which gave the whole tiny population a peculiar aspect: he was just about to question his attendant on this point, when a still stranger observation forced itself upon him; all the children, how employed soever, laid down their work, and turned, with singular, yet diverse, gestures, toward the party riding past them, or rather, as it was easy to infer, toward the overseer,

who was in it. The youngest laid their arms crosswise over their breast, and looked cheerfully up to the sky; those of middle size held their hands on their backs, and looked smiling on the ground; the eldest stood with a frank and spirited air; their arms stretched down, they turned their heads to the right, and formed themselves into a line; whereas the others kept separate, each where he chanced to be.

The riders having stopped and dismounted here, as several children, in their various modes, were standing forth to be inspected by the overseer, Wilhelm asked the meaning of these gestures; but Felix struck in, and cried, gaily, "What posture am I to take, then?"

"Without doubt," said the overseer, "the first posture, — the arms over the breast, the face earnest and cheerful toward the sky."

Felix obeyed, but soon cried, "This is not much to my taste; I see nothing up there: does it last long? But yes!" exclaimed he joyfully: "yonder are a pair of falcons flying from the west to the east; that is a good sign too."

"As thou takest it, as thou behavest," said the other, "now mingle among them as they mingle." He gave a signal; and the children left their postures, and again betook them to work or sport as before.

"Are you at liberty," said Wilhelm then, "to explain this sight, which surprises me? I easily perceive that these positions, these gestures, are salutations directed to you."

"Just so," replied the overseer: "salutations which, at once, indicate in what degree of culture each of these boys is standing."

"But can you explain to me the meaning of this gradation?" inquired Wilhelm; "for that there is one is clear enough."

"This belongs to a higher quarter," said the other: "so much, however, I may tell you, that these cere-

monies are not mere grimaces; that, on the contrary, the import of them, not the highest, but still a directing, intelligible import, is communicated to the children; while, at the same time, each is enjoined to retain and consider for himself whatever explanation it has been thought meet to give him: they are not allowed to talk of these things, either to strangers or among themselves; and thus their instruction is modified in many ways. Besides, secrecy itself has many advantages; for when you tell a man at once, and straightforward, the purpose of any object, he fancies there is nothing in it. Certain secrets, even if known to every one, men find that they must still reverence by concealment and silence; for this works on modesty and good morals."

"I understand you," answered Wilhelm: "why should not the principle which is so necessary in material things be applied to spiritual also? But perhaps in another point you can satisfy my curiosity. The great variety of shape and colour in these children's clothes attracts my notice; and yet I do not see all sorts of colours, but a few in all their shades, from the lightest to the deepest. At the same time I observe that by this no designation of degrees in age or merit can be intended; for the oldest and the youngest boys may be alike, both in cut and colour, while those of similar gestures are not similar in dress."

"On this matter, also," said the other, "silence is prescribed to me; but I am much mistaken, or you will not leave us without receiving all the information you desire."

Our party continued following the trace of the chief, which they believed themselves to be upon. But now the strangers could not fail to notice, with new surprise, that, the farther they advanced into the district, a vocal melody more and more frequently sounded toward them from the fields. Whatever the boys

might be engaged with, whatever labour they were carrying on, they accompanied it with singing; and it seemed as if the songs were specially adapted to their various sorts of occupation, and in similar cases everywhere the same. If there chanced to be several children in company, they sang together in alternating parts. Toward evening appeared dancers likewise, whose steps were enlivened and directed by choruses. Felix struck in with them, not altogether unsuccessfully, from horseback, as he passed; and Wilhelm felt gratified in this amusement, which gave new life to the scene.

"Apparently," he said to his companion, "you devote considerable care to this branch of instruction: the accomplishment, otherwise, could not be so widely diffused and so completely practised."

"We do," replied the other: "on our plan, song is the first step in education; all the rest are connected with it, and attained by means of it. The simplest enjoyment, as well as the simplest instruction, we enliven and impress by song; nay, even what religious and moral principles we lay before our children are communicated in the way of song. Other advantages for the excitement of activity spontaneously arise from this practice: for, in accustoming the children to write the tones they are to utter in musical characters, and, as occasion serves, again to seek these characters in the utterance of their own voice; and, besides this, to subjoin the text below the notes, — they are forced to practise hand, ear, and eye at once, whereby they acquire the art of penmanship sooner than you would expect; and as all this, in the long run, is to be effected by copying precise measurements and accurately settled numbers, they come to conceive the high value of mensuration and arithmetic much sooner than in any other way. Among all imaginable things, accordingly, we have selected music as the element of

our teaching; for level roads run out from music toward every side."

Wilhelm endeavoured to obtain still further information, and expressed his surprise at hearing no instrumental music. "This is, by no means, neglected here," said the other, "but practised in a peculiar district, one of the most pleasant valleys among the mountains; and there again we have arranged it so that the different instruments shall be taught in separate places. The discords of beginners, in particular, are banished into certain solitudes, where they can drive no one to despair; for you will confess, that in well-regulated civil society there is scarcely a more melancholy suffering to be undergone than what is forced on us by the neighbourhood of an incipient player on the flute or violin.

"Our learners, out of a laudable desire to be troublesome to no one, go forth of their own accord, for a longer or a shorter time, into the wastes, and strive in their seclusion to attain the merit which shall again admit them into the inhabited world. Each of them, from time to time, is allowed to venture an attempt for admission: and the trial seldom fails of success; for bashfulness and modesty in this, as in all other parts of our system, we strongly endeavour to maintain and cherish. That your son has a good voice I am glad to observe: all the rest is managed with so much the greater ease."

They had now reached a place where Felix was to stop and make trial of its arrangements, till a formal reception should be granted him. From a distance they had been saluted by a jocund sound of music: it was a game in which the boys were, for the present, amusing themselves in their hour of play. A general chorus mounted up; each individual of a wide circle striking in at his time with a joyful, clear, firm tone, as the sign was given him by the overseer. The latter

more than once took the singers by surprise, when, at a signal, he suspended the choral song, and called on any single boy, touching him with his rod, to catch by himself the expiring tone, and adapt to it a suitable song, fitted also to the spirit of what had preceded. Most part showed great dexterity: a few who failed in this feat willingly gave in their pledges without altogether being laughed at for their ill success. Felix was child enough to mix among them instantly, and in his new task he acquitted himself tolerably well. The first salutation was then enjoined on him: he directly laid his hands on his breast, looked upwards, and truly with so roguish a countenance that it was easy to observe no secret meaning had yet, in his mind, attached itself to this posture.

The delightful spot, his kind reception, the merry playmates, all pleased the boy so well that he felt no very deep sorrow as his father moved away: the departure of the pony was, perhaps, a heavier matter; but he yielded here also, on learning that in this circle it could not possibly be kept: and the overseer promised him, in compensation, that he should find another horse as smart and well broken at a time when he was not expecting it.

As the chief, it appeared, was not to be come at, the overseer turned to Wilhelm, and said, "I must now leave you, to pursue my occupations; but first I will bring you to the Three, who preside over our sacred things. Your letter is addressed to them likewise, and they together represent the chief." Wilhelm could have wished to gain some previous knowledge of these sacred things; but his companion answered, "The Three will, doubtless, in return for the confidence you show in leaving us your son, disclose to you, in their wisdom and fairness, what is most needful for you to learn. The visible objects of reverence, which I named sacred things, are collected in this separate

circle; are mixed with nothing, interfered with by nothing; at certain seasons of the year only are our pupils admitted here, to be taught in their various degrees of culture by historical and sensible means; and in these short intervals they carry off a deep enough impression to suffice them for a time, during the performance of their other duties."

Wilhelm had now reached the gate of a wooded vale, surrounded with high walls: on a certain sign the little door opened, and a man of earnest and imposing look received our traveller. The latter found himself in a large, beautifully umbrageous space, decked with the richest foliage, shaded with trees and bushes of all sorts; while stately walls and magnificent buildings were discerned only in glimpses through this thick, natural boscage. A friendly reception from the Three, who by and by appeared, at last turned into a general conversation, the substance of which we now present in an abbreviated shape.

"Since you entrust your son to us," said they, "it is fair that we admit you to a closer view of our procedure. Of what is external you have seen much that does not bear its meaning on its front. What part of this do you chiefly wish to have explained?"

"Dignified yet singular gestures of salutation I have noticed, the import of which I would gladly learn: with you, doubtless, the exterior has a reference to the interior, and inversely; let me know what this reference is."

"Well-formed, healthy children," replied the Three, "bring much into the world along with them: Nature has given to each whatever he requires for time and duration; to unfold this is our duty; often it unfolds itself better of its own accord. One thing there is, however, which no child brings into the world with him; and yet it is on this one thing that all depends for making man in every point a man. If you can

discover it yourself, speak it out." Wilhelm thought a little while, then shook his head.

The Three, after a suitable pause, exclaimed, "*Reverence!*" Wilhelm seemed to hesitate. "Reverence!" cried they a second time. "All want it, perhaps you yourself.

"Three kinds of gestures you have seen: and we inculcate a threefold reverence, which, when commingled and formed into one whole, attains its highest force and effect. The first is, reverence for what is above us. That posture, the arms crossed over the breast, the look turned joyfully toward heaven, that is what we have enjoined on young children; requiring from them thereby a testimony that there is a God above, who images and reveals himself in parents, teachers, superiors. Then comes the second, reverence for what is under us. Those hands folded over the back, and, as it were, tied together; that down-turned, smiling look, — announce that we are to regard the earth with attention and cheerfulness: from the bounty of the earth we are nourished; the earth affords unutterable joys, but disproportionate sorrows she also brings us. Should one of our children do himself external hurt, blamably or blamelessly; should others hurt him accidentally or purposely; should dead, involuntary matter do him hurt, — then let him well consider it; for such dangers will attend him all his days. But from this posture we delay not to free our pupil the instant we become convinced that the instruction connected with it has produced sufficient influence on him. Then, on the contrary, we bid him gather courage, and, turning to his comrades, range himself along with them. Now, at last, he stands forth, frank and bold, not selfishly isolated: only in combination with his equals does he front the world. Further we have nothing to add."

"I quite understand it," said Wilhelm. "Are not

the mass of men so marred and stinted because they take pleasure only in the element of evil-wishing and evil-speaking? Whoever gives himself to this, soon comes to be indifferent toward God, contemptuous toward the world, spiteful toward his equals; and the true, genuine, indispensable sentiment of self-estimation corrupts into self-conceit and presumption. Allow me, however," continued he, "to state one difficulty. You say that reverence is not natural to man: now, has not the reverence or fear of barbarous nations for violent convulsions of Nature, or other inexplicable, mysteriously foreboding occurrences, been heretofore regarded as the germ out of which a higher feeling, a purer sentiment, was by degrees to be developed?"

"Fear does accord with Nature," replied they, "but reverence does not. Men fear a known or unknown powerful being: the strong seeks to conquer it, the weak to avoid it; both endeavour to get quit of it, and feel happy when, for a short season, they have put it aside, and their nature has, in some degree, regained freedom and independence. The natural man repeats this operation millions of times in the course of his life; from fear he struggles to freedom; from freedom he is driven back to fear, and so makes no advancement. To fear is easy, but grievous; to reverence is difficult, but satisfactory. Man does not willingly submit himself to reverence; or, rather, he never so submits himself: it is a higher sense, which must be communicated to his nature; which only, in some peculiarly favoured individuals, unfolds itself spontaneously, who on this account, too, have of old been looked upon as saints and gods. Here lies the worth, here lies the business, of all true religions; whereof there are, likewise, only three, according to the objects toward which they direct our devotion."

The men paused; Wilhelm reflected for a time in silence; but, feeling in himself no pretension to

unfold the meaning of these strange words, he requested the sages to proceed with their exposition. They immediately complied. "No religion that grounds itself on fear," said they, "is regarded among us. With the reverence to which a man should give dominion in his mind, he can, in paying honour, keep his own honour: he is not disunited with himself, as in the former case. The religion which depends on reverence for what is above us we denominate the ethnic; it is the religion of the nations, and the first happy deliverance from a degrading fear: all heathen religions, as we call them, are of this sort, whatsoever names they may bear. The second religion, which founds itself on reverence for what is around us, we denominate the philosophical; for the philosopher stations himself in the middle, and must draw down to him all that is higher, and up to him all that is lower: and only in this medium condition does he merit the title of Wise. Here, as he surveys with clear sight his relation to his equals, and therefore to the whole human race, his relations likewise to all other earthly circumstances and arrangements, necessary or accidental, he alone, in a cosmic sense, lives in truth. But now we have to speak of the third religion, grounded on reverence for what is beneath us; this we name the Christian, as in the Christian religion such a temper is with most distinctness manifested: it is a last step to which mankind were fitted and destined to attain. But what a task was it, not only to be patient with the earth, and let it lie beneath us, we appealing to a higher birthplace, but also to recognise humility and poverty, mockery and despite, disgrace and wretchedness, suffering and death, — to recognise these things as divine, — nay, even on sin and crime to look, not as hinderances, but to honour and love them as furtherances of what is holy. Of this, indeed, we find some traces in all ages: but the

trace is not the goal; and, this being now attained, the human species cannot retrograde: and we may say, that the Christian religion, having once appeared, cannot again vanish; having once assumed its divine shape, can be subject to no dissolution."

"To which of these religions do you specially adhere?" inquired Wilhelm.

"To all the three," replied they; "for in their union they produce what may properly be called the true religion. Out of those three reverences springs the highest reverence, — reverence for one's self; and those again unfold themselves from this: so that man attains the highest elevation of which he is capable, that of being justified in reckoning himself the best that God and Nature have produced, — nay, of being able to continue on this lofty eminence, without being again, by self-conceit and presumption, drawn down from it into the vulgar level."

"Such a confession of faith, developed in this manner, does not repulse me," answered Wilhelm: "it agrees with much that one hears now and then in the course of life; only you unite what others separate."

To this they replied, "Our confession has already been adopted, though unconsciously, by a great part of the world."

"How, then, and where?" said Wilhelm.

"In the creed!" exclaimed they; "for the first article is ethnic, and belongs to all nations; the second, Christian, for those struggling with affliction and glorified in affliction; the third, in fine, teaches an inspired communion of saints, that is, of men in the highest degree good and wise. And should not, therefore, the Three Divine Persons, under the similitudes and names of which these threefold doctrines and commands are promulgated, justly be considered as in the highest sense One?"

"I thank you," said Wilhelm, "for having pleased to lay all this before me in such clearness and combination, as before a grown-up person, to whom your three modes of feeling are not altogether foreign. And now, when I reflect that you communicate this high doctrine to your children, in the first place as a sensible sign, then with some symbolical accompaniment attached to it, and at last unfold to them its deepest meaning, I cannot but warmly approve of your method."

"Right," answered they; "but now we must show you more, and so convince you the better that your son is in no bad hands. This, however, may remain for the morrow: rest and refresh yourself, that you may attend us in the morning, as a man satisfied and unimpeded, into the interior of our sanctuary."

CHAPTER XI.

At the hand of the eldest, our friend now proceeded through a stately portal into a round, or rather octagonal, hall, so richly decked with pictures, that it struck him with astonishment as he entered. All this, he easily conceived, must have a significant import; though at the moment he saw not so clearly what it was. While about to question his guide on this subject, the latter invited him to step forward into a gallery, open on the one side, and stretching round a spacious, gay, flowery garden. The wall, however, not the flowers, attracted the eyes of the stranger: it was covered with paintings, and Wilhelm could not walk far without observing that the Sacred Books of the Israelites had furnished the materials for these figures.

"It is here," said the eldest, "that we teach our first religion, — the religion which, for the sake of brevity, I named the ethnic. The spirit of it is to be sought for in the history of the world; its outward form, in the events of that history. Only in the return of similar destinies on whole nations can it properly be apprehended."

"I observe," said Wilhelm, "you have done the Israelites the honour to select their history as the groundwork of this delineation; or, rather, you have made it the leading object there."

"As you see," replied the eldest: "for you will remark, that on the socles and friezes we have introduced another series of transactions and occurrences, not so much of a synchronistic as of a symphronistic kind; since, among all nations, we discover records

of a similar import, and grounded on the same facts. Thus you perceive here, while in the main field of the picture, Abraham receives a visit from his gods in the form of fair youths, Apollo, among the herdsmen of Admetus, is painted above on the frieze. From which we may learn, that the gods, when they appear to men, are commonly unrecognised of them."

The friends walked on. Wilhelm, for the most part, met with well-known objects; but they were here exhibited in a livelier and more expressive manner than he had been used to see them. On some few matters he requested explanation, and at last could not help returning to his former question, Why the Israelitish history had been chosen in preference to all others?

The eldest answered, "Among all heathen religions, — for such also is the Israelitish, — this has the most distinguished advantages, of which I shall mention only a few. At the ethnic judgment-seat, at the judgment-seat of the God of nations, it is not asked, Whether this is the best, the most excellent nation, but whether it lasts, whether it has continued. The Israelitish people never was good for much, as its own leaders, judges, rulers, prophets have a thousand times reproachfully declared: it possesses few virtues, and most of the faults of other nations; but in cohesion, steadfastness, valour, and, when all this would not serve, in obstinate toughness, it has no match. It is the most perseverant nation in the world: it is, it was, and will be, to glorify the name of Jehovah through all ages. We have set it up, therefore, as the pattern-figure, — as the main figure, to which the others only serve as a frame."

"It becomes not me to dispute with you," said Wilhelm, "since you have instruction to impart. Open to me, therefore, the other advantages of this people, or, rather, of its history, of its religion."

"One chief advantage," said the other, "is its excellent collection of Sacred Books. These stand so happily combined together, that, even out of the most diverse elements, the feeling of a whole still rises before us. They are complete enough to satisfy, fragmentary enough to excite, barbarous enough to rouse, tender enough to appease; and for how many other contradicting merits might not these books, might not this one book, be praised!"

The series of main figures, as well as their relations to the smaller which above and below accompanied them, gave the guest so much to think of, that he scarcely heard the pertinent remarks of his guide, who, by what he said, seemed desirous rather to divert our friend's attention than to fix it on the paintings. Once, however, the old man said, on some occasion, "Another advantage of the Israelitish religion I must here mention: it has not embodied its God in any form, and so has left us at liberty to represent him in a worthy human shape, and likewise, by way of contrast, to designate idolatry by forms of beasts and monsters."

Our friend had now, in his short wandering through this hall, again brought the spirit of universal history before his mind: in regard to the events, he had not failed to meet with something new. So likewise, by the simultaneous presentment of the pictures, by the reflections of his guide, many new views had risen on him; and he could not but rejoice in thinking that his Felix was, by so dignified a visible representation, to seize and appropriate for his whole life those great, significant, and exemplary events, as if they had actually been present, and transacted beside him. He came at length to regard the exhibition altogether with the eyes of the child, and in this point of view it perfectly contented him. Thus wandering on, they had now reached the gloomy and perplexed periods of the history, the destruction of the city and the temple,

the murder, exile, slavery of whole masses of this stiff-necked people. Its subsequent fortunes were delineated in a cunning allegorical way: a real historical delineation of them would have lain without the limits of true art.

At this point the gallery abruptly terminated in a closed door, and Wilhelm was surprised to see himself already at the end. "In your historical series," said he, "I find a chasm. You have destroyed the Temple of Jerusalem, and dispersed the people; yet you have not introduced the divine Man who taught there shortly before, to whom, shortly before, they would give no ear."

"To have done this, as you require it, would have been an error. The life of that divine Man, whom you allude to, stands in no connection with the general history of the world in his time. It was a private life, his teaching was a teaching for individuals. What has publicly befallen vast masses of people, and the minor parts which compose them, belongs to the general history of the world, to the general religion of the world, — the religion we have named the first. What inwardly befalls individuals belongs to the second religion, the philosophical: such a religion was it that Christ taught and practised, so long as he went about on earth. For this reason the external here closes, and I now open to you the internal."

A door went back; and they entered a similar gallery, where Wilhelm soon recognised a corresponding series of pictures from the New Testament. They seemed as if by another hand than the first: all was softer, — forms, movements, accompaniments, light, and colouring.

"Here," said the guide, after they had looked over a few pictures, "you behold neither actions nor events, but miracles and similitudes. There is here a new world, a new exterior, different from the former; and

an interior, which was altogether wanting there. By miracles and similitudes, a new world is opened up. Those make the common extraordinary, these the extraordinary common."

"You will have the goodness," said Wilhelm, "to explain these few words more minutely; for, by my own light, I cannot."

"They have a natural meaning," said the other, "though a deep one. Examples will bring it out most easily and soonest. There is nothing more common and customary than eating and drinking; but it is extraordinary to transform a drink into another of more noble sort, to multiply a portion of food that it suffice a multitude. Nothing is more common than sickness and corporeal diseases; but to remove, to mitigate these by spiritual or spiritual-like means, is extraordinary; and even in this lies the wonder of the miracle, that the common and the extraordinary, the possible and the impossible, become one. With the similitude again, with the parable, the converse is the case; here it is the sense, the view, the idea, that forms the high, the unattainable, the extraordinary. When this embodies itself into common, customary, comprehensible figure, so that it meets us as if alive, present, actual, so that we can seize it, appropriate, retain it, live with it as with our equal, this is a second sort of miracle, and is justly placed beside the first sort,—nay, perhaps preferred to it. Here a living doctrine is pronounced, a doctrine which can cause no argument: it is not an opinion about what is right and wrong; it is right and wrong themselves, and indisputably."

This part of the gallery was shorter; indeed, it formed but the fourth part of the circuit enclosing the interior court. Yet, if in the former part you merely walked along, you here liked to linger, you here walked to and fro. The objects were not so striking, not so varied; yet they invited you the more to penetrate

their deep still meaning. Our two friends, accordingly, turned round at the end of the space; Wilhelm at the same time expressing some surprise that these delineations went no farther than the Supper, than the scene where the Master and his disciples part. He inquired for the remaining portion of the history.

"In all sorts of instruction," said the eldest, "in all sorts of communication, we are fond of separating whatever it is possible to separate; for by this means alone can the notion of importance and peculiar significance arise in the young mind. Actual experience of itself mingles and mixes all things together: here, accordingly, we have entirely disjoined that sublime Man's life from its termination. In life, he appears as a true philosopher, — let not the expression stagger you, — as a wise man in the highest sense. He stands firm to his point; he goes on his way inflexibly; and while he exalts the lower to himself, while he makes the ignorant, the poor, the sick, partakers of his wisdom, of his riches, of his strength, he, on the other hand, in no wise conceals his divine origin; he dares to equal himself with God, — nay, to declare that he himself is God. In this manner is he wont, from youth upwards, to astound his familiar friends; of these he gains a part to his own cause, irritates the rest against him, and shows to all men, who are aiming at a certain elevation in doctrine and life, what they have to look for from the world. And thus, for the noble portion of mankind, his walk and conversation are even more instructive and profitable than his death; for to those trials every one is called, to this trial but a few. Now, omitting all that results from this consideration, do but look at the touching scene of the Last Supper. Here the wise Man, as it ever is, leaves those that are his own utterly orphaned behind him; and, while he is careful for the good, he feeds along with them a traitor by whom he and the better are to be destroyed."

With these words the eldest opened a door, and Wilhelm faltered in surprise as he found himself again in the first hall at the entrance. They had in the meanwhile, as he now saw, passed round the whole circuit of the court. "I hoped," said Wilhelm, "you were leading me to the conclusion; and you take me back to the beginning."

"For the present," said the eldest, "I can show you nothing further: more we do not lay before our pupils, more we do not explain to them, than what you have now gone through. All that is external, worldly, universal, we communicate to each from youth upwards; what is more particularly spiritual, and conversant with the heart, to those only who grow up with some thoughtfulness of temper; and the rest, which is opened only once a year, cannot be imparted save to those whom we are sending forth as finished. That last religion which arises from the reverence of what is beneath us; that veneration of the contradictory, the hated, the avoided, — we give each of our pupils in small portions, by way of outfit, along with him into the world, merely that he may know where more is to be had should such a want spring up within him. I invite you to return hither at the end of a year, to visit our general festival, and see how far your son is advanced: then shall you be admitted into the sanctuary of sorrow."

"Permit me one question," said Wilhelm: "as you have set up the life of this divine Man for a pattern and example, have you likewise selected his sufferings, his death, as a model of exalted patience?"

"Undoubtedly we have," replied the eldest. "Of this we make no secret; but we draw a veil over those sufferings, even because we reverence them so highly. We hold it a damnable audacity to bring forth that torturing cross and the Holy One who suffers on it, or to expose them to the light of the sun,

which hid its face when a reckless world forced such a sight on it, to take these mysterious secrets, in which the divine depth of sorrow lies hid, and play with them, fondle them, trick them out, and rest not till the most reverend of all solemnities appears vulgar and paltry. Let so much, for the present, suffice to put your mind at peace respecting your son, and to convince you, that, on meeting him again, you will find him trained, more or less, in one department or another, but at least in a proper way, and, at all events, not wavering, perplexed, and unstable."

Wilhelm still lingered, looking at the pictures in this entrance-hall, and wishing to get explanation of their meaning. "This, too," said the eldest, "we must still owe you for a twelvemonth. The instruction which, in the interim, we give the children, no stranger is allowed to witness: then, however, come to us; and you will hear what our best speakers think it serviceable to make public on these matters."

Shortly after this conversation a knocking was heard at the little gate. The overseer of last night announced himself; he had brought out Wilhelm's horse: and so our friend took leave of the Three, who, as he set out, consigned him to the overseer with these words: "This man is now numbered among the trusted, and thou understandest what thou hast to tell him in answer to his questions; for, doubtless, he still wishes to be informed on much that he has seen and heard while here: purpose and circumstance are known to thee."

Wilhelm had, in fact, some more questions on his mind; and these he erelong put into words. As they rode along they were saluted by the children as on the preceding evening; but to-day, though rarely, he now and then observed a boy who did not pause in his work to salute the overseer, but let him pass unheeded. Wilhelm asked the cause of this, and what such an

exception meant. His companion answered, "It is full of meaning, for it is the highest punishment we inflict on our pupils: they are declared unworthy to show reverence, and obliged to exhibit themselves as rude and uncultivated natures; but they do their utmost to get free of this situation, and in general adapt themselves with great rapidity to any duty. Should a young creature, on the other hand, obdurately make no attempt at return and amendment, he is then sent back to his parents with a brief but pointed statement of his case. Whoever cannot suit himself to the regulations must leave the district where they are in force."

Another circumstance excited Wilhelm's curiosity to-day as it had done yesterday, — the variety of colour and shape apparent in the dress of the pupils. Hereby no gradation could be indicated; for children who saluted differently were sometimes clothed alike, and others agreeing in salutation differed in apparel. Wilhelm inquired the reason of this seeming contradiction. "It will be explained," said the other, "when I tell you, that, by this means, we endeavour to find out the children's several characters. With all our general strictness and regularity, we allow in this point a certain latitude of choice. Within the limits of our own stores of cloths and garnitures the pupils are permitted to select what colour they please; and so, likewise, within moderate limits, in regard to shape and cut. Their procedure in these matters we accurately note; for, by the colour, we discover their turn of thinking; by the cut, their turn of acting. However, a decisive judgment in this is rendered difficult by one peculiar property of human nature, — by the tendency to imitate, the inclination to unite with something. It is very seldom that a pupil fancies any dress that has not been already there: for most part, they select something known, something which they see before

their eyes. Yet this also we find worth observing: by such external circumstances they declare themselves of one party or another; they unite with this or that; and thus some general features of their characters are indicated; we perceive whither each tends, what example he follows.

"We have had cases where the dispositions of our children verged to generality, where one fashion threatened to extend over all, and any deviation from it to dwindle into the state of exception. Such a turn of matters we endeavour softly to stop: we let our stores run out; this and that sort of stuff, this and that sort of decoration, is no longer to be had: we introduce something new and attractive; by bright colours, and short, smart shape, we allure the lively; by grave shadings, by commodious, many-folded make, the thoughtful, — and thus, by degrees, restore the equilibrium.

"For to uniform we are altogether disinclined: it conceals the character, and, more than any other species of distortion, withdraws the peculiarities of children from the eye of their superiors."

Amid this and other conversation, Wilhelm reached the border of the province, and this at the point where, by the direction of his antiquarian friend, he was to leave it, to pursue his next special object.

At parting, it was now settled with the overseer, that, after the space of a twelvemonth, Wilhelm should return, when the grand triennial festival was to be celebrated, on which occasion all the parents were invited, and finished pupils were sent forth into the tasks of chanceful life. Then, too, so he was informed, he might visit at his pleasure all the other districts, where, on peculiar principles, each branch of education was communicated, and reduced to practice, in complete isolation and with every furtherance.

CHAPTER XII.

Hersilia to Wilhelm.

My valued, and, to speak it plainly, dear friend, you are wrong, and yet, as acting on your own conviction, not wrong either. So the nut-brown maid is found, then, — found, seen, spoken to, known, and acknowledged! And you tell us further, that it is impossible to wish this strange person, in her own way, any happier condition, or, in her present one, to be of any real advantage to her.

And now you make it a point of conscience not to tell us where that wondrous being lives. This you may settle with your own conscience, but to us it is unconscionable. You think to calm Lenardo by assuring him that she is well. He had said, almost promised, that he would content himself with this; but what will not the passionate promise for others and themselves! Know, then, that the matter is not in the least concluded as it yet stands. She is happy, you tell us, — happy by her own activity and merit: but the youth would like to learn the How, the When, and the Where; and, what is worse than this, his sisters, too, would like to learn. Half a year is gone since your departure: till the end of another half-year we cannot hope to see you. Could not you, like a shrewd and knowing man, contrive to play your eternal *Rouge-et-Noir* in our neighbourhood? I have seen people that could make the knight skip over all the chess-board without ever lighting twice on one spot.

You should learn this feat: your friends would not have to want you so long.

But, to set my good will to you in the clearest light, I now tell you in confidence, that there are two most enchanting creatures on the road: whence I say not, nor whither; described they cannot be, and no eulogy will do them justice. A younger and an elder lady, between whom it always grieves one to make choice, — the former so lovely, that all must wish to be loved by her; the latter so attractive, that you must wish to live beside her, though she did not love you. I could like, with all my heart, to see you hemmed in for three days between these two splendours: on the morning of the fourth, your rigorous vow would stand you in excellent stead.

By way of foretaste I send you a story, which, in some degree, refers to them: what of it is true or fictitious you can try to learn from themselves.

THE MAN OF FIFTY.

The major came riding into the court of the mansion; and Hilaria, his niece, was already standing without, to receive him at the bottom of the stairs which led up to the apartments. Scarcely could he recognise her; for she had grown, both in stature and beauty. She flew to meet him: he pressed her to his breast with the feeling of a father.

To the baroness, his sister, he was likewise welcome; and, as Hilaria hastily retired to prepare breakfast, the major said with a joyful air, "For this time I can come to the point at once, and say that our business is finished. Our brother, the chief marshal, has at last convinced himself that he can neither manage farmers nor stewards. In his lifetime he makes over the estates to us and our children: the annuity he bargains for is high, indeed, but we can still pay it; we gain

something for the present, and for the future all. This new arrangement is to be completed forthwith. And, as I very soon expect my discharge, I can again look forward to an active life, which may secure decided advantages to us and ours. We shall calmly see our children growing up beside us; and it will depend on us, on them, to hasten their union."

"All this were well," said the baroness, "had not I a secret to inform thee of, which I myself discovered first. Hilaria's heart is no longer free: on her side thy son has little or nothing to hope for."

"What sayest thou?" cried the major. "Is it possible? While we have been taking all pains to settle economical concerns, does inclination play us such a trick? Tell me, love, quick, tell me, who is it that has fettered Hilaria's heart? Or is it then, so bad as this? Is it not, perhaps, some transient impression we may hope to efface again?"

"Thou must think and guess a little first," replied the baroness, and thereby heightened his impatience. It had mounted to the utmost pitch, when the entrance of Hilaria, with the servants bringing in breakfast, put a negative on any quick solution of the riddle.

The major himself thought he saw the fair girl with other eyes than a little while before. He almost felt as if jealous of the happy man whose image had been able to imprint itself on a soul so lovely. The breakfast he could not relish; and he noticed not that all was ordered as he liked to have it, and as he had used to wish and require it.

In this silence and stagnation Hilaria herself almost lost her liveliness. The mother felt embarrassed and led her daughter to the harpsichord; but Hilaria's sprightly and expressive playing scarcely extorted any approbation from the major. He wished the breakfast and the lovely girl fairly out of the way; and the baroness was at last obliged to resolve on

breaking up, and proposed to her brother a walk in the garden.

No sooner were they by themselves, than the major pressingly repeated his question, to which, after a pause, his sister answered, smiling, "If thou wouldst find the happy man whom she loves, thou hast not far to go: he is quite at hand; she loves *thee!*"

The major stopped in astonishment, then cried, "It were a most unseasonable jest to trick me into such a thought, which, if true, would make me so embarrassed and unhappy. For, though I need time to recover from my amazement, I see at one glance how grievously our circumstances would be disturbed by so unlooked-for an accident. The only thing that comforts me, is my persuasion that attachments of this sort are apparent merely, that a self-deception lurks behind them, and that a good, true soul will undoubtedly return from such mistakes, either by its own strength, or at least by a little help from judicious friends."

"I am not of that opinion," said the baroness: "by all the symptoms, Hilaria's present feeling is a very serious one."

"A thing so unnatural I should not have expected from so natural a character," replied the major.

"So unnatural it is not, after all," said his sister. "I myself recollect having, in my own youth, an attachment to a man still older than thou. Thou art fifty, — not so very great an age for a German, if, perhaps, other livelier nations do fail sooner."

"But how dost thou support thy conjecture?" said the major.

"It is no conjecture, it is certainty. The details thou shalt learn by and by."

Hilaria joined them; and the major felt himself, against his will, a second time altered. Her presence seemed to him still dearer and more precious than before, her manner more affectionate and tender: already

he began to put some faith in his sister's statement. The feeling was highly delightful, though he neither would permit nor confess this to his mind. Hilaria was, in truth, peculiarly interesting: her manner blended in closest union a soft shyness as toward a lover, and a trustful frankness as toward an uncle; for she really, and with her whole soul, loved him. The garden lay in all the pomp of spring; and the major, who saw so many old trees again putting on their vesture, might also believe in the returning of his own spring. And who would not have been tempted to it at the side of this most lovely maiden?

So passed the day with them; the various household epochs were gone through in high cheerfulness: in the evening, after supper, Hilaria returned to her harpsichord; the major listened with other ears than in the morning: one melody winded into another, one song produced a second; and scarcely could midnight separate the little party.

On retiring to his room, the major found everything arranged to suit his old habitual conveniences: some copper-plates, even, which he liked to look at, had been shifted from other apartments; and, his eyes being at last opened, he saw himself attended to and flattered in the most minute particulars.

A few hours' sleep sufficed on this occasion: his buoyant spirits aroused him early. But now he soon found occasion to observe that a new order of things carries many inconveniences along with it. His old groom, who also discharged the functions of lackey and valet, he had not once reproved during many years, for all went its usual course in the most rigid order; the horses were dressed and the clothes brushed at the proper moment: but to-day the master had risen earlier, and nothing suited as it used to do.

Erelong a new circumstance combined with this to ruffle him still further. At other times all had been

right, as his servant had prepared it for him: now, however, on advancing to the glass, he found himself not at all as he wished to be. Some gray hairs he could not deny, and of wrinkles also there appears to have been a trace or two. He wiped and powdered more than usual, and was fain at last to let matters stand as they could. Then it seemed there were still creases in his coat, and still dust on his boots. The old groom knew not what to make of this, and was amazed to see so altered a master before him.

In spite of all these hinderances, the major got down to the garden in good time. Hilaria, whom he hoped to find there, he actually found. She brought him a nosegay; and he had not the heart to kiss her as usual, and press her to his breast. He felt himself in the most delightful embarrassment, and yielded to his feelings without reflecting whither they might carry him.

The baroness soon joined them, and, directing her brother to a note which had just been brought her by a special messenger, she cried, "Thou wilt not guess whom this announces to us!"

"Tell us at once, then," said the major; and it now appeared that an old theatrical friend was travelling by a road not far off, and purposing to call for a moment. "I am anxious to see him again," said the major: "he is no chicken now, and I hear he still plays young parts."

"He must be ten years older than thou," replied the baroness.

"He must," said the major, "from all that I remember."

They had not waited long, when a lively, handsome, courteous man stepped forward to them. Yet the friends soon recognised each other, and recollections of all sorts enlivened the conversation. They proceeded to questions, to answers, to narratives: they mutually

made known their present situations, and in a short time felt as if they had never been separated.

Secret history informs us that this person had, in former days, being then a very elegant and graceful youth, the good or bad fortune to attract the favour of a lady of rank; that, by this means, he had come into perplexity and danger, out of which the major, at the very moment when the saddest fate seemed impending, had happily delivered him. From that hour he continued grateful to the brother as well as to the sister; for it was she that, by timeful warning, had originated their precautions.

For awhile before dinner the men were left alone. Not without surprise, nay, in some measure with amazement, had the major viewed, as a whole and in detail, the exterior condition of his old friend. He seemed not in the smallest altered, and it was not to be wondered at that he could still appear on the stage as an actor of youthful parts. "Thou inspectest me more strictly than is fair," said he at last to the major: "I fear thou findest the difference between this and bygone times but too great."

"Not at all," replied the major: "on the contrary, it fills me with astonishment to find thy look fresher and younger than mine; though I know thou wert a firm-set man at the time when I, with the boldness of a callow desperado, stood by thee in certain straits."

"It is thy own fault," replied the other: "it is the fault of all like thee; and, though you are not to be loudly censured for it, you are still to be blamed. You think only of the needful: you wish to be, not to seem. This is very well so long as one is anything. But when, at last, being comes to recommend itself by seeming, and this seeming is found to be even more transient than the being, then every one of you discovers that he should not have done amiss, if, in

his care for what was inward, he had not entirely neglected what was outward."

"Thou art right," replied the major, and could scarcely suppress a sigh.

"Perhaps not altogether right," said the aged youth; "for though in my trade it were unpardonable if one did not try to parget up the outward man as long as possible, you people need to think of other things, which are more important and profitable."

"Yet there are occasions," said the major, "when a man feels fresh internally, and could wish, with all his heart, that he were fresh externally too."

As the stranger could not have the slightest suspicion of the major's real state of mind, he took these words in a soldierly sense, and copiously explained how much depended on externals in the art military, and how the officer who had so much attention to bestow on dress might apply a little also to skin and hair.

"For example," continued he, "it is inexcusable that your temples are already gray, that wrinkles are here and there gathering together, and that your crown threatens to grow bald. Now look at me, old fellow as I am! See how I have held out! And all this without witchcraft, and with far less pains and care than others take, day after day, in spoiling, or at least wearying, themselves."

The major found this accidental conversation too precious an affair to think of ending it soon, but he went to work softly and with precaution toward even an old acquaintance. "This opportunity, alas! I have lost," cried he; "and it is past recalling now: I must even content myself as I am, and you will not think worse of me on that account."

"Lost it is not," said the other, "were not you grave gentlemen so stiff and stubborn, did you not directly call one vain if he thinks about his person, and cast

away from you the happiness of being in pleasant company, and pleasing there yourselves."

"If it is not magic," smiled the major, "that you people use for keeping yourselves young, it is, at all events, a secret: or at least, you have *arcana*, such as one often sees bepraised in newspapers; and from these you pick out the best."

"Joke or earnest," said the other, "thou hast spoken truth. Among the many things that have been tried for giving some repair to the exterior, which often fails far sooner than the interior, there are, in fact, certain invaluable recipes, simple as well as compound; which, as imparted to me by brethren of the craft, purchased for ready money, or hit upon by chance, I have proved, and found effectual. By these I now hold fast and persevere, yet without abandoning my further researches. So much I may tell thee, and without exaggeration: a dressing-box I carry with me beyond all price! A box whose influences I could like to try on thee, if we chanced any time to be a fortnight together."

The thought that such a thing was possible, and that this possibility was held out to him so accidentally at the very moment of need, enlivened the spirit of the major to such a degree that he actually appeared much fresher and brisker already: at table, excited by the hope of bringing head and face into harmony with his heart, and by eagerness to get acquainted with the methods of doing so, he was quite another man; he met Hilaria's graceful attentions with alacrity of soul, and even looked at her with a certain confidence, which, in the morning, he was far from feeling.

If the dramatic stranger had contrived, by many recollections, stories, and happy hits, to keep up the cheerful humour once excited, he so much the more alarmed the major, on signifying, when the cloth was removed, that he must now think of setting forth, and

continuing his journey. By every scheme in his power the major strove to facilitate his friend's stay, at least for the night; he pressingly engaged to have horses and relays in readiness next morning: in a word, the healing toilet was absolutely not to get out of the premises, till once he had obtained more light on its contents and use.

The major saw very well that here no time must be lost: he accordingly endeavoured, soon after dinner, to take his old favourite aside and speak with him in private. Not having the heart to proceed directly to the point, he steered toward it from afar off, and, taking up the former conversation, signified that he, for his part, would willingly bestow more care on his exterior, were it not that people, the moment they observed a man making such an attempt, marked him down for vain, and so deducted from him, in regard to moral esteem, what they felt obliged to yield him in regard to sensible.

"Do not vex me with such phrases!" said his friend: "these are words to which society has got accustomed without attaching any meaning to them, or, if we take it up more strictly, by which it indicates its unfriendly and spiteful nature. If thou consider it rightly, what, after all, is this same vanity they make so much ado about? Every man should feel some pleasure in himself, and happy he who feels it. But if he does feel it, how can he help letting others notice it? How shall he hide, in the midst of life, that it gives him joy to be alive? If good society, and I mean this exclusively here, only blamed such indications when they became too violent; when the joy of one man over his existence hindered others to have joy and to show it over theirs, — it were good and well; and from this excess the censure has, in fact, originally sprung. But what are we to make of that strange, prim, abnegating rigour against a thing which cannot be avoided? Why

should not a display of feeling on the part of others be considered innocent and tolerable, which, more or less, we from time to time allow ourselves? For it is the pleasure one has in himself, the desire to communicate this consciousness of his to others, that makes a man agreeable, — the feeling of his own grace that makes him graceful. Would to Heaven all men were vain! that is, were vain with clear perception, with moderation, and in a proper sense: we should then, in the cultivated world, have happy times of it. Women, it is told us, are vain from the very cradle; yet does it not become them, do they not please us the more? How can a youth form himself if he is not vain? An empty, hollow nature will, by this means, at least contrive to give itself an outward show; and a proper man will soon train himself from the outside inwards. As to my own share, I have reason to consider myself, in this point, a most happy man: for my trade justifies me in being vain; and, the vainer I am, the more satisfaction I give. I am praised when others are blamed, and have still, in this very way, the happiness and the right to gratify and charm the public at an age when others are constrained to retire from the scene, or linger on it only with disgrace."

The major heard with no great joy the issue of these reflections. The little word vanity, as he pronounced it, had been meant to serve as a transition for enabling him to introduce, with some propriety, the statement of his own wish. But now he was afraid, if their dialogue proceeded thus, he should be led still farther from his aim: so he hastened to the point directly.

"For my own part," said he, "I should by no means disincline to enlist under thy flag, since thou still holdest it to be in time, and thinkest I might yet in some degree make up for what is lost. Impart to me somewhat of thy tinctures, pomades, and balsams; and I will make a trial of them."

"Imparting," said the other, "is a harder task than you suppose. Here, for example, it were still to small purpose that I poured thee out some liquors from my vials, and left the half of the best ingredients in my toilet: the appliance is the hardest. You cannot, on the instant, appropriate what is given you. How this and that suit together; under what circumstances, in what sequence, things are to be used, — all this requires practice and study, — nay, study and practice themselves will scarcely profit, if one bring not to the business a natural genius for it."

"Thou art now, it seems, for drawing back," said the major. "Thou raisest difficulties when I would have thy truly somewhat fabulous assertions rendered certain. Thou hast no mind to let me try thy words by the test of action."

"By such banterings, my friend," replied the other, "thou wouldst not prevail on me to gratify thy wish, if it were not that I entertain such affection for thee, and, indeed, first made the proposal myself. Besides, if we consider it, man has quite a peculiar pleasure in making proselytes; in bringing what he values in himself into view also, without himself, on others; causing others to enjoy what he enjoys; finding in others his own likeness, represented and reflected back to him. In sooth, if this is selfishness, it is of the most laudable and lovable sort, — that selfishness which has made us men and keeps us so. From this universal feeling, then, apart from my friendship to thee, I shall be happy in having such a scholar in the great youth-renewing art. But, as from a master it may be expected that he shall produce no botcher by his training, I confess myself a little at a loss how to set about it. I told thee already that neither recipes nor instructions would avail: the practice cannot be taught by universal rules. For my sake, and from the wish to propagate my doctrine, I am ready to make any

sacrifice. The greatest in my power for the present moment I will now propose to thee. I shall leave my servant here, — a sort of waiting-man and conjurer, — who, if he does not understand preparing everything, if he has not yet been initiated into all the mysteries, can apply my preparations perfectly, and, in the first stage of the attempt, will be of great use to thee, till once thou have worked thy way so far into the art, that I may reveal to thee the higher secrets also."

"How!" cried the major, "thou hast stages and degrees in thy art of making young? Thou hast secrets, even for the initiated?"

"No doubt of it," replied the other. "That were but a sorry art which could be comprehended all at once, the last point of which could be seen by one just entering its precincts."

Without loss of time the waiting-man was formally consigned to the major, who engaged to treat him handsomely. The baroness was called on for drawers, boxes, glasses, to what purpose she knew not; the partition of the toilet-store went forward; the friends kept together in a gay and sprightly mood till after nightfall. At moonrise, some time later, the guest took his leave, promising erelong to return.

The major reached his chamber pretty much fatigued. He had risen early, had not spared himself throughout the day, and now hoped very soon to get to bed. But here, instead of one servant, he found two. The old groom, in his old way, rapidly undressed him; but now the waiting-man stepped forth, and signified, that, for appliances of a renovating and cosmetic nature, the peculiar season was night, that so their effects, assisted by a peaceful sleep, might be stronger and safer. The major was obliged to content himself, and let his head be anointed, his face painted, his eyebrows pencilled, and his lips tipped with salve. Besides all

this, there were various ceremonies still required; nay, the very night-cap was not to be put on immediately, not till a net, or even a fine leather cap, had been drawn on next the head.

The major laid himself in bed with a sort of unpleasant feeling, which, however, he had no time to investigate the nature of; as he very soon fell asleep. But, if we might speak with his spirit, we should say he felt a little mummy-like, somewhat between a sick man and a man embalmed. Yet the sweet image of Hilaria, encircled with the gayest hopes, soon led him into a refreshing sleep.

In the morning, at the proper hour, the groom was ready in his place. All that pertained to his master's equipment lay in wonted order on the chairs; and the major was just on the point of rising, when the new attendant entered, and strongly protested against any such precipitation. He must rest, he must wait, if their enterprise were to prosper, if they were to be rewarded for their pains and labour. The major now learned that he had to rise by and by, to take a slight breakfast, and then go into a bath, which was already prepared for him. The regulations were inflexible, they required a strict observance; and some hours passed away under these occupations.

The major abridged the resting-time after his bath, and thought to get his clothes about him: for he was by nature expeditious, and at present he longed to see Hilaria; but in this point also his new servant thwarted him, and signified, that in all cases he must drop the thought of being in a hurry. Whatever he did, it appeared, must be done leisurely and pleasurably; but the time of dressing was especially to be considered as a cheerful hour for conversation with one's self.

The valet's manner of proceeding completely agreed with his words. But, in return, the major, when, on stepping forward to the glass, he saw himself trimmed

out in the neatest fashion, really thought that he was better dressed than formerly. Without many words the conjurer had changed the very uniform into a newer cut, having spent the night in working at it. An apparently so quick rejuvenescence put the major in his liveliest mood; so that he felt himself as if renovated, both without and within, and hastened with impatient longing to his friends.

He found his sister engaged in looking at the pedigree which she had caused to be hung up; the conversation last night having turned on some collateral relations, unmarried persons, or resident in foreign countries, or entirely gone out of sight, from all of whom the baroness and her brother had more or less hope of heritages for themselves or their families. They conversed awhile on these matters, without mentioning the circumstance that all their economical cares and exertions had hitherto been solely directed to their children. By Hilaria's attachment the whole of this prospect had altered, yet neither the major nor his sister could summon courage to mention it further at this moment.

The baroness left the room: the major was standing alone before this laconic history of his family; Hilaria stepped in to him; she leaned herself on him in a kind, childlike way, looked at the parchment, and asked him whom of all these he had known, and who of them were still left and living.

The major began his delineation with the oldest of whom any dim recollection remained with him from childhood. Then he proceeded farther; painted the characters of several fathers, the likeness or unlikeness of their children to them; remarked that the grandfather often reappeared in the grandson; spoke, by the way, of the influence of certain women, wedded out of stranger families, and sometimes changing the character of whole branches. He eulogised the virtue of

many an ancestor and relative, nor did he hide their failings. Such as had brought shame on their lineage he passed in silence. At length he reached the lowest lines. Here stood his brother, the chief marshal himself, and his sister, and beneath him his son with Hilaria at his side.

"These two look each other straight enough in the face," said the major; not adding what he thought of the matter in his heart.

After a pause Hilaria answered, in a meek, small tone, and almost with a sigh, "Yet those, surely, are not to blame who look upward." At the same time she looked up to him with a pair of eyes out of which her whole love was speaking.

"Do I understand thee rightly?" said the major, turning round to her.

"I can say nothing," answered she, with a smile, "which you do not know already."

"Thou makest me the happiest man under the sun," cried he, and fell at her feet. "Wilt thou be mine?"

"For Heaven's sake, rise! I am thine for ever."

The baroness entered. Though not surprised, she rather hesitated. "If it be wrong, sister," said the major, "the blame is thine: if it be right, we will thank thee for ever."

The baroness from youth upwards had so loved her brother that she preferred him to all men; and perhaps Hilaria's attachment itself had, if not arisen from this sisterly partiality, at least been cherished by it. All three now united in one love, in one delight; and thus the happiest hours flew over them. Yet, at last, their eyes reopened to the world around them likewise; and this rarely stands in unison with such emotions.

They now again bethought them of the son. For him Hilaria had been destined: this he himself well

knew. Directly after finishing the business with the chief marshal, the major had appointed his son to expect him in the garrison, that they might settle every thing together, and conduct these purposes to a happy issue. But now, by an unexpected occurrence, the whole state of matters had been thrown out of joint; the circumstances which before plied into one another so kindly, now seemed to be assuming a hostile aspect; and it was not easy to foresee what turn the affair would take, what temper would seize the individuals concerned in it.

Meanwhile the major was obliged to resolve on visiting his son, to whom he had already announced himself. Not without reluctance, not without singular forecastings, not without pain at even for a short time leaving Hilaria, he at last, after much lingering, took the road, and, leaving groom and horses behind him, proceeded with his cosmetic valet, who had now become an indispensable appendage, toward the town where his son resided.

Both saluted and embraced each other cordially after so long a separation. They had much to communicate, yet they did not just commence with what lay nearest their hearts. The son went into copious talk about his hopes of speedy advancement: in return for which the father gave him precise accounts of what had been discussed and determined between the elder members of the family, both in regard to fortune in general, to the individual estates, and everything pertaining to them.

The conversation was, in some degree, beginning to flag, when the son took heart, and said to his father, with a smile, "You treat me very tenderly, dear father; and I thank you for it. You tell me of properties and fortune, and mention not the terms under which, at least in part, they are to be mine: you keep back the name of Hilaria; you expect that I should

bring it forth, that I should express my desire to be speedily united with that amiable maiden."

At these words the major felt in great perplexity; but as, partly by nature, partly by old habit, it was his way to collect the purpose of the man he had to treat with before stating his own, he now said nothing, and looked at the son with an ambiguous smile. "You will not guess, father, what I have to say," continued the lieutenant: "I will speak it out briefly, and once for all. I can depend on your affection, which, amid such manifold care for me, has had due regard for my true happiness as well as my fortune. Some time or other it must be said: be it said, then, even now, Hilaria cannot make me happy! I think of Hilaria as of a lovely relative, toward whom I would live all my days with the friendliest feelings; but another has awakened my affection, another has found my heart. The attachment is irresistible: you will not make me miserable."

Not without effort did the major conceal the cheerfulness which was rising over his face, and, in a tone of mild seriousness, inquire of the son, Who the person was that had so entirely subdued him? "You must see her yourself, father," said the other; "for she can as little be described as comprehended. I have but one fear,—that you yourself will be led away by her, like every one that approaches her. By Heaven, it will be so; and I shall see you the rival of your son!"

"But who is she?" inquired the major. "If it is not in thy power to delineate her personal characteristics, tell me, at least, of her outward circumstances: these, at least, may be described."

"Well, then, father," replied the son; "and yet these outward circumstances, too, would be different in a different person, would act otherwise on another. She is a young widow, heiress of an old, rich man:

lately deceased; independent, and well meriting to be so; acquainted with many, loved by just as many, courted by just as many; yet, if I mistake not very greatly, in her heart wholly mine."

With joyful vivacity, as the father kept silence, and gave no sign of disapproval, the son proceeded to describe the conduct of the fair widow toward him; told of her all-conquering grace; recounted one by one her tender expressions of favour; in which the father truly could see nothing but the light friendliness of a universally courted woman, who, among so many, may indeed prefer some one, yet without on that account entirely deciding for him. Under any other circumstances he would doubtless have endeavoured to warn a son, nay, even a friend, of the self-deception which might probably enough be at work here; but, in the present case, he himself was so anxious for his son's being right, for the fair widow's really loving him, and as soon as possible deciding in his favour, that he either felt no scruple of this sort, or banished any such from his mind, perhaps even only concealed it.

"Thou placest me in great perplexity," began the father, after some pause. "The whole arrangement between the surviving members of our family depends on the understanding that thou wed Hilaria. If she wed a stranger, the whole fair, careful combination of a fine fortune falls to the ground again; and thou thyself art not too well provided for. There is certainly another way still, but one which sounds rather strange, and by which thou wouldst gain very little: I, in my old days, might wed Hilaria,—a plan which could hardly give thee any very high satisfaction."

"The highest in the world!" exclaimed the lieutenant; "for who can feel a true attachment, who can enjoy or anticipate the happiness of love, without wishing every friend, every one whom he values, the like supreme felicity? You are not old, father; and how

lovely is Hilaria! Even the transient thought of offering her your hand bespeaks a youthful heart, an unimpaired spirit. Let us take up this thought, this project, on the spot, and consider and investigate it thoroughly. My own happiness would be complete if I knew you happy: I could then rejoice in good earnest, that the care you had bestowed on my destiny was repaid on your own by so fair and high a recompense. I can now with confidence and frankness, and true openness of heart, conduct you to my fair one. You will approve of my feelings, since you yourself feel: you will not impede the happiness of your son, since you are advancing to your own happiness."

With these and other importunate words the lieutenant repressed many a scruple which his father was for introducing, left him no time to calculate, but hurried off with him to the fair widow, whom they found in a commodious and splendid house, with a select rather than numerous party, all engaged in cheerful conversation. She was one of those female souls whom no man can escape. With incredible address she contrived to make our major the hero of this evening. The rest of the party seemed to be her family: the major alone was her guest. His circumstances she already knew very well; yet she had the skill to ask about them, as if she were wishing, now at last, to get right information on the subject from himself: and so, likewise, every individual of the company was made to show some interest in the stranger. One must have known his brother, a second his estates, a third something else concerned with him; so that the major, in the midst of a lively conversation, still felt himself to be the centre. Moreover, he was sitting next the fair one; her eyes were on him, her smile was directed to him: in a word, he felt himself so comfortable, that he almost forgot the cause which had brought him. She herself scarcely ever mentioned his son, though the

young man took a keen share in the conversation: it seemed as if, in her eyes, he, like all the rest, was present only on his father's account.

The guests strolled up and down the rooms, and grouped themselves into accidental knots. The lieutenant stepped up to his fair one, and asked, "What say you to my father?"

With a smile she replied, "Methinks you might well take him as a pattern. Do but look how neatly he is dressed! If his manner and bearing are not better than his gentle son's!" And thus she continued to cry up and praise the father at the son's expense; awakening, by this means, a very mixed feeling of contentment and jealousy in the young man's heart.

Erelong the lieutenant came in contact with his father, and recounted all this to him. It made the major's manner to his fair hostess so much the more friendly; and she, on her side, began to treat him on a more lively and trustful footing. In short, we may say, that, when the company broke up, the major, as well as the rest, already belonged to her and to her circle.

A heavy rain prevented the guests from returning home as they had come. Some coaches drove up, into which the walkers arranged themselves: only the lieutenant, under the pretext that the carriage was already too crowded, let his father drive away, and stayed behind.

The major, on entering his apartment, felt actually confused and giddy in mind, uncertain of himself; as is the case with us on passing rapidly from one state to the opposite. The land still seems in motion to a man who steps from shipboard, and the light still quivers in the eye of him who comes at once into darkness. So did the major still feel himself encircled with the presence of that fair being. He wished still to see, to hear

her, again to see, again to hear her; and, after some consideration, he forgave his son; nay, he thought him happy that he might pretend to the appropriation of such loveliness.

From these feelings he was roused by the lieutenant, who, with lively expressions of rapture, rushed into the room, embraced his father, and exclaimed, "I am the happiest man in the world!" After several more of such preliminary phrases, the two at last came to an explanation. The father remarked, that the fair lady in conversing with him had not mentioned the son, or hinted at him by a single syllable. "That is just her soft, silent, half-concealing, half-discovering way, by which you become certain of your wishes, and yet can never altogether get rid of doubt. So was she wont to treat me hitherto; but your presence, father, has done wonders. I confess it, I stayed behind, that I might see her one moment longer. I found her walking to and fro in her still shining rooms; for I know it is her custom, when the company is gone, no light must be extinguished. She walks alone up and down in her magic halls, when the spirits are dismissed which she had summoned thither. She accepted the pretext under cover of which I came back. She spoke with kind grace, though of indifferent matters. We walked to and fro through the open doors, along the whole suite of chambers. We had wandered several times to the end, into the little cabinet, which is lighted only by a dim lamp. If she was beautiful while moving under the blaze of the lustres, she was infinitely more so when illuminated by the soft gleam of the lamp. We had again reached the cabinet; and, in turning, we paused for an instant. I know not what it was that forced this audacity on me: I know not how I could venture, in the midst of the most ordinary conversation, all at once to seize her hand, to kiss that soft hand, and to press it to my heart. It was not

drawn away. 'Heavenly creature!' cried I, 'conceal thyself no longer from me. If in this fair heart dwells favour for the happy man who stands before thee, disclose it, confess it! The present is the best, the highest time. Banish me, or take me to thy arms!'

"I know not what all I said, what I looked and expressed. She withdrew not, she resisted not, she answered not. I ventured to clasp her in my arms, to ask her if she would be mine. I kissed her with rapture; she pushed me away: 'Well, yes, then: yes!' or some such words, said she, in a faint tone, as if embarrassed. I retired, and cried, 'I will send my father: he shall speak for me.' 'Not a word to him of this!' replied she, following me some steps. 'Go away: forget what has happened.'"

What the major thought we shall not attempt to unfold. He said, however, to his son, "What is to be done now, thinkest thou? To my mind the affair is, by accident, so well introduced, that we may now go to work a little more formally; that perhaps it were well if I called there to-morrow, and proposed in thy name."

"For Heaven's sake, no, father!" cried the son: "it would spoil the whole business. That look, that tone, must be disturbed and deranged by no formality. It is enough, father, that your presence accelerates this union without your uttering a word on the subject. Yes, it is to you that I owe my happiness! The respect which my loved one entertains for you has conquered every scruple, and never would your son have found so good a moment had not his father prepared it for him."

These and such disclosures occupied them till far in the night. They mutually settled their plans: the major, simply for form's sake, was to make a parting call, and then set out to arrange his marriage with Hilaria; the son was to forward and accelerate his, as he should find it possible.

Hersilia's Postscript.

Here I break off, partly because I can write no more at present, but partly also to fix a thorn in your heart. Now, answer the question for yourself: How strangely, from all that you have read, must matters stand with these ladies at present! Till now they had no mutual relation to each other: they were strangers, though each seemed to have the prospect of a marriage which was to approximate them. And now we find them in company, but by themselves, without male attendance, and wandering over the world. What can have passed, what can be to follow? You, my worthy sir, will doubtless get quit of the difficulty by mournfully claiming to yourself, "These, also, are renunciants!" And here you are perfectly right: but expectants too? This I durst not discover, even if I knew it.

To show you the way how this amiable pair may be met with on your wandering, I adopt a singular expedient. You herewith receive a little clipping of a map: when you lay this in its place on the full map of the country, the magnetic needle painted here will point with its barb to the spot whither the desirable are moving. This riddle is not so very hard to read: but I could wish, that, from time to time, you would do the like for us, and send a little snip of chart over hither; we should then, in some measure, understand to what quarter our thoughts were to be directed: and how glad should we be if the needle were at last attracted by ourselves. May all good be given you, and all errors forgiven!

It is said of women, that they cannot send away a letter without tacking postscripts to the end of it. Whatever inferences you may draw from the fact, I cannot deny that this is my second postscript, and the

place, after all, where I am to tell you the flower of the whole matter. This arrow-shaft, on the little patch of map, Hilaria herself was at the pains to draw and to decorate with such dainty plumage: the sharp point, however, was the fair widow's work. Have a care that it do not scratch, or perhaps pierce you. Our bargain is, that whenever you meet, be this where it may, you are forthwith to present the small shred of paper, and so be the sooner and more heartily admitted into trust.

A WORD FROM THE EDITOR.

That a certain deficiency, perhaps discernible in the parts, certainly discernible here and there in the whole, cannot, henceforth, be avoided, we ourselves take courage to forewarn the reader, without fearing thereby to thwart his enjoyment. In the present task, undertaken truly with forethought and good heart, we still meet with all the inconveniences which have delayed the publication of these little volumes for twenty years. This period has altered nothing for the better. We still find ourselves in more than one way impeded, at this or that place threatened with one obstruction or another. For we have to solve the uncertain problem of selecting from those most multifarious papers what is worthiest and most important, so that it be grateful to thinking and cultivated minds, and refresh and forward them in many a province of life. Now, here are the journals, more or less complete, lying before us; sometimes communicable without scruple; sometimes, again by reason of their unimportant, and likewise of their too important contents, seemingly unfit for insertion.

There are not even wanting sections devoted to the actual world, on statistic, technical, and other practical external subjects. To cut these off as incongruous,

we do not determine without reluctance; as life and inclination, knowledge and passion, strangely combining together, go on here in the strangest union.

Then we come on sketches written with clear views and for glorious objects, but not so consequent and deep-searching that we can fully approve of them, or suppose, that, in this new and so far advanced time, they could be readable and influential.

So likewise we fall in with little anecdotes, destitute of connection, difficult to arrange under heads, some of them, when closely examined, not altogether unobjectionable. Here and there we discover more complete narratives, several of which, though already known to the world, nevertheless demand a place here, and at the same time require exposition and conclusion. Of poems, also, there is no want; and yet it is not always easy, not always possible, to decide where they should be introduced with best regard to the preserving and assisting of their true tone, which is but too easily disturbed and overturned. If we are not, therefore, as we have too often done in bygone years, again to stop in the middle of this business, nothing will remain for us but to impart what we possess, to give out what has been preserved. Some chapters, accordingly, the completion of which might have been desirable, we now offer in their first hurried form, that so the reader may not only feel the existence of a want here, but also be informed what this want is, and complete in his own mind whatever, partly from the nature of the object, partly from the intervening circumstances, cannot be presented to him perfectly completed in itself, or furnished with all its requisite accompaniments.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE proposed riddle raised some scruples in Wilhelm's mind; yet erelong he began to feel a still attraction in the matter, an impulse of longing to reach that appointed line, and follow its direction: as, indeed, we are wont to seize with eagerness any specific object that excites our imagination, our active faculties, and to wish that we might accomplish it and partake of it.

A child that, in asking alms of us, puts into our hand a card with five lottery numbers written on it, we do not lightly turn away unserved; and it depends on the moment, especially if it be shortly before the drawing, whether we shall not, with accidentally stimulated hope, quite against our usual custom, stake heavy shares upon these very numbers.

The wanderer now tried on a large map the little fragment which had been sent him, and stood surprised, amazed, affrighted, as he saw the needle pointed straight to Mignon's native place, to the houses where she had lived. What his peculiar feelings were, we do not find declared; but whoever can bring back to memory the end of the "Apprenticeship," will in his own heart and mind, without difficulty, call forth the like.

The chief cause, however, why we meet with scantier records of this excursion than we could have wished, may probably be this: that Wilhelm chanced to fall in with a young, lively companion of his journey, by means of whom it became easy to retain for himself

and his friends a vivid and strong remembrance of this pious pilgrimage without any aid of writing. Unexpectedly he finds himself beside a painter, — one of that class of persons whom we often see wandering about the world, and still oftener figuring in romances and dramas, but, in this case, an individual who showed himself at once to be really a distinguished artist. The two very soon got acquainted, mutually communicated their desires, projects, purposes. And now it appears that this skilful artist, who delights in painting aquatical landscapes, and can decorate his pieces with rich, well-imagined, well-executed additions and accompaniments, has been passionately attracted by Mignon's form, destiny, and being. He has often painted her already, and is now going forth to copy from nature the scenes where she passed her early years; amid these to represent the dear child in happy and unhappy circumstances and moments, and thus to make her image, which lives in all tender hearts, present also to the sense of the eye.

The friends soon reach the Lago Maggiore: Wilhelm endeavours by degrees to find out the places indicated. Rural palaces, spacious monasteries, ferries and bays, capes and landings, are visited; nor are the dwellings of courageous and kind-hearted fishermen forgotten, or the cheerfully built villages along the shore, or the gay mansions on the neighbouring heights. All this the artist can seize, to all of it communicate, by light and colouring, the feeling suitable for each scene; so that Wilhelm passes his days and his hours in heart-searching emotion.

In several of the leaves stood Mignon represented on the foreground, as she had looked and lived: Wilhelm striving by correct description to assist the happy imagination of his friend, and reduce these general conceptions within the stricter limits of individuality.

And thus you might see the boy-girl set forth in various attitudes and manifold expression. Beneath the lofty portal of the splendid country-house she is standing, thoughtfully contemplating the marble statues in the hall. Here she rocks herself, plashing to and fro among the waters, in the fastened boat: there she climbs the mast, and shows herself as a fearless sailor.

But distinguished beyond all the other pictures was one which the artist, on his journey hither, and prior to his meeting with Wilhelm, had combined and painted with all its characteristic features. In the heart of the rude mountains shines the graceful seeming-boy, encircled with toppling cliffs, besprayed with cataracts, in the middle of a motley horde. Never, perhaps, was a grim, precipitous, primeval mountain-pass more beautifully or expressively relieved with living figures. The party-coloured, gypsy-looking group, at once rude and fantastic, strange and common, too loose to cause fear, too singular to awaken confidence. Stout beasts of burden are bearing along, now over paths made of trees, now down by steps hewn in the rock, a tawdry chaotic heap of luggage, round which all the instruments of a deafening music hang dangling to and fro, to affright the ear from time to time with rude tones. Amid all this the lovely child, self-collected without defiance, indignant without resistance, led, but not dragged. Who would not have looked with pleasure at this singular and impressive picture? Given in strong characters, frowned the stern obstruction of these rock-masses, riven asunder by gloomy chasms, towered up together, threatening to hinder all outgate, had not a bold bridge betokened the possibility of again coming into union with the rest of the world. Nor had the artist, with his quick feeling of fictitious truth, forgot to indicate the entrance of a cave, which you might equally regard as the natural laboratory of huge

crystals, or as the abode of a fabulously frightful brood of dragons.

Not without a holy fear did our friends visit the marchese's palace. The old man was still absent on his travels; but, in this circle also, the two wanderers, knowing well how to apply and conduct themselves, both toward spiritual and temporal authorities, were kindly received and entertained.

The absence of the owner also was to Wilhelm very pleasant; for although he could have wished to see the worthy gentleman, and would have heartily saluted him, he felt afraid of the marchese's thankful generosity, and of any forced recompense of that true, loving conduct for which he had already obtained the fairest reward.

And thus our friends went floating in gay boats from shore to shore, cruising the lake in every direction. It was the fairest season of the year: and they missed neither sunrise nor sunset, nor any of the thousand shadings which the heavenly light first bounteously dispenses over its own firmament, and from thence over lake and land; not appearing itself in its perfect glory till imaged back from the waters.

A luxuriant vegetable world, planted by Nature, watched over and forwarded by Art, on every side surrounded them. The first chestnut forests they had already greeted with welcome; and now they could not restrain a mournful smile, as, lying under the shade of cypresses, they saw the laurel mounting up, the pomegranates reddening, orange and citron trees unfolding themselves in blossoms, and fruit at the same time glowing forth from the dark foliage.

Through means of his vivid associate, Wilhelm had another enjoyment prepared for him. Our old friend had not been favoured by Nature with the eye of a painter. Susceptible of visual beauty only in the human form, he now felt, that by the presence of a

companion, alike disposed, but trained to quite different enjoyments and activities, the surrounding world also was opened to his sight.

By viewing, under conversational direction, the changing glories of the region, and still more by concentrated imitation, his eyes were opened, and his mind freed from all its once obstinate doubts. Hitherto all copies of Italian scenery had seemed to him suspicious: the sky, he thought, was too blue; the violet tone of those charming distances was lovely, but untrue; and the abundant, fresh green too bright and gay; but now he united in his inmost perceptions with his new friend, and learned, susceptible as he was, to look at the earth with that friend's eyes: and, while Nature unfolded the open secret of her beauty, he could not but feel an irresistible attraction toward Art as toward her most fit expositor.

But his pictorial friend quite unexpectedly anticipated his wishes in another point. The artist had already many times started some gay song, and thus, in hours of rest, delightfully enlivened and accompanied their movement when out in long voyages over the water. But now it happened, that, in one of the palaces they were visiting, he found a curious, peculiar stringed instrument, — a lute of small size, strong, well toned, convenient, and portable: he soon contrived to tune it, and then handled the strings so pleasantly, and so well entertained those about him, that, like a new Orpheus, he subdued by soft harmonies the usually rigorous and dry castellan, and kindly constrained him to lend the instrument for a time, under the condition, that, before departing, the singer should faithfully return it, and, in the interim, should come back some Sunday or holiday, and again gratify them by his music.

Quite another spirit now enlivened lake and shore: boat and skiff strove which should be nearest our

friends; even freight and market barges lingered in their neighbourhood; rows of people on the beach followed their course; when landing they were encircled by a gay-minded throng; when departing each blessed them with a heart contented, yet full of longing.

And now, at last, to any third party who had watched our friends, it must have been apparent enough that their mission was, in fact, accomplished: all scenes and localities referring to Mignon had been, not only sketched, but partly brought into light, shade, and colour, partly in warm, midday hours, finished with the utmost fidelity. In effecting this they had shifted from place to place in a peculiar way, as Wilhelm's vow frequently impeded them: this, however, they had now and then contrived to evade by explaining it as valid only on land, and on water not applicable.

Indeed, Wilhelm himself now felt that their special purpose was attained; yet he could not deny that the wish to see Hilaria and the fair widow must also be satisfied if he wished to leave this country with a free mind. His friend, to whom he had imparted their story, was no less curious, and already prided himself in the thought, that, in one of his paintings, there was a vacant space, which, as an artist, he might decorate with the forms of these gentle persons.

Accordingly, they now cruised to and fro, watching the points where strangers are wont first to enter this paradise. Their hope of meeting friends here had already been made known to the boatmen; and the search had not lasted long when there came in sight a splendid barge, which they instantly made chase of, and forbore not passionately to grapple with on reaching it. The dames, in some degree alarmed at this movement, soon recovered their composure as Wilhelm produced his little piece of chart; and the two, without hesitation, recognised the arrow which themselves had drawn on it. The friends were then kindly in-

vited to come on board the ladies' barge, which they did without an instant's delay.

And now let us figure to ourselves these four, as they sit together in the daintiest apartment, the most blissful world lying round them, looking in each other's faces, fanned by soft airs, rocked on glittering waves. Imagine the female pair, as we lately saw them described; the male, as they have together for weeks been leading a wayfaring life; and after a little reflection we behold them all in the most delightful, but also the most dangerous situation.

For the three who have before, willingly or unwillingly, ranked themselves in the number of renunciants, we have not the worst to fear: the fourth, however, may, probably enough, too soon see himself admitted into that order, like the others.

After crossing the lake several times, and pointing out the most interesting spots, both on the shore and the islands, our two wanderers conducted their fair friends to the place they were to pass the night in; where a dexterous guide, selected for this voyage, had taken care to provide all possible conveniences. Wilhelm's vow was now a harsh but suitable master of the ceremonies; for he and his companion had already passed three days in this very station, and exhausted all that was remarkable in the environs. The artist, not restrained by any vow, begged permission to attend the dames on shore: this, however, they declined, and so the party separated at some distance from the harbour.

Scarcely had the singer stepped into his skiff, which hastily drew back from the beach, when he seized his lute, and gracefully began raising that strangely plaintive song which the Venetian gondoliers send forth in clear melody from land to sea, and from sea to land. Expert enough in this feat, which in the present instance proceeded with peculiar tenderness and expres-

sion, he strengthened his voice in proportion to the increasing distance; so that on the shore you would have thought you heard him still singing in the same place. He at last laid his lute aside, trusting to his voice alone, and had the satisfaction to observe that the dames, instead of retiring into their house, were pleased to linger on the shore. He felt so inspired that he could not cease, not even when night and remoteness had withdrawn everything from view; till at last his calmer friend reminded him, that, if darkness did favour his tones, the skiff had already long passed the limits within which these could take effect.

According to promise, the two parties again met next day on the open lake. Flying along, they formed acquaintance with the lovely series of prospects, now standing forth in separate distinction, then gathering into rows, and seen behind each other, and at last fading away, as the higher eclipsed the lower; all which, repeating itself in the waters, affords in such excursions the most varied entertainment. Nor, in the course of these sights, did the copies of them, from our artist's portfolio, fail to awaken thoughts and anticipations of what, in the present hour, was not imparted. For all such matters the still Hilaria seemed to have a free and fair feeling.

But, toward noon, singularity again came into play: the ladies landed alone; the men cruised before the harbour. And now the singer endeavoured to accommodate his music to a shorter distance, where not only the general, soft, and quickly warbling tone of desire, but likewise a certain gay, graceful importunity might be expected to tell. And here now and then some one or other of the songs, for which we stand indebted to our friends in the "Apprenticeship," would come hovering over his strings, over his lips; but out of well-meant regard to the feelings of his hearers, as well as to his own, he restrained himself in this par-

ticular, and roved at large in foreign images and emotions, whereby his performance gained in effect, and reached the ear with so much the more insinuating blandishment. The two friends, blockading the harbour in this way, would not have recollected the trivial concern of eating and drinking, had not the more provident fair ones sent them over a supply of dainty bits, to which an accompanying draught of wine had the best possible relish.

Every separation, every stipulation, that comes in the way of our gathering passions, sharpens instead of stifling them; and in this case, as in others, it may be presumed that the short absence had awakened equal longing in both parties. At all events, the lames in their gay, dazzling gondola were very soon to be seen coming back.

This word gondola, however, let us not take up in the melancholy Venetian meaning: here it signifies a cheerful, commodious, social bark; which, had our little company been twice as large, would still have been spacious enough for them.

Some days were spent in this peculiar way, between meeting and parting, between separation and social union; but, amid the enjoyment of the most delightful intercourse, departure and bereavement still hovered before the agitated soul. In presence of the new friends the old came back into the mind: were these new ones absent, each could not but admit that already they had taken deep root in his remembrance. None but a composed and tried spirit, like our fair widow, could in such moments have maintained herself in complete equilibrium.

Hilaria's heart had been too deeply wounded to admit of any new entire impression: but as the grace of a fair scene encircles us of itself with soothing influences; so, when the mildness of tender-hearted friends conspires with it, there comes over sense and soul a

peculiar mood of softness, that recalls to us, as in dreaming visions, the past and the absent, and withdraws the present, as if it were but a show, into spiritual remoteness. Thus, alternately rocked this way and that, attracted and repelled, approximated and removed, they wavered and wended for several days.

Without more narrowly investigating these circumstances, the shrewd, experienced guide imagined he observed some alteration in the calm demeanour of his heroines; and when at last the whimsical part of their predicament became known to him, he contrived here also to devise the most grateful expedient. For, as our two shipmen were again conducting the ladies to their usual place of dinner, they were met by another gay bark, which, falling alongside of theirs, exhibited a well-covered table, with all the cheerful invitations of a festive repast: the friends could now wait in company the lapse of several hours, and only night decided the customary separation.

Happily the artist and Wilhelm had, in their former voyagings, neglected, out of a certain natural caprice, to visit the most highly ornamented of all the islands, and had even yet never thought of showing to their fair friends the many artificial and somewhat dilapidated curiosities of the place, before these glorious scenes of creation were entirely gone through. At last, however, new light rose on their minds. They took counsel with the guide: he contrived forthwith to expedite their voyage, and all looked on it as the most blissful they had yet undertaken. They could now hope and expect, after so many interrupted joys, to spend three whole heavenly days assembled together in a sequestered abode.

And here we cannot but bestow on this guide our high commendation: he belonged to that nimble, active, dexterous class, who, in attendance on successive parties, often travel the same roads; perfectly

acquainted with the conveniences and inconveniences on all of them, they understand how to use the one and evade the other, and, without leaving their own profit out of sight, still to conduct their patrons more cheaply and pleasantly through the country than without such aid would have been possible.

At this time, also, a sufficient female train, belonging to our dames, for the first time stepped forth in decided activity; and the fair widow could now make it one of her conditions, that the friends were to remain with her as guests, and content themselves with what she called her moderate entertainment. In this point, too, all prospered; for the cunning functionary had, on this occasion as on others, contrived to make so good a use of the letters and introductions which his heroines had brought with them, that, the owner of the place they were now about to visit being absent, both castle and garden, kitchen included, were thrown open for the service of the strangers, — nay, some prospect was held out, even of the cellar. All things coöperated so harmoniously, that our wanderers from the very first moment felt themselves as if at home, as if born lords of this paradise.

The whole luggage of the party was now carried to the island, an arrangement producing much convenience to all; though the chief advantage aimed at was, that the portfolios of our artist, now for the first time all collected together, might afford him means to exhibit in continuous sequence to his fair hostesses the route he had followed. This task was undertaken by all parties with delight. Not that they proceeded in the common style of amateur and artist, mutually eulogising: here was a gifted man, rewarded by the most sincere and judicious praise. But that we fall not into the suspicion of attempting, with general phrases, to palm on credulous readers what we could not openly show them, let us here insert the judgment

of a critic, who some years afterward viewed with studious admiration both the pieces here in question, and the others of a like or similar sort by the same hand.

"He succeeds in representing the cheerful repose of lake-prospects, where houses in friendly approximation, imaging themselves in the clear wave, seem as if bathing in its depths; shores encircled with green hills, behind which rise forest mountains, and icy peaks of glaciers. The tone of colouring in such scenes is gay, mirthfully clear; the distances, as if overflowed with softening vapour, which, from watered hollows and river valleys, mounts up grayer and mistier, and indicates their windings. No less is the master's art to be praised in views from valleys lying nearer the high Alpine ranges, where declivities slope down, luxuriantly overgrown, and fresh streams roll hastily along by the foot of rocks.

"With exquisite skill, in the deep, shady trees of the foreground, he gives the distinctive character of the several species; satisfying us in the form of the whole, as in the structure of the branches and the details of the leaves, — no less so in the fresh green, with its manifold shadings, where soft airs appear as if fanning us with benignant breath, and the lights as if thereby put in motion.

"In the middle ground his lively green tone grows fainter by degrees, and at last, on the more distant mountain tops, passing into weak violet, weds itself with the blue of the sky. But our artist is, above all, happy in his paintings of high Alpine regions; in seizing the simple greatness and stillness of their character; the wide pastures on the slopes, clothed with the freshest green, where dark, solitary firs stand forth from the grassy carpet; and from high cliffs foaming brooks rush down. Whether he relieve his pasturages with grazing cattle, or the narrow, winding, rocky path

with mules and laden packhorses, he paints all with equal truth and richness: still introduced in the proper place, and not in too great copiousness, they decorate and enliven these scenes without interrupting, without lessening, their peaceful solitude. The execution testifies a master's hand, — easy with a few sure strokes, and yet complete. In his later pieces he employed glittering English, permanent colours on paper: these pictures, accordingly, are of preëminently blooming tone, cheerful, yet, at the same time, strong and sated.

"His views of deep mountain chasms, where round and round nothing fronts us but dead rock; where, in the abyss, overspanned by its bold arch, the wild stream rages, — are, indeed, of less attraction than the former; yet their truth excites us; we admire the great effect of the whole, produced at so little cost, by a few expressive strokes, and masses of local colours.

"With no less accuracy of character can he represent the regions of the topmost Alpine ranges, where neither tree nor shrub any more appears; but only, amid the rocky teeth and snow summits, a few sunny spots clothe themselves with a soft sward. Beautiful and balmy and inviting as he colours these spots, he has here wisely forborne to introduce grazing herds; for these regions give food only to the chamois, and a perilous employment to the wild-hay-men.

"We shall not deviate from our purpose of bringing the condition of these waste scenes as close as possible to the conception of our readers, if to this word, wild-hay-man, or *Wildheuer*, we subjoin a short explanation. It is a name given to the poorer inhabitants of the upland Alpine ranges, who occupy themselves in making hay from such grassy spots as are inaccessible to cattle. For this purpose they climb, with cramps on their feet, the steepest and most dangerous cliffs; or from high crags let themselves down by ropes when this is necessary, and so reach these grassy patches. The grass

once cut and dried to hay, they throw it down from the heights into the deeper valleys; where, being collected together, it is sold to cattle-owners, with whom, on account of its superior quality, it finds a ready market."

These paintings, which must have gratified and attracted any eye, were viewed by Hilaria, in particular, with great attention; and from her observations it became clear, that, in this department, she herself was no stranger. To the artist, least of all, did this continue secret: nor could approval from any one have been more precious to him than from this most graceful of all persons. Her companion, therefore, kept silence no longer, but blamed Hilaria for not coming forward with her own accomplishments, but lingering in this case as she always did, — now where the question was not of being praised or blamed, but of being instructed. A fairer opportunity, she said, might not easily occur.

And now it came to light, when she was thus forced to exhibit her portfolios, what a talent was lying hid behind this still and most lovely nature: the capacity had been derived from birth, and diligently cultivated by practice. She possessed a true eye; a delicate hand, such as women, accustomed to use it in their dressing and decorating operations, find available in higher art. You might, doubtless, observe unsureness in the strokes, and, in consequence, a too undecided character in the objects: but you could not help admiring the most faithful execution; though the whole was not seized in its happiest effect, not grouped and adjusted with the skill of an artist. She is afraid, you would say, of profaning her object, if she keep not completely true to it; hence she becomes precise and stiff, and loses herself in details.

But now, by the great, free talent, by the bold hand

of the artist, she feels rising, awakening within her, whatever genuine feeling and taste had till now slumbered in her mind: she perceives that she has but to take heart, and earnestly and punctually to follow some fundamental maxims which the artist, with penetrating judgment and friendly importunity, is repeating, and impressing on her. That sureness of stroke comes of its own accord; she by degrees dwells less on the parts than on the whole: and thus the fairest capability rises on a sudden to fulfilment; as a rosebud, which in the evening we passed by unobservant, breaks forth in the morning at sunrise before our face; and the living, quivering movement of this lordly blossom, struggling out to the light, seems almost visible before our eyes.

Nor did this intellectual culture remain without moral effects; for, on a pure spirit, it produces a magic impression to be conscious of that heartfelt thankfulness natural toward any one to whom it stands indebted for decisive instruction. In this case it was the first glad emotion which had risen in Hilaria's soul for many a week. To see this lordly world lying round her day after day, and now at once to feel the instantly acquired, more perfect gift of representing it! What delight in figures and tints, to be approaching nearer the Unspeakable! She felt herself surprised as with a new youth, and could not refuse a peculiar kindliness to the man who had procured for her such happiness.

Thus did the two sit together: you could scarcely have determined whether he were readier in communicating secret advantages in art, or she in seizing them and turning them to practice. The happiest rivalry, such as too seldom rises between scholar and master, here took place. Many a time you might observe the friend preparing with some decisive stroke to influence her drawing; which she, on the other hand, would gently decline, hastening to do the wished, the neces-

sary, of her own accord, and always to her master's astonishment.

The fair widow, in the meanwhile, walked along the terraces with Wilhelm, under cypresses and pines, now under vine, now under orange groves, and at last could not but fulfil the faintly indicated wish of her new friend, and disclose to him the strange entanglement by which the two fair pilgrims, cut off from their former ties, and straitly united to one another, had been sent forth to wander over the world.

Wilhelm, who wanted not the gift of accurately noting what he saw, took down her narrative some time afterward in writing: this, as he compiled it and transmitted it by Hersilia to Natalia, we purpose by and by communicating to our readers.

The last evening was now come; and a rising, most clear, full moon concealed the transition from day to night. The party had assembled and seated themselves on one of the highest terraces, to see distinct and unimpeded, and glittering in the sheen of east and west, the peaceful lake, hidden partly in its length, but visible over all its breadth.

Whatever in such circumstances might be talked of, it was natural once more to repeat the hundred times repeated; to mention the beauties of this sky, of this water, of this land, under the influences of a strong sun and milder moon, — nay, exclusively and lyrically to recognise and describe them.

But what none of them uttered, what each durst scarcely avow to himself, was the deep, mournful feeling which, stronger or weaker, but with equal truth and tenderness, was beating in every bosom. The presentiment of parting diffused itself over present union: a gradual stagnation was becoming almost painful.

Then at last the singer roused himself, summoned up his resolution; with strong tones, preluding on his

instrument; heedless of the former well-meant reserve. Mignon's figure, with the first soft song of the gentle child, were hovering before him. Passionately hurried over the limits, with longing touch awakening the sweetly sounding strings, he began to raise,—

> "Dost know the land where citrons, lemons, grow,
> Gold oranges 'neath dusky foliage . . ."

Hilaria rose in deepest agitation, and hurried away, veiling her face: our fair widow, with a motion of refusal, waved her hand toward the singer; while she caught Wilhelm's arm with the other. The perplexed and half-unconscious youth followed Hilaria: Wilhelm, by his more considerate guide, was led after them. And now, when they stood all four under the high moonshine, the general emotion was no longer to be concealed. The women threw themselves into each other's arms; the men embraced each other; and Luna was witness of the noblest, chastest tears. Some recollection slowly returned: they forced themselves asunder, silent, under strange feelings and wishes, from which hope was already cut off. And now our artist, whom his friend dragged with him, felt himself here under the void heaven, in the solemn, lovely hour of night, initiated in the first stage of renunciation, which those friends had already passed through, though they now saw themselves again in danger of being sharply tried.

Not till late had the young men gone to rest; awakening in the early morning, they took heart; thought themselves now strong enough for a farewell to this paradise; devised many plans for still, without violation of duty, at least lingering in the pleasant neighbourhood.

While purposing to introduce their projects to this effect, they were cut short by intelligence, that, with

the earliest break of day, the ladies had departed. A letter from the hand of our Queen of Hearts gave them more precise information. You might have doubted whether sense rather than goodness, love rather than friendship, acknowledgment of merit rather than soft, bashful favour, was expressed in it. But, alas! in the conclusion stood the hard request, that our two wanderers were neither to follow their heroines, nor anywhere to seek them; nay, if they chanced to see each other, they were faithfully to avoid meeting.

And now the paradise, as if by the touch of an enchanter's rod, was changed for our friends into an utter desert; and certainly they would have smiled at themselves had they perceived at this moment how unjust and unthankful they were on a sudden become to so fair and remarkable a scene. No self-seeking hypochondriac could so sharply and spitefully have rated and censured the decay of the buildings, the neglected condition of the walls, the weathered aspect of the towers, the grassy obstruction of the walks, the perishing of the trees, the mossiness and mouldering of the artificial grottos, and whatever else of that sort was to be observed, as our two travellers now did. By degrees, however, they settled themselves as circumstances would admit: the artist carefully packed up his work; they both set sail; Wilhelm accompanying him to the upper quarter of the lake, where, by previous agreement, the former set forth on his way to Natalia, to introduce her by his fair landscape-papers into scenes which, perhaps, she might not soon have an opportunity of viewing with her eyes. He was at the same time commissioned to inform her confessionally of the late incident, which had reduced him to a state such that he might be received with hearty kindness by the confederates in the vow of renunciation, and with soft, friendly treatment in the midst of them, be comforted if he could not be healed.

CHAPTER XIV.

In this division of our work, the exculpatory "Word from the Editor" might have been more requisite than even in the foregoing chapter; for there, though we had not the paintings of the master and his fair scholar, on which all depended, to exhibit before our readers, and could neither make the perfection of the finished artist, nor the commencing stintedness nor rapid development of the art-loving beauty, visible to their eyes, yet still the description might not be altogether inefficient, and many genial and thought-exalting matters remained to be imparted. But here, where the business in hand is a great object, which one could have wished to see treated in the most precise manner, there is, unhappily, too little noted down; and we cannot hope that a complete view will be attained from our communications.

Again, it is to be observed, that in the novel, as in universal history, we have to struggle with uncertain computations of time, and cannot always decisively fix what has happened sooner, and what later. We shall hold, therefore, by the surest points.

That a year must have passed since Wilhelm left the pedagogic province is rendered certain by the circumstance that we now meet him at the festival to which he had been invited: but as our wandering renunciants sometimes unexpectedly dive down and vanish from our sight, and then again emerge into

view at a place where they were not looked for, it cannot be determined with certainty what track they have followed in the interim.

Now, however, the traveller advances from the side of the plain country into the pedagogic province: he comes over fields and pasturages; skirts, on the dry lea, many a little freshet; sees bushy rather than woody hills; a free prospect on all sides, over a surface but little undulated. On such tracks, he did not long doubt that he was in the horse-producing region; and accordingly he failed not here and there to observe greater or smaller herds of mares and foals. But all at once the horizon darkens with a fierce cloud of dust, which, rapidly swelling nearer and nearer, covers all the breadth of the space, yet at last, rent asunder by a sharp side wind, is forced to disclose its interior tumult.

At full gallop rushes forward a vast multitude of these noble animals, guided and held together by mounted keepers. The monstrous hurly-burly whirls past the wanderer: a fair boy among the keepers looks at him with surprise, pulls in, leaps down, and embraces his father.

Now commences a questioning and answering: the boy relates that an agricultural life had not agreed with him; the harvest-home he had, indeed, found delightful, but the subsequent arrangements, the ploughing and digging, by no means so. This the superiors remark, and observe at the same time that he likes to employ himself with animals: they direct him to the useful and necessary domestic breeds, try him as a sequestered herdsman and keeper, and at last promote him to the more lively equestrian occupation, where accordingly he now, himself a young foal, has to watch over foals, and to forward their good nourishment and training under the oversight of skilful comrades.

Father and son, following the herd by various lone-

lying spacious farmyards, reached the town, or hamlet, near which the great annual market was held. Here rages an incredible confusion, in which it is hard to determine whether merchants or wares raise more dust. From all countries, purchasers assemble here to procure animals of noble blood and careful training: all the languages of the earth, you would fancy, meet your ear. Amid all this hubbub, too, rises the lively sound of powerful wind instruments: everything bespeaks motion, vigour, and life.

The wanderer meets his overseer of last year, who presents him to the others: he is even introduced to one of the Three, and by him, though only in passing, paternally and expressively saluted.

Wilhelm, here again observing an example of exclusive culture and life-leading, expresses a desire to know in what else the pupils are practised, by way of counterpoise, that so in this wild, and, to a certain degree, savage occupation of feeding animals, the youth may not himself roughen into an animal. And, in answer, he is gratified to learn, that precisely with this violent and rugged-looking occupation the softest in the world is united, — the learning and practising of languages.

"To this," it was said, "we have been induced by the circumstance, that there are youths from all quarters of the world assembled here; now, to prevent them from uniting, as usually happens when abroad, into national knots, and forming exclusive parties, we endeavour by a free communication of speech to approximate them.

"Indeed, a general acquaintance with languages is here in some degree rendered necessary; since, in our yearly market festivals, every foreigner wishes to converse in his own tones and idiom, and, in the course of cheapening and purchasing, to proceed with all possible convenience. That no Babylonish confusion of tongues,

however, no corruption of speech, may arise from this practice, we employ a different language month by month, throughout the year; according to the maxim, that, in learning anything, its first principles alone should be taught by constraint.

"We look upon our scholars," said the overseer, "as so many swimmers, who, in the element which threatened to swallow them, feel with astonishment that they are lighter, that it bears and carries them forward; and so it is with everything that man undertakes.

"However, if any one of our young men show a special inclination for this or the other language, we neglect not, in the midst of this tumultuous-looking life, which nevertheless offers very many quiet, idly solitary, nay, tedious hours, to provide for his true and substantial instruction. Our riding grammarians, among whom there are even some pedagogues, you would be surprised to discover among these bearded and beardless centaurs. Your Felix has turned himself to Italian; and, in the monotonous solitude of his herdsman life, you shall hear him send forth many a dainty song with proper feeling and taste. Practical activity and expertness are far more compatible with sufficient intellectual culture than is generally supposed."

Each of these districts was celebrating its peculiar festival, so the guest was now conducted to the instrumental music department. This tract, skirted by the level country, began from its very border to exhibit kind and beautifully changing valleys; little trim woods; soft brooks, by the side of which, among the sward, here and there a mossy crag modestly stood forth. Scattered, bush-encircled dwellings you might see on the hillsides; in soft hollows, the houses clustered nearer together. Those gracefully separated cottages lay so far apart, that neither tones nor mistones could be heard from one to the other.

They now approached a wide space, begirt with

buildings and shady trees, where crowded, man on man, all seemed on the stretch of expectation and attention. Just as the stranger entered, there was sent forth from all the instruments a grand symphony, the full, rich power and tenderness of which he could not but admire. Opposite the spacious main orchestra was a smaller one, which failed not to attract his notice: here stood various younger and elder scholars: each held his instrument in readiness without playing; these were they who as yet could not, or durst not, join in with the whole. It was interesting to observe how they stood, as it were, on the start; and our friend was informed that such a festival seldom passed over without some one or other of them suddenly developing his talent.

As, among the instrumental, music singing was now introduced, no doubt could remain that this also was favoured. To the question, What other sort of culture was here blended in kind union with the chief employment, our wanderer learned, in reply, that it was poetry, and of the lyrical kind. In this matter it appeared their main concern was, that both arts should be developed, each for itself and from itself, but then also in contrast and combination with each other. The scholars were first instructed in each according to its own limitations, then taught how the two reciprocally limit, and again reciprocally free each other.

To poetical rhythm the musical artist opposes measure of tone, and movement of tone. But here the mastery of Music over Poesy soon shows itself; for if the latter, as is fit and necessary, keep her quantities never so steadily in view, still for the musician few syllables are decidedly short or long: at his pleasure he can overset the most conscientious procedure of the rhythmer, — nay, change prose itself into song; from which, in truth, the richest possibilities present themselves: and the poet would soon feel himself an-

nihilated if he could not, on his own side, by lyrical tenderness and boldness, inspire the musician with reverence, and, now in the softest sequence, now by the most abrupt transitions, awaken new feelings in the mind.

The singers to be met with here are mostly poets themselves. Dancing also is taught in its fundamental principles, that so all these accomplishments may regularly spread themselves into every district.

The guest, on being led across the next boundary, at once perceived an altogether different mode of building. The houses were no longer scattered into separation, no longer in the shape of cottages: they stood regularly united, beautiful in their exterior, spacious, convenient, and elegant within; you here saw an unconfined, well-built, stately town, corresponding to the scene it stood in. Here the plastic arts, and the trades akin to them have their home; and a peculiar silence reigns over these spaces.

The plastic artist, it is true, must still figure himself as standing in relation to all that lives and moves among men; but his occupation is solitary: and yet, by the strangest contradiction, there is, perhaps, no other that so decidedly requires a living accompaniment and society. Now, here, in that circle, is each in silence forming shapes that are for ever to engage the eyes of men: a holiday stillness reigns over the whole scene; and did you not here and there catch the picking of stone-hewers, and the measured stroke of carpenters, who are now busily employed in finishing a lordly edifice, the air were unmoved by any sound.

Our wanderer was struck, moreover, by the earnestness, the singular rigour, with which beginners, as well as more advanced pupils, were treated: it seemed as if no one, by his own power and judgment, accomplished anything, but as if a secret spirit, striving toward one single great aim, pervaded and vivified them all. No-

where did you observe a scheme or sketch: every stroke was drawn with forethought. As the wanderer inquired of his guide the reason of this peculiar procedure, he was told, "That imagination was, in itself, a vague, unstable power, which the whole merit of the plastic artist consisted in more and more determining, fixing, nay, at last exalting to visible presence."

The necessity for sure principles in other arts was mentioned. "Would the musician," it was said, "permit his scholar to dash wildly over the strings, — nay, to invent bars and intervals for himself at his own good pleasure? Here it is palpable that nothing can be left to the caprice of the learner: the element he is to work in is irrevocably given; the implement he is to wield is put into his hands; nay, the very way and manner of his using it, I mean the changing of the fingers, he finds prescribed to him; so ordered that the one part of his hand shall give place to the other, and each prepare the proper path for its follower: by such determinate coöperation only can the impossible at last become possible.

"But what chiefly vindicates the practice of strict requisitions, of decided laws, is that genius, that native talent, is precisely the readiest to seize them, and yield them willing obedience. It is only the half-gifted that would wish to put his own contracted singularity in the place of the unconditional whole, and justify his false attempts under cover of an unconstrainable originality and independence. To this we grant no currency: we guard our scholars from all such misconceptions, whereby a large portion of life, nay, often the whole of life, is apt to be perplexed and disjointed.

"With genius we love most to be concerned, for this is animated just by that good spirit of quickly recognising what is profitable for it. Genius understands that Art is called Art, because it is *not* Nature. Genius

bends itself to respect even toward what may be named conventional; for what is this but agreeing, as the most distinguished men have agreed, to regard the unalterable, the indispensable, as the best? And does not such submission always turn to good account?

"Here, too, as in all our departments, to the great assistance of the teachers, our three reverences and their signs, with some changes suitable to the nature of the main employment, have been introduced and inculcated."

The wanderer, in his further survey, was surprised to observe that the town seemed still extending; street unfolding itself from street, and so offering the most varied prospects. The exterior of the edifices corresponded to their destination: they were dignified and stately, not so much magnificent as beautiful. To the nobler and more earnest buildings in the centre of the town the more cheerful were harmoniously appended; till, farther out, gay, decorated suburbs, in graceful style, stretched forth into the country, and at last separated into garden-houses.

The stranger could not fail to remark that the dwellings of the musicians in the preceding district were by no means to be compared, in beauty or size, with the present, which painters, statuaries, and architects inhabited. He was told that this arose from the nature of the thing. The musician, ever shrouded in himself, must cultivate his inmost being, that so he may turn it outward. The sense of the eye he may not flatter. The eye easily corrupts the judgment of the ear, and allures the spirit from the inward to the outward. Inversely, again, the plastic artist has to live in the external world, and to manifest his inward being, as it were, unconsciously, in and upon what is outward. Plastic artists should dwell like kings and gods: how else are they to build and decorate for kings and gods? They must at last so raise themselves above the com-

mon that the whole mass of a people may feel itself ennobled in and by their works.

Our friend then begged an explanation of another paradox. Why, at this time, so festive, so enlivening, so tumultuously excited, in the other regions, the greatest stillness prevailed here, and all labours were continued?

"A plastic artist," it was answered, "needs no festival. When he has accomplished something excellent it stands, as it has long done before his own eye, now at last before the eye of the world. In his task he needed no repetition, no new effort, no fresh success; whereas the musician constantly afflicts himself with all this: and to him, therefore, the most splendid festival, in the most numerous assemblage, should not be refused."

"Yet, at such a season," replied Wilhelm, "something like an exhibition might be desirable, in which it would be pleasant to inspect and judge the triennial progress of your best pupils."

"In other places," it was answered, "an exhibition may be necessary: with us it is not. Our whole being and nature is exhibition. Look round you at these buildings of every sort, all erected by our pupils, and this not without plans, a hundred times talked of and meditated; for the builder must not grope and experiment: what is to continue standing must stand rightly, and satisfy, if not for ever, yet at least for a long space of time. If we cannot help *committing* errors, we must *build* none.

"With statuaries we proceed more laxly, most so of all with painters: to both we give liberty to try this and that, each in his own way. It stands in their power to select, in the interior or exterior compartments of edifices in public places, some space which they may incline to decorate. They give forth their ideas; and, if these are in some degree to be approved

of, the completion of them is permitted, and this in two ways: either with liberty, sooner or later, to remove the work, should it come to displease the artist; or with the condition that what is once set up shall remain unalterable in its place. Most part choose the first of these offers, retaining in their own hands this power of removal; and in the performance they constantly avail themselves of the best advice. The second case occurs seldomer; and we then observe that the artist trusts less to himself, holds long conferences with companions and critics, and by this means produces works really estimable, and deserving to endure."

After all this our traveller neglected not to ask, What other species of instruction was combined with the main one here? and received for answer, that it was poetry, and of the epic sort.

This to our friend must have seemed a little singular, when he heard further that the pupils were not allowed to read or hear any finished poems by ancient or modern poets. "We merely impart to them," it was said, "a series of mythuses, traditions, and legends, in the most laconic form. And now, from the pictorial or poetic execution of these subjects, we at once discover the peculiar productive gift of the genius devoted to the one or the other art. Both poet and painter thus labour at the same fountain; and each endeavours to draw off the water to his own side to his own advantage, and attain his own required objects with it; in which he succeeds much better than if he attempted again to fashion something that has been fashioned already."

The traveller himself had an opportunity of seeing how this was accomplished: several painters were busy in a room; a gay young friend was relating with great minuteness a very simple story; so that he employed almost as many words as the others did pencil-strokes, to complete the same exhibition, and round it fully off.

He was told, that, in working together, the friends

were wont to carry on much pleasant conversation; and that in this way several improvisatori had unfolded their gifts, and succeeded in exciting great enthusiasm for this twofold mode of representation.

Our friend now reverted his inquiries to the subject of plastic art. "You have no exhibition," said he, "and therefore, I suppose, give no prize either?"

"No," said the other, "we do not; but here, close by, we can show you something which we reckon more useful."

They entered a large hall, appropriately lighted from above: a wide circle of busy artists first attracted the eye; and from the midst of these rose a colossal group of figures, elevated with pleasing effect in the centre of the place. Male and female forms, of gigantic power, in violent postures, reminded one of that lordly fight between heroic youths and Amazons, wherein hate and enmity at last issue in mutually regretful alliance. This strikingly intertwisted piece of art presented an equally favourable aspect from every point of its circuit. In a wide ring round it were many artists sitting and standing, each occupied in his own way, — the painter at his easel, the drawer at his sketch-board: some were modelling it in full, others in bas-relief: there were even architects engaged in planning the pedestal, on which a similar group, when wrought in marble, was to be erected. Each individual was proceeding by his own method in this task: painters and drawers were bringing out the group to a plain surface, careful, however, not to destroy its figures, but to retain as much of it as possible. In the same manner were works in bas-relief going forward. One man only had repeated the whole group in a miniature scale, and in certain movements and arrangements of limbs he really seemed to have surpassed his model.

And now it came out that this man was the maker of the model; who, before working it in marble, had

here submitted his performance, not to a critical, but to a practical trial, and by accurately observing whatever any of his fellow artists in his special department and way of thought might notice, retain, or alter in the group, was purposing, in subsequent consideration, to turn all this to his own profit: so that, when at length the grand work stood finished in marble, though undertaken, planned, and executed by one, it might seem to belong to all.

The greatest silence reigned throughout this apartment also; but the superior raised his voice, and cried, "Is there any of you, then, who, in presence of this stationary work, can, with gifted words, so awaken our imagination, that all we here see concreted shall again become fluid, without losing its character, and so convince us that what our artist has here laid hold of was indeed the worthiest?"

Called forth on all sides by name, a fair youth laid down his work, and, as he stepped forward, began a quiet speech, seemingly intended merely to describe the present group of figures; but erelong he cast himself into the region of poetry, plunged into the middle of the action, and ruled this element like a master: by degrees his representation so swelled and mounted by lordly words and gestures, that the rigid group seemed actually to move about its axis, and the number of its figures to be doubled and trebled. Wilhelm stood enraptured, and at last exclaimed, "Can we now forbear passing over into song itself, into rhythmic melody?"

"This I should wish to deprecate," said the overseer; "for, if our excellent statuary will be candid, he will confess to us that our poet scarcely pleases him; and this because their arts lie in the most opposite regions: on the other hand, I durst bet, that here and there a painter has not failed to appropriate some living touches from the speech.

"A soft, kindly song, however, I could wish our

nd to hear: there is one, for instance, which you g to an air so lovely and earnest; it turns on art general, and I myself never listen to it without asure."

After a pause, in which they beckoned to each other, l settled their arrangements by signs, the following art and spirit stirring song resounded in stately lody from all sides:

"While inventing and effecting,
Artist by thyself continue long:
The result art thou expecting,
Haste and see it in the throng.
Here in others look, discover
What thy own life's course has been;
And thy deeds of years past over,
In thy fellow man be seen.

"The devising, the uniting,
What and how the forms shall be,
One thing will the other lighten,
And at last comes joy to thee!
Wise and true what thou impartest,
Fairly shaped, and softly done:
Thus of old the cunning artist
Artist-like his glory won.

"As all Nature's thousand changes
But one changeless God proclaim;
So in Art's wide kingdoms ranges
One sole meaning still the same:
This is Truth, eternal Reason,
Which from Beauty takes its dress,
And, serene through time and season,
Stands for aye in loveliness.

"While the orator, the singer,
Pour their hearts in rhyme and prose,
'Neath the painter's busy finger
Shall bloom forth Life's cheerful rose,
Girt with sisters, in the middle,
And with Autumn's fruitage blent;

That of life's mysterious riddle
Some short glimpses may be hent.

"Thousand-fold and graceful, show thou
Form from forms evolving fair;
And of man's bright image know thou
That a God once tarried there:
And, whate'er your tasks or prizes,
Stand as brethren one and all;
While, like song, sweet incense rises
From the altar at your call."

All this Wilhelm could not but let pass, though it must have seemed paradoxical enough, and, had he not seen it with his eyes, might even have appeared impossible. But now, when it was explained and pointed out to him, openly and freely, and in fair sequence, he scarcely needed to put any further question on the subject. However, he at last addressed his conductor as follows: "I see here a most prudent provision made for much that is desirable in life; but tell me further, which of your regions exhibits a similar attention to dramatic poetry, and where could I instruct myself in that matter? I have looked round over all your edifices, and observed none that seemed destined for such an object."

"In reply to this question, we must not hide from you, that, in our whole province, there is no such edifice to be seen. The drama presupposes the existence of an idle multitude, perhaps even of a populace; and no such class finds harbour with us: for birds of that feather, when they do not in spleen forsake us of their own accord, we soon take care to conduct over the marches. Doubt not, however, that in our Institution, so universal in its character, this point was carefully meditated; but no region could be found for the purpose, everywhere some important scruple came in the way. Indeed, who among our pupils could readily determine, with pretended mirth or hypocritical sor-

row, to excite in the rest a feeling untrue in itself, and alien to the moment, for the sake of calling forth an always dubious satisfaction? Such juggleries we reckoned in all cases dangerous, and could not reconcile with our earnest objects."

"It is said, however," answered Wilhelm, "that this far-stretching art promotes all the rest of whatever sort."

"Nowise," answered the other: "it employs the rest, but spoils them. I do not blame a player for uniting himself with a painter; but the painter, in such society, is lost. Without any conscience, the player will lay hold of whatever art or life presents him, and use it for his fugitive objects, indeed, with no small profit: the painter, again, who could wish in return to extract advantage from the theatre, will constantly find himself a loser by it; and so also in the like case will the musician. The combined arts appear to me like a family of sisters, of whom the greater part were inclined to good economy, but one was light-headed, and desirous to appropriate and squander the whole goods and chattels of the household. The theatre is this wasteful sister: it has an ambiguous origin, which in no case, whether as art or trade or amusement, it can wholly conceal."

Wilhelm cast his eyes on the ground with a deep sigh: for all that he had enjoyed or suffered on the stage rose at once before his mind; and he blessed the good men who were wise enough to spare their pupils such pain, and, out of principle and conviction, to banish such errors from their sphere.

His attendant, however, did not leave him long in these meditations, but continued, "As it is our highest and holiest principle, that no talent, no capacity, be misdirected, we cannot hide from ourselves, that, among so large a number, here and there a mimical gift will sometimes decidedly come to light; exhibiting itself in an irresistible desire to ape the characters,

forms, movements, speech, of others. This we certainly do not encourage: but we observe our pupil strictly; and, if he continue faithful to his nature, then we have already established an intercourse with the great theatres of all nations; and so thither we send any youth of tried capability, that, as the duck on the pond, so he on the boards, may be forthwith conducted, full speed, to the future quack-quacking, and gibble-gabbling, of his life."

Wilhelm heard this with patience, but only with half conviction, perhaps with some spleen: for so strangely is man tempered, that he may be persuaded of the worthlessness of any darling object, may turn away from it, nay, even execrate it, but yet will not see it treated in this way by others; and perhaps the spirit of Contradiction, which dwells in all men, never rouses itself more vehemently and stoutly than in such cases.

And the editor of these sheets may himself confess that he lets not this strange passage through his hands without some touch of anger. Has not he, too, in many senses, expended more life and faculty than was right on the theatre? And would these men convince him that this has been an unpardonable error, a fruitless toil?

But we have no time for appending, in splenetic mood, such remembrances and after-feelings to the narrative; for our friend now finds himself agreeably surprised, as one of the Three, and this a particularly prepossessing one, again comes before his eyes. Kind, open meekness, announcing the purest peace of soul, came in its refreshing effluences along with him. Trustfully the wanderer could approach, and feel his trust returned.

Here he now learned that the chief was at present in the sanctuary, instructing, teaching, blessing; while the Three had separated to visit all the regions, and

everywhere, after most thorough information obtained, and conferences with the subordinate overseers, to forward what was in progress, to found what was newly planned, and thereby faithfully discharge their high duty.

This same excellent person now gave him a more comprehensive view of their internal situation and external connections; explained to him the mutual influences of one region on another; and also by what steps, after a longer or a shorter date, a pupil could be transferred from the one to the other. All this harmonised completely with what he already knew. At the same time he was much gratified by the description given of his son, and their further plan of education met with his entire approval.

He was now, by the assistants and overseer, invited to a miners' festival, which was forthwith to be celebrated. The ascent of the mountains was difficult; and Wilhelm fancied he observed that his guide walked even slower toward evening, as if the darkness had not been likely to obstruct their path still more. But, when deep night came round them, this enigma was solved: our wanderer observed little flames come glimmering and wavering forth from many dells and chasms, gradually stretch themselves into lines, and roll over the summits of the mountains. Much kindlier than when a volcano opens, and its belching roar threatens whole countries with destruction, did this fair light appear; and yet, by degrees, it glowed with new brightness; grew stronger, broader, more continuous; glittered like a stream of stars, soft and lovely indeed, yet spreading boldly over all the scene.

After the attendant had a little while enjoyed the surprise of his guest, — for they could clearly enough observe each other, their faces and forms, as well as their path, being illuminated by the light from the distance, — he began, "You see here, in truth, a curious

spectacle: these lights which, day and night, the whole year over, gleam and work under ground, forwarding the acquisition of concealed and scarcely attainable treasures, these now mount and well forth from their abysses, and gladden the upper night. Scarcely could one anywhere enjoy so brave a review as here, where this most useful occupation, which, in its subterranean concealment, is dispersed and hidden from the eye, rises before us in its full completeness, and bespeaks a great secret combination."

Amid such speeches and thoughts they had reached the spot where these fire-brooks poured themselves into a sea of flame surrounding a well-lighted insular space. The wanderer placed himself in the dazzling circle, within which glittering lights by thousands formed an imposing contrast with the miners, ranked round it like a dark wall. Forthwith arose the gayest music as accompaniment to becoming songs. Hollow masses of rock came forward on machinery, and opened a resplendent interior to the eye of the delighted spectator. Mimetic exhibitions, and whatever else at such a moment can gratify the multitude, combined with all this at once to excite and to satisfy a cheerful attention.

But with what astonishment was Wilhelm filled when, on being introduced to the superiors, he observed friend Jarno in solemn, stately robes among the number. "Not in vain," cried Jarno, "have I changed my former name with the more expressive title of Montan: thou findest me here initiated in mountain and cave; and now, if questioned, I could disclose and explain to thee much that a year ago was still a riddle to myself."

At this point our manuscripts forsake us: of the conversation of these friends there is nothing specified; as little can we discover the connection of what follows

next, — an incident of which in the same bundle, in the same paper, we find brief notice: That a meeting had taken place between our wanderer and Lothario and the abbé. Unhappily, in this, as in so many other leaves, the date has been neglected.

Some passages, introduced rather in the way of exclamation than of narrative, point to the high meaning of renunciation, by which alone the first real entrance into life is conceivable. Then we come upon a map, marked with several arrows pointing toward one another; and along with this we find, in a certain sequence, several days of the month written down: so that we might fancy ourselves again walking in the real world, and moderately certain as to the next part of our friend's route, were it not that here also various marks and ciphers, appended in different ways, awoke some fear that a secret meaning at the bottom of it would for ever lie hid from us.

But what drives us out of all historical composure is the strange circumstance, that, immediately on all this, there comes in the most improbable narration, of a sort like those tales whereby you long keep the hearer's curiosity on the stretch with a series of wonders, and at last explain, That you were talking of a dream. However, we shall communicate without change what lies before us:

"If hitherto we had continued in the metalliferous part of the mountains, which, externally, is soft, and by no means of a wild aspect, I was now conducted through precipitous and scarcely passable rocks and chasms: at last I gained the topmost summit, — a cliff, the peak of which afforded room only for a single person, who, if he looked down from it into the horrid depth, might see furious mountain torrents foaming through black abysses. In the present case I looked down without giddiness or terror, for I was light of

heart; but now my attention fixed itself on some huge crags rising opposite me, precipitous like my own, yet offering on their summits a larger space of level. Though parted by a monstrous chasm, the jutting masses came so near together that I could distinctly enough, with the naked eye, observe several persons assembled on the summit. They were, for most part, ladies, one of whom, coming forward to the very verge, awakened in me double and treble anxiety; as I became completely convinced that it was Natalia herself. The danger of such an unexpected interview increased every moment; but it grew boundless when a perspective came before my eyes, and brought me over to her, and her over to me. There is something magical at all times in perspectives. Were we not accustomed from youth to look through them, we should shudder and tremble every time we put them to our eyes. It is we who are looking, and it is not we: a being it is whose organs are raised to a higher pitch, whose limitations are done away, who has become entitled to stretch forth into infinitude.

"When, for example, we observe far-distant persons, by means of such an instrument, and see them in unsuspicious thoughtlessness following their business as if they were solitary and unwatched, we could almost feel afraid lest they might discover us, and indignantly upbraid us for our treacherous curiosity.

"And so likewise did I, hemmed in by a strange feeling, waver between proximity and distance, and from instant to instant alternate between the two.

"Those others in their turn had observed us, as a signal with a white handkerchief put beyond a doubt. For a moment I delayed in my answer to it, finding myself thus close beside the being whom I adored. This is her pure, benign form: these are her taper arms, which once so helpfully appeared before me, after unblessed sorrows and perplexities, and at last,

too, though but for moments, sympathisingly embraced me.

"I saw distinctly enough that she, too, had a perspective, and was looking over to me; and I failed not, by such tokens as stood at my command, to express the profession of a true and heartfelt attachment.

"And as experience teaches that remote objects, which we have once clearly recognised through a perspective, afterward appear, even to the naked eye, as if standing shaped in distinct nearness, be it that more accurate knowledge sharpens the sense, or that imagination supplies what is wanting; so now did I see this beloved being as acturately and distinctly as if I could have touched her, though her company continued still irrecognisable. And as I was trampling round my narrow station, struggling toward her the more, the abyss was like to swallow me, had not a helpful hand laid hold of mine, and snatched me at once from my danger and my fairest happiness."

CHAPTER XV.

HERE at last we again step on firmer ground, the localities of which we can settle with some probability; though still here and there on our way there occur a few uncertainties, which it is not in our power altogether to clear up.

As Wilhelm, in order to reach any point of the line marked out by the first arrow, had to proceed obliquely through the country, he found himself necessitated to perform the journey on foot, leaving his luggage to be carried after him. For this walk of his, however, he was richly rewarded; meeting at every step, quite unexpectedly, with loveliest tracts of scenery. They were of that sort which the last slope of a mountain region forms in its meeting with the plain country; bushy hills, their soft declivities employed in domestic use; all level spaces green; nowhere aught steep, unfruitful, or unploughed to be noticed. Erelong he reached the main valley, into which the side-waters flowed; and this, too, was carefully cultivated, graceful when you looked over it, with taper trees marking the bends of the river, and of the brooks which poured into it. On looking at his map, his indicator, he observed with surprise that the line drawn for him cut directly through this valley; so that, in the first place, he was at least on the right road.

An old castle, in good repair, and seemingly built at different periods, stood forth on a bushy hill, at the foot of which a gay hamlet stretched along, with its

large inn rising prominent among the other houses. Hither he proceeded, and was received by the landlord kindly enough, yet with an excuse that he could not be admitted, unless by the permission of a party who had hired the whole establishment for a time; on which account he, the landlord, was under the necessity of sending all his guests to the older inn, which lay farther up the hamlet. After a short conference, the man seemed to bethink himself, and said, "Indeed, there is no one of them at home even now: but this is Saturday, and the bailiff will not fail to be here soon; he comes every week to settle the accounts of the last, and make arrangements for the next. Truly, there is a fair order reigns among these men, and a pleasure in having to do with them, though they are strict enough; for, if they yield one no great profit, it is sure and constant." He then desired his new guest to amuse himself in the large upper hall, and await what further might occur.

Here Wilhelm, on entering, found a large, clean apartment, except for benches and tables altogether empty. So much the more was he surprised to see a large tablet inserted above one of the doors, with these words marked on it in golden letters, *Ubi homines sunt modi sunt;* which in modern tongue may signify, that, where men combine in society, the way and manner in which they like to be and to continue together is directly established. This motto made our wanderer think: he took it as a good omen; finding here, expressed and confirmed, a principle which he had often, in the course of life, perceived for himself to be furthersome and reasonable. He had not waited long when the bailiff made his appearance; who, being forewarned by the landlord, after a short conversation, and no very special scrutiny, admitted Wilhelm on the following terms: To continue three days; to participate quietly in whatever should occur; and, happen what might, to

ask no questions about the reason; and, at taking leave, to ask none about the score. All this our traveller was obliged to comply with, the deputy not being allowed to yield in a single point.

The bailiff was about retiring, when a sound of vocal music rolled up the stairs: two pretty young men entered singing; and these the bailiff, by a simple sign, gave to understand that their guest was accepted. Without interrupting their song, they kindly saluted the stranger, and continued their duet with the finest grace; showing clearly enough that they were well trained, and complete masters of their art. As Wilhelm testified the most attentive interest, they paused, and inquired, If in his own pedestrian wanderings no song ever occurred to him, which he went along singing by himself? "A good voice," answered Wilhelm, "Nature has in truth denied me: yet I often feel as if a secret Genius were whispering some rhythmic words in my ear; so that, in walking, I move to musical measure; fancying, at the same time, that I hear low tones accompanying some song, which, in one way or another, has pleasantly risen before me."

"If you recollect such a song, write it down for us," said they: "we shall see if we have skill to accompany your singing-demon." He took a leaf from his notebook, and handed them the following lines:

"From the mountains to the champaign,
By the glens and hills along,
Comes a rustling and a tramping,
Comes a motion as of song;
And this undetermined roving
Brings delight, and brings good heed:
And thy striving, be 't with loving,
And thy living, be 't in deed!"

After brief study, there arose at once a gay, marching melody, which, in its repetition and restriction still

stepping forward, hurried on the hearer with it: he was in doubt whether this was his own tune, his former theme, or one now for the first time so fitted to the words, that no other movement was conceivable. The singers had for some time pleasantly proceeded in this manner, when two stout young fellows came in, whom, by their accoutrements, you directly recognised as masons; two others, who followed them, being as evidently carpenters. These four, softly laying down their tools, listened to the music, and soon struck in with sure and decided voices; so that to the mind it seemed as if a real wayfaring company were stepping along over hill and valley: and Wilhelm thought he had never heard anything so graceful, so enlivening to heart and mind. This enjoyment, however, was to be increased yet further, and raised to the highest pitch, by the entrance of a gigantic figure, mounting the stairs with a hard, firm tread, which, with all his efforts, he could scarcely moderate. A heavy-laden dorsel he directly placed in the corner: himself he seated on a bench, which beginning to creak under his weight, the others laughed, yet without going wrong in their music. Wilhelm, however, was exceedingly surprised, when, with a huge bass voice, this son of Anak joined in also. The hall quivered; and it was to be observed, that in his part he altered the burden, and sang it thus:

> "Life 's no resting, but a moving:
> Let thy life be deed on deed!"

Further, you could very soon perceive that he was drawing down the time to a slower step, and forcing the rest to follow him. Of this, when at last they were satisfied and had concluded, they accused him declaring he had tried to set them wrong.

"Not at all!" cried he: "it is you who tried to set me wrong, to put me out of my own step, which must

be measured and sure, if I am to walk with my loading up hill and down dale, and yet, in the end, arrive at my appointed hour, to satisfy your wants."

One after the other these persons now passed into an adjoining room to the bailiff, and Wilhelm easily observed that they were occupied in settling accounts, — a point, however, as to which he was not allowed at present to inquire further. Two fair, lively boys in the meanwhile entered, and began covering a table in all speed, moderately furnishing it with meat and wine; and the bailiff, coming out, invited them all to sit down along with him. The boys waited, yet forgot not their own concern, but enjoyed their share in a standing posture. Wilhelm recollected witnessing similar scenes during his abode among the players; yet the present company seemed to be of a much more serious cast, constituted, not out of sport, for show, but with a view to important concerns of life.

The conversation of the craftsmen with the bailiff added strength to this conviction. These four active young people, it appeared, were busy in the neighbourhood, where a violent conflagration had destroyed the fairest village in the country; nor did Wilhelm fail to learn that the worthy bailiff was employed in getting timber and other building materials: all which looked the more enigmatical, as none of these persons seemed to be resident here, but in all other points announced themselves as transitory strangers. By way of conclusion to the meal, St. Christopher — such was the name they gave the giant — brought out, for good-night, a dainty glass of wine, which had before been set aside: a gay choral song kept the party still some time together, after they were out of sight; and then Wilhelm was at last conducted to a chamber of the loveliest aspect and situation. The full moon, enlightening a rich plain, was already up; and in the bosom of our wanderer it awoke remembrances of similar

scenes. The spirits of all dear friends hovered past him: especially the image of Lenardo rose in him so vividly, that he might have fancied the man himself was standing before his eyes. All this had prepared him with its kind influences for nightly rest, when, on a sudden, there arose a tone of so strange a nature, that it almost frightened him. It sounded as from a distance, and yet seemed to be in the house itself; for the building quivered many times, and the floors reverberated when the sound rose to its highest pitch. Wilhelm, though his ear was usually delicate in discriminating tones, could make nothing of this: he compared it to the droning roar of a huge organ-pipe, which, for sheer compass, produces no determinate note. Whether this nocturnal terror passed away toward morning, or Wilhelm by degrees became accustomed to the sound, and no longer heeded it, is difficult to discover; at any rate, he fell asleep, and was in due time pleasantly awakened by the rising sun.

Scarcely had one of the boys, who were in waiting, brought him breakfast, when a figure entered, whom he had already noticed last night at supper, without clearly ascertaining his quality. A well-formed, broad-shouldered, yet nimble man, who now, by the implements which he spread out, announced himself as barber, and forthwith prepared for performing his much-desired office on Wilhelm. For the rest, he was quite silent; and with a light hand he went through his task, without once having opened his lips. Wilhelm, therefore, began, and said, "Of your art you are completely master, and I know not that I have ever had a softer razor on my cheeks: at the same time, however, you appear to be a strict observer of the laws of the society."

Roguishly smiling, laying his finger on his lips, the taciturn shaver glided through the door. "By my

sooth!" cried Wilhelm after him, "I think you must be old Redcloak; if not himself, at least a descendant of his: it is lucky for you that you ask no counter service of me; your turn would have been but sorrily done."

No sooner had this curious personage retired than the well-known bailiff came in, inviting our friend to dinner for this day, in words which sounded pretty strange: the BOND, so said the speaker, expressly, gave the stranger welcome, requested his company at dinner, and took pleasure in the hope of being more closely connected with him. Inquiries were then made as to the guest's health, and how he was contented with his entertainment; to all which he could only answer in terms of satisfaction. He would, in truth, have liked much to ask of this man, as previously of the silent barber, some information touching the horrid sound which throughout the night had, if not tormented, at least discomposed him: but, mindful of his engagement, he forebore all questions; hoping, that without importunity, from the good will of the society, or in some other accidental way, he might be informed according to his wishes.

Our friend now, when left alone, began to reflect on the strange person who had sent him this invitation, and knew not well what to make of the matter. To designate one or more superiors by a neuter noun seemed to him a somewhat precarious mode of speech. For the rest, there was such a stillness all round that he could not recollect of ever having passed a stiller Sunday. He went out of doors, and, hearing a sound of bells, walked toward the village. Mass was just over; and, among the villagers and country people crowding out of church, he observed three acquaintances of last night, — a mason, a carpenter, and a boy. Farther on he met among the Protestant worshippers the other corresponding three. How the rest managed

their devotion was unknown to him; but so much he thought himself entitled to conclude, that in this society a full religious toleration was practised.

About mid-day, at the castle gate, he was met by the bailiff, who then conducted him through various halls into a large ante-chamber, and there desired him to take a seat. Many persons passed through into an adjoining hall. Those already known were to be seen among them; St. Christopher himself went by: all saluted the bailiff and the stranger. But what struck our friend most in this affair was, that the whole party seemed to consist of artisans, all dressed in the usual fashion, though extremely neat and clean: a few among the number you might at most, perhaps, have reckoned of the clerk species.

No more guests now making their appearance, the bailiff led our friend through the stately door into a spacious hall. Here a table of immense length had been covered, past the lower end of which he was conducted toward the head, where he saw three persons standing in a cross direction. But what was his astonishment when he approached, and Lenardo, scarcely yet recognised, fell upon his neck. From this surprise he had not recovered when another person, with no less warmth and vivacity, likewise embraced him; announcing himself as our strange Friedrich, Natalia's brother. The rapture of these friends diffused itself over all present: an exclamation of joy and blessing sounded along the whole table. But in a moment, the company being seated, all again became silent; and the repast, served up with a certain solemnity, was enjoyed in like manner.

Toward the conclusion of the ceremony Lenardo gave a sign: two singers rose, and Wilhelm was exceedingly surprised to hear in this place his yesternight's song; which we, for the sake of what follows, shall beg permission to insert once more:

"From the mountains to the champaign,
By the glens and hills along,
Comes a rustling and a tramping,
Comes a motion as of song;
And this undetermined roving
Brings delight, and brings good heed:
And thy striving, be 't with loving,
And thy living, be 't in deed!"

Scarcely had this duet, accompanied by a chorus of agreeable number, approached its conclusion, when two other singers on the opposite side started up impetuously, and, with earnest vehemence, inverted rather than continued the song; to Wilhelm's astonishment, proceeding thus:

"For the tie is snapped asunder,
Trust and loving hope are fled!
Can I tell, in fear and wonder,
With what dangers now bested?
I, cut off from friend and brother,
Like the widow in her woe,
With the one and not the other,
On and on, my way must go!"

The chorus, taking up this strophe, grew more and more numerous, more and more vociferous; and yet the voice of St. Christopher, from the bottom of the table, could still be distinctly recognised among them. The lamentation in the end rose almost to be frightful: a spirit of dispiritment, combining with the skilful execution of the singers, introduced something unnatural into the whole; so that it pained our friend, and almost made him shudder. In truth, they all seemed perfectly of one mind, and as if lamenting their own fate on the eve of a separation. The strange repetitions, the frequent resuscitation of a fatiguing song, at length became dangerous in the eyes of the Bond itself: Lenardo rose; and all in-

stantly sat down, abruptly breaking off their hymn. The other, with friendly words, thus began:

"Indeed, I cannot blame you for continually recalling to your minds the destiny which stands before us all, that so, at any hour, you may be ready for it. If aged and life-weary men have called to their neighbours, Think of dying! we younger and life-loving men may well keep encouraging and reminding one another with the cheerful words, Think of wandering! Yet, withal, of a thing which we either voluntarily undertake, or believe ourselves constrained to, it were well to speak with cheerfulness and moderation. You yourselves know best what, in our situation, is fixed, and what is movable: let us enjoy the former, too, in sprightly and gay tones; and to its success be this parting cup now drunk!" He emptied his glass and sat down: the four singers instantly rose, and in flowing, connected tones, thus began:

"Keep not standing, fixed and rooted,
Briskly venture, briskly roam:
Head and hand, where'er thou foot it,
And stout heart, are still at home.
In each land the sun does visit:
We are gay whate'er betide.
To give room for wand'ring is it
That the world was made so wide."

As the chorus struck in with its repetition of these lines, Lenardo rose, with him all the rest. His nod set the whole company into singing movement: those at the lower end marched out, St. Christopher at their head, in pairs through the hall; and the uplifted wanderers' song grew clearer and freer the farther they proceeded; producing at last a particularly good effect when from the terraces of the castle garden you looked down over the broad valley, in whose fulness and beauty you might well have liked to lose yourself.

While the multitude were dispersing this way and that, according to their pleasure, Wilhelm was made acquainted with the third superior. This was the *Amtmann*, by whose kind influence many favours had been done the society; in particular, the castle of his patron, the count, situated among several families of rank, had been given up to their use so long as they might think fit to tarry here.

Toward evening, while the friends were in a farseeing grove, there came a portly figure over the threshold, whom Wilhelm at once recognised as the barber of this morning. To a low, mute bow of the man, Lenardo answered, "You now come, as always, at the right season, and will not delay to entertain us with your talent. I may be allowed," continued he, turning toward Wilhelm, "to give you some knowledge of our society, the Bond of which I may flatter myself that I am. No one enters our circle unless he have some talents to show, which may contribute to the use or enjoyment of society in general. This man is an excellent surgeon; of his skill as a beard-artist you yourself can testify: for these reasons, he is no less welcome than necessary to us. Now, as his employment usually brings with it a great and often burdensome garrulity, he has engaged, for the sake of his own culture, to comply with a certain condition; as, indeed, every one that means to live with us must agree to constrain himself in some particular point, if the greater freedom be left him in all other points. Accordingly, our barber has renounced the use of his tongue, in so far as aught common or casual is to be expressed by it: but, by this means, another gift of speech has been unfolded in him, which acts by forethought, cunningly and pleasurably; I mean the gift of narration.

"His life is rich in wonderful experiences, which he used to split in pieces, babbling of them at wrong

times; but which he now, constrained by silence, repeats and arranges in his quiet thought. This also his power of imagination now forwards, lending life and movement to past occurrences. With no common art and skill, he can relate to us genuine antique tales, or modern stories of the same fabulous cast; thereby, at the right hour, affording us a most pleasant entertainment, when I loose his tongue for him, — which I now do; giving him, at the same time, this praise, that, in the considerable period during which I have known him, he has never once been guilty of a repetition. I cannot but hope, that in the present case, for love and respect to our dear guest, he will especially distinguish himself."

A sprightly cheerfulness spread over Redcloak's face; and, without delay, he began speaking as follows.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE NEW MELUSINA.

"RESPECTED gentlemen! Being aware that preliminary speeches and introductions are not much to your taste, I shall without further talk assure you, that, in the present instance, I hope to fulfil your commission moderately well. From me has many a true history gone forth already, to the high and universal satisfaction of hearers; but to-day I may assert, that I have one to tell which far surpasses the former, and which, though it happened to me several years ago, still disquiets me in recollecting it, nay, still gives hope of some further development.

"By way of introduction, let me confess, that I have not always so arranged my scheme of life as to be certain of the next period in it, or even of the next day. In my youth, I was no first-rate economist, and often found myself in manifold perplexity. At one time I undertook a journey, thinking to derive good profit in the course of it; but the scale I went upon was too liberal: and after having commenced my travel with extra-post, and then prosecuted it for a time in the diligence, I at last found myself obliged to front the end of it on foot.

"Like a gay young blade, it had been from of old my custom, on entering any inn, to look round for the landlady, or even the cook, and wheedle myself into favour with her; whereby, for most part, my shot was somewhat reduced.

"One night at dusk, as I was entering the post-house of a little town, and purposing to set about my customary operations, there came a fair double-seated coach with four horses rattling up to the door behind me. I turned round, and observed in it a young lady, without maid, without servants. I hastened to open the carriage for her, and to ask if I could help her in anything. On stepping out, a fair form displayed itself; and her lovely countenance, if you looked at it narrowly, was adorned with a slight shade of sorrow. I again asked if there was aught I could do for her. 'Oh, yes!' said she, 'if you will lift that little box carefully, which you will find standing on the seat, and bring it in; but I beg very much of you to carry it with all steadiness, and not to move or shake it in the least.' I took out the box with great care: she shut the coach door; we walked up-stairs together, and she told the servants that she was to stay here for the night.

"We were now alone in the chamber: she desired me to put the box on the table, which was standing at the wall; and as, by several of her movements, I observed that she wished to be alone, I took my leave, reverently but warmly kissing her hand.

"'Order supper for us two,' said she then: and you may well conceive with what pleasure I executed the commission; scarcely deigning, in my pride of heart, to cast even a side-look on landlady and menials. With impatience I expected the moment that was to lead me back to her. Supper was served: we took our seats opposite each other; I refreshed my heart, for the first time during a considerable while, with a good meal, and no less with so desirable a sight beside me: nay, it seemed as if she were growing fairer and fairer every moment.

"Her conversation was pleasant, yet she carefully waived whatever had reference to affection and love.

The cloth was removed: I still lingered, I tried all sorts of manœuvres to get near her, but in vain; she kept me at my distance, by a certain dignity which I could not withstand: nay, against my will, I had to part from her at a rather early hour.

"After a night passed in waking or unrestfully dreaming, I rose early, inquired whether she had ordered horses; and, learning that she had not, I walked into the garden, saw her standing dressed at the window, and hastened up to her. Here, as she looked so fair, and fairer than ever, love, roguery, and audacity all at once started into motion within me: I rushed toward her, and clasped her in my arms. 'Angelic, irresistible being,' cried I, 'pardon! but it is impossible!'—With incredible dexterity she whisked herself out of my arms, and I had not even time to imprint a kiss on her cheek. 'Forbear such outbreakings of a sudden foolish passion,' said she, 'if you would not scare away a happiness which lies close beside you, but which cannot be laid hold of till after some trials.'

"'Ask of me what thou pleasest, angelic spirit!' cried I, 'but do not drive me to despair.' She answered, with a smile, 'If you mean to devote yourself to my service, hear the terms. I am come hither to visit a lady of my friends, and with her I purpose to continue for a time: in the meanwhile, I could wish that my carriage and this box were taken forward. Will you engage with it? You have nothing to do but carefully to lift the box into the carriage and out, to sit down beside it, and punctually take charge that it receive no harm. When you enter an inn, it is put upon a table, in a chamber by itself, in which you must neither sit nor sleep. You lock the chamber-door with this key, which will open and shut any lock, and has the peculiar property, that no lock shut by it can be opened in the interim.'

"I looked at her; I felt strangely enough at heart;

I promised to do all, if I might hope to see her soon, and if she would seal this hope to me with a kiss. She did so, and from that moment I had become entirely her bondman. I was now to order horses, she said. We settled the way I was to take, the places where I was to wait, and expect her. She at last pressed a purse of gold into my hand, and I pressed my lips on the fair hand that gave it me. She seemed moved at parting; and, for me, I no longer knew what I was doing or was to do.

"On my return from giving my orders, I found the room-door locked. I directly tried my master-key, and it performed its duty perfectly. The door flew up: I found the chamber empty, only the box standing on the table where I had laid it.

"The carriage drove up: I carried the box carefully down with me, and placed it by my side. The hostess asked, 'But where is the lady?' A child answered, 'She is gone into the town.' I nodded to the people, and rolled off in triumph from the door which I had last night entered with dusty gaiters. That in my hours of leisure I diligently meditated on this adventure, counted my money, laid many schemes, and still now and then kept glancing at the box, you will readily imagine. I posted right forward, passed several stages without alighting, and rested not till I had reached a considerable town, where my fair one had appointed me to wait. Her commands had been pointedly obeyed, — the box always carried to a separate room, and two wax candles lighted beside it; for such, also, had been her order. I would then lock the chamber, establish myself in my own, and take such comfort as the place afforded.

"For a while I was able to employ myself with thinking of her, but by degrees the time began to hang heavy on my hands. I was not used to live without companions: these I soon found, at *tables-*

d'hôte, in coffee-houses, and public places, altogether to my wish. In such a mode of living, my money began to melt away; and one night it vanished entirely from my purse in a fit of passionate gaming, which I had not had the prudence to abandon. Void of money, with the appearance of a rich man, expecting a heavy bill of charges, uncertain whether and when my fair one would again make her appearance, I felt myself in the deepest embarrassment. Doubly did I now long for her, and believe, that, without her and her gold, it was quite impossible for me to live.

"After supper, which I had relished very little, being forced for this time to consume it in solitude, I took to walking violently up and down my room: I spoke aloud to myself, cursed my folly with horrid execrations, threw myself on the floor, tore my hair, and indeed behaved in the most outrageous fashion. Suddenly, in the adjoining chamber where the box was, I heard a slight movement, and then a soft knocking at the well-bolted door, which entered from my apartment. I gather myself, grope for my master-key; but the door-leaves fly up of themselves, and in the light of those burning wax candles enters my beauty. I cast myself at her feet, kiss her robe, her hands; she raises me; I venture not to clasp her, scarcely to look at her, but candidly and repentantly confess to her my fault. 'It is pardonable,' said she: 'only it postpones your happiness and mine. You must now make another tour into the world before we can meet again. Here is more money,' continued she, 'sufficient if you husband it with any kind of reason. But, as wine and play have brought you into this perplexity, be on your guard in future against wine and women, and let me hope for a glad meeting when the time comes.'

"She retired over the threshold; the door-leaves flew together: I knocked, I entreated; but nothing

further stirred. Next morning, while presenting his bill, the waiter smiled, and said, 'So we have found out at last, then, why you lock your door in so artful and incomprehensible a way, that no master-key can open it. We supposed you must have much money and precious ware laid up by you: but now we have seen your treasure walking down-stairs; and, in good truth, it seemed worthy of being well kept.'

"To this I answered nothing, but paid my reckoning, and mounted with my box into the carriage. I again rolled forth into the world, with the firmest resolution to be heedful in future of the warning given me by my fair and mysterious friend. Scarcely, however, had I once more reached a large town, when forthwith I got acquainted with certain interesting ladies, from whom I absolutely could not tear myself away. They seemed inclined to make me pay dear for their favour: for, while they still kept me at a certain distance, they led me into one expense after the other; and I, being anxious only to promote their satisfaction, once more ceased to think of my purse, but paid and spent straightforward, as occasion needed. But how great was my astonishment and joy, when, after some weeks, I observed that the fulness of my store was not in the least diminished, that my purse was still as round and crammed as ever! Wishing to obtain more strict knowledge of this pretty quality, I set myself down to count: I accurately marked the sum, and again proceeded in my joyous life as before. We had no want of excursions by land, and excursions by water: of dancing, singing, and other recreations. But now it required small attention to observe that the purse was actually diminishing, as if by my cursed counting I had robbed it of the property of being uncountable. However, this gay mode of existence had been once entered on: I could not draw back, and yet my ready money soon verged to a close. I execrated my situa-

took the road with my box, tried the virtue of the two pouches, and found it still unimpaired.

"My journey proceeded without accident. But if I had hitherto paid little heed to the mysteries of my adventure, expecting a natural solution of the whole, there now occurred something which threw me into astonishment, into anxiety, nay, into fear. Being wont, in my impatience for change of place, to hurry forward day and night, it was often my hap to be travelling in the dark, and, when the lamps by any chance went out, to be left in utter obscurity. Once, in the dead of such a night, I had fallen asleep; and on awakening I observed the glimmer of a light on the covering of my carriage. I examined this more strictly, and found that it was issuing from the box, in which there seemed to be a chink, as if it had been chapped by the warm and dry weather of summer, which was now come on. My thoughts of jewels again came into my head: I supposed there must be some carbuncle lying in the box, and this point I forthwith set about investigating. I postured myself as well as might be, so that my eye was in immediate contact with the chink. But how great was my surprise when a fair apartment, well lighted, and furnished with much taste and even costliness, met my inspection; just as if I had been looking down through the opening of a dome into a royal saloon! A fire was burning in the grate, and before it stood an armchair. I held my breath, and continued to observe. And now there entered from the other side of the apartment a lady with a book in her hand, whom I at once recognised for my wife; though her figure was contracted into the extreme of diminution. She sat down in the chair by the fire to read; she trimmed the coals with the most dainty pair of tongs; and, in the course of her movements, I could clearly perceive that this fairest little creature was also in the family way. But now I was obliged to shift my con-

strained posture a little; and the next moment, when I bent down to look in again, and convince myself that it was no dream, the light had vanished, and my eye rested on empty darkness.

"How amazed, nay, terrified, I was, you may easily conceive. I started a thousand thoughts on this discovery, and yet in truth could think nothing. In the midst of this I fell asleep, and on awakening I fancied that it must have been a mere dream: yet I felt myself in some degree estranged from my fair one; and, though I watched over the box but so much the more carefully, I knew not whether the event of her re-appearance in human size was a thing which I should wish or dread.

"After some time she did actually re-appear. One evening in a white robe she came gliding in; and, as it was just then growing dusky in my room, she seemed to me taller than when I had seen her last: and I remembered having heard that all beings of the mermaid and gnome species increased in stature very perceptibly at the fall of night. She flew as usual to my arms, but I could not with right gladness press her to my obstructed breast.

"'My dearest,' said she, 'I now feel, by thy reception of me, what, alas! I already knew too well. Thou hast seen me in the interim; thou art acquainted with the state in which, at certain times, I find myself: thy happiness and mine is interrupted.—nay, it stands on the brink of being annihilated altogether. I must leave thee, and I know not whether I shall ever see thee again.' Her presence, the grace with which she spoke, directly banished from my memory almost every trace of that vision, which, indeed, had already hovered before me as little more than a dream. I addressed her with kind vivacity, convinced her of my passion, assured her that I was innocent, that my discovery was accidental, —in short, I so managed it that she appeared composed, and endeavoured to compose me.

"'Try thyself strictly,' said she, 'whether this discovery has not hurt thy love; whether thou canst forget that I live in two forms beside thee; whether the diminution of my being will not also contract thy affection.'

"I looked at her; she was fairer than ever: and I thought within myself, Is it so great a misfortune, after all, to have a wife who from time to time becomes a dwarf, so that one can carry her about with him in a casket? Were it not much worse if she became a giantess, and put her husband in the box? My gayety of heart had returned. I would not for the whole world have let her go. 'Best heart,' said I, 'let us be and continue ever as we have been. Could either of us wish to be better? Enjoy thy conveniency, and I promise thee to guard the box with so much the more faithfulness. Why should the prettiest sight I have ever seen in my life make a bad impression on me? How happy would lovers be, could they but procure such miniature pictures! And, after all, it was but a picture, a little sleight-of-hand deception. Thou art trying and teasing me, but thou shalt see how I will stand it.'

"'The matter is more serious than thou thinkest,' said the fair one: 'however, I am truly glad to see thee take it so lightly; for much good may still be awaiting us both. I will trust in thee, and for my own part do my utmost: only promise me that thou wilt never mention this discovery by way of reproach. Another prayer likewise I most earnestly make to thee: Be more than ever on thy guard against wine and anger.'

"I promised what she required; I could have gone on promising to all lengths: but she herself turned aside the conversation, and thenceforth all proceeded in its former routine. We had no inducement to alter our place of residence: the town was large, the society

various; and the fine season gave rise to many an excursion and garden festival.

"In all such amusements the presence of my wife was welcome, nay, eagerly desired, by women as well as men. A kind, insinuating manner, joined with a certain dignity of bearing, secured to her on all hands praise and estimation. Besides, she could play beautifully on the lute, accompanying it with her voice; and no social night could be perfect unless crowned by the graces of this talent.

"I will be free to confess that I never cared much for music: on the contrary, it has always rather had a disagreeable effect on me. My fair one soon noticed this; and accordingly, when by ourselves, she never tried to entertain me by such means: in return, however, she appeared to indemnify herself while in society, where, indeed, she always found a crowd of admirers.

"And now, why should I deny it? our late dialogue, in spite of my best intentions, had by no means sufficed to settle the matter within me: on the contrary, my temper of mind had by degrees got into the strangest tune, almost without my being conscious of it. One night, in a large company, this hidden grudge broke loose, and, by its consequences, produced to myself the greatest damage.

"When I look back on it now, I, in fact, loved my beauty far less after that unlucky discovery: I was also growing jealous of her, — a whim that had never struck me before. This night at table, I found myself placed very much to my mind beside my two neighbours, a couple of ladies, who, for some time, had appeared to me very charming. Amid jesting and soft small talk, I was not sparing of my wine; while, on the other side, a pair of musical *dilettanti* had got hold of my wife, and at last contrived to lead the company into singing separately and by way of chorus. This

put me into ill-humour. The two amateurs appeared to me impertinent; the singing vexed me; and when, as my turn came, they even requested a solo-strophe from me, I grew truly indignant: I emptied my glass, and set it down again with no soft movement.

"The grace of my two fair neighbours soon pacified me, but there is an evil nature in wrath when once it is set a-going. It went on fermenting within me, though all things were of a kind to induce joy and complaisance. On the contrary, I waxed more splenetic than ever when a lute was produced, and my fair one began fingering it and singing, to the admiration of all the rest. Unhappily a general silence was requested. So, then, I was not even to talk any more: and these tones were going through me like a toothache. Was it any wonder that, at last, the smallest spark should blow up the mine?

"The songstress had just ended a song amid the loudest applauses, when she looked over to me; and this truly with the most loving face in the world. Unluckily, its lovingness could not penetrate so far. She perceived that I had just gulped down a cup of wine, and was pouring out a fresh one. With her right forefinger she beckoned to me in kind threatening. 'Consider that it is wine!' said she, not louder than for myself to hear it. 'Water is for mermaids!' cried I. 'My ladies,' said she to my neighbours, 'crown the cup with all your gracefulness, that it be not too often emptied.'—'You will not let yourself be tutored?' whispered one of them in my ear. 'What ails the dwarf?' cried I, with a more violent gesture, in which I overset the glass. 'Ah, what you have spilt!' cried the paragon of women; at the same time twanging her strings, as if to lead back the attention of the company from this disturbance to herself. Her attempt succeeded; the more completely as she rose to her feet, seemingly that she might play

with greater convenience, and in this attitude continued preluding.

"At sight of the red wine running over the table-cloth, I returned to myself. I perceived the great fault I had been guilty of, and it cut me through the very heart. Never till now had music had an effect on me: the first verse she sang was a friendly good-night to the company, here as they were, as they might still feel themselves together. With the next verse they became as if scattered asunder: each felt himself solitary, separated, no one could fancy that he was present any longer. But what shall I say of the last verse? It was directed to me alone, the voice of injured love bidding farewell to moroseness and caprice.

"In silence I conducted her home, foreboding no good. Scarcely, however, had we reached our chamber, when she began to show herself exceedingly kind and graceful, — nay, even roguish: she made me the happiest of all men.

"Next morning, in high spirits and full of love, I said to her, 'Thou hast so often sung, when asked in company; as, for example, thy touching farewell song last night. Come now, for my sake, and sing me a dainty, gay welcome to this morning hour, that we may feel as if we were meeting for the first time.'

"'That I cannot do, my friend,' said she seriously. 'The song of last night referred to our parting, which must now forthwith take place; for I can only tell thee, the violation of thy promise and oath will have the worst consequences for us both: thou hast scoffed away a great felicity; and I, too, must renounce my dearest wishes.'

"As I now pressed and entreated her to explain herself more clearly, she answered, 'That, alas! I can well do; for, at all events, my continuance with thee is over. Hear, then, what I would rather have

concealed to the latest times. The form under which thou sawest me in the box is my natural and proper form; for I am of the race of King Eckwald, the dread sovereign of the dwarfs, concerning whom authentic history has recorded so much. Our people are still, as of old, laborious and busy, and therefore easy to govern. Thou must not fancy that the dwarfs are behindhand in their manufacturing skill. Swords which followed the foe, when you cast them after him; invisible and mysteriously binding chains; impenetrable shields, and such like ware, in old times, — formed their staple produce. But now they chiefly employ themselves with articles of convenience and ornament, in which truly they surpass all people of the earth. I may well say, it would astonish thee to walk through our workshops and warehouses. All this would be right and good, were it not that with the whole nation in general, but more particularly with the royal family, there is one peculiar circumstance connected.'

"She paused for a moment, and I again begged further light on these wonderful secrets; which, accordingly, she forthwith proceeded to grant.

"'It is well known,' said she, 'that God, so soon as he had created the world, and the ground was dry, and the mountains were standing bright and glorious, that God, I say, thereupon, in the very first place, created the dwarfs, to the end that there might be reasonable beings also, who, in their passages and chasms, might contemplate and adore his wonders in the inward parts of the earth. It is further well known, that this little race by degrees became uplifted in heart, and attempted to acquire the dominion of the earth; for which reason God then created the dragons, in order to drive back the dwarfs into their mountains. Now, as the dragons themselves were wont to nestle in the large caverns and clefts, and dwell there; and

many of them, too, were in the habit of spitting fire, and working much other mischief, — the poor little dwarfs were by this means thrown into exceeding straits and distress: so that, not knowing what in the world to do, they humbly and fervently turned to God, and called to him in prayer, that he would vouchsafe to abolish this unclean dragon generation. But though it consisted not with his wisdom to destroy his own creatures, yet the heavy sufferings of the poor dwarfs so moved his compassion, that anon he created the giants, ordaining them to fight these dragons, and, if not root them out, at least lessen their numbers.

"'Now, no sooner had the giants got moderately well through with the dragons, than their hearts also began to wax wanton: and, in their presumption, they practised much tyranny, especially on the good little dwarfs, who then once more in their need turned to the Lord; and he, by the power of his hand, created the knights, who were to make war on the giants and dragons, and to live in concord with the dwarfs. Hereby was the work of creation completed on this side; and it is plain, that henceforth giants and dragons, as well as knights and dwarfs, have always maintained themselves in being. From this, my friend, it will be clear to thee that we are of the oldest race on the earth, — a circumstance which does us honour, but at the same time brings great disadvantage along with it.

"'For as there is nothing in the world that can endure for ever, but all that has once been great must become little and fade, it is our lot, also, that, ever since the creation of the world, we have been waning, and growing smaller, — especially the royal family, on whom, by reason of their pure blood, this destiny presses with the heaviest force. To remedy this evil, our wise teachers have many years ago devised the

expedient of sending forth a princess of the royal house from time to time into the world, to wed some honourable knight, that so the dwarf progeny may be refected, and saved from entire decay.'

"Though my fair one related these things with an air of the utmost sincerity, I looked at her hesitatingly; for it seemed as if she meant to palm some fable on me. As to her own dainty lineage I had not the smallest doubt; but that she should have laid hold of me in place of a knight occasioned some mistrust, seeing I knew myself too well to suppose that my ancestors had come into the world by an immediate act of creation.

"I concealed my wonder and scepticism, and asked her kindly, 'But tell me, my dear child, how hast thou attained this large and stately shape? For I know few women that in richness of form can compare with thee.'—'Thou shalt hear,' replied she. 'It is a settled maxim in the council of the dwarf kings, that this extraordinary step be forborne as long as it possibly can; which, indeed, I cannot but say is quite natural and proper. Perhaps they might have hesitated still longer had not my brother, born after me, come into the world so exceedingly small that the nurses actually lost him out of his swaddling-clothes; and no creature yet knows whither he is gone. On this occurrence, unexampled in the annals of dwarfdom, the sages were assembled; and, without more ado, the resolution was taken, and I sent out in quest of a husband.'

"'The resolution!' exclaimed I, 'that is all extremely well. One can resolve, one can take his resolution; but, to give a dwarf this heavenly shape, how did your sages manage that?'

"'It had been provided for already,' said she, 'by our ancestors. In the royal treasury lay a monstrous gold ring. I speak of it as it then appeared to me, when I saw it in my childhood; for it was this same

ring which I have here on my finger. We now went to work as follows.

"'I was informed of all that awaited me, and instructed what I had to do and to forbear. A splendid palace, after the pattern of my father's favourite summer residence, was then got ready,—a main edifice, wings, and whatever else you could think of. It stood at the entrance of a large rock-cleft, which it decorated in the handsomest style. On the appointed day our court moved thither, my parents, also, and myself. The army paraded; and four and twenty priests, not without difficulty, carried on a costly litter the mysterious ring. It was placed on the threshold of the building, just within the spot where you entered. Many ceremonies were observed; and, after a pathetic farewell, I proceeded to my task. I stepped forward to the ring, laid my finger on it, and that instant began perceptibly to wax in stature. In a few moments I had reached my present size, and then I put the ring on my finger. But now, in the twinkling of an eye, the doors, windows, gates, flapped to; the wings drew up into the body of the edifice; instead of a palace stood a little box beside me, which I forthwith lifted, and carried off with me, not without a pleasant feeling in being so tall and strong. Still, indeed, a dwarf to trees and mountains, to streams, and tracts of land, yet a giant to grass and herbs, and, above all, to ants, from whom we dwarfs, not being always on the best terms with them, often suffer considerable annoyance.

"'How it fared with me on my pilgrimage, I might tell thee at great length. Suffice it to say I tried many, but no one save thou seemed worthy of being honoured to renovate and perpetuate the line of the glorious Eckwald.'

"In the course of these narrations my head had now and then kept wagging, without myself having

absolutely shaken it. I put several questions, to which I received no very satisfactory answers: on the contrary, I learned, to my great affliction, that after what had happened she must needs return to her parents. She had hopes still, she said, of getting back to me: but, for the present, it was indispensably necessary to present herself at court; as otherwise, both for her and me, there was nothing but utter ruin. The purses would soon cease to pay, and who knew what all would be the consequences?

"On hearing that our money would run short, I inquired no further into consequences; I shrugged my shoulders; I was silent, and she seemed to understand me.

"We now packed up, and got into our carriage, the box standing opposite us; in which, however, I could still see no symptoms of a palace. In this way we proceeded several stages. Post-money and drink-money were readily and richly paid from the pouches to the right and left, till at last we reached a mountainous district; and no sooner had we alighted here than my fair one walked forward, directing me to follow her with the box. She led me by rather steep paths to a narrow plot of green ground, through which a clear brook now gushed in little falls, now ran in quiet windings. She pointed to a little knoll, bade me set the box down there, then said, 'Farewell! Thou wilt easily find the way back; remember me; I hope to see thee again.'

"At this moment I felt as if I could not leave her. She was just now in one of her fine days, or, if you will, her fine hours. Alone with so fair a being, on the greensward, among grass and flowers, girt in by rocks, waters murmuring round you, what heart could have remained insensible! I came forward to seize her hand, to clasp her in my arms; but she motioned me back, threatening me, though still kindly

enough, with great danger if I did not instantly withdraw.

"'Is there not any possibility,' exclaimed I, 'of my staying with thee, of thy keeping me beside thee?' These words I uttered with such rueful tones and gestures, that she seemed touched by them, and after some thought confessed to me that a continuance of our union was not entirely impossible. Who happier than I! My importunity, which increased every moment, compelled her at last to come out with her scheme, and inform me, that if I, too, could resolve on becoming as little as I had once seen her, I might still remain with her, be admitted to her house, her kingdom, her family. The proposal was not altogether to my mind, yet at this moment I positively could not tear myself away: so, having already for a good while been accustomed to the marvellous, and being at all times prone to bold enterprises, I closed with her offer, and said she might do with me as she pleased.

"I was thereupon directed to hold out the little finger of my right hand: she placed her own against it; then, with her left hand, she quite softly pulled the ring from her finger, and let it run along mine. That instant I felt a violent twinge on my finger: the ring shrunk together, and tortured me horridly. I gave a loud cry, and caught round me for my fair one; but she had disappeared. What state of mind I was in during this moment, I find no words to express: so I have nothing more to say but that I very soon, in my miniature size, found myself beside my fair one in a wood of grass-stalks. The joy of meeting after this short yet most strange separation, or, if you will, of this reunion without separation, exceeds all conception. I fell on her neck: she replied to my caresses, and the little pair was as happy as the the large one.

"With some difficulty we now mounted a hill: I say difficulty, because the sward had become for us an almost impenetrable forest. Yet at length we reached a bare space; and how surprised was I at perceiving there a large, bolted mass, which, erelong, I could not but recognise for the box in the same state as when I had set it down.

"'Go up to it, my friend,' said she, 'and do but knock with the ring: thou shalt see wonders.' I went up accordingly; and no sooner had I rapped, than I did, in fact, witness the greatest wonder. Two wings came jutting out; and at the same time there fell, like scales and chips, various pieces this way and that: while doors, windows, colonnades, and all that belongs to a complete palace, at once came into view.

"If ever you have seen one of Röntgen's desks,—how, at one pull, a multitude of springs and latches get in motion, and writing-board and writing materials, letter and money compartments, all at once, or in quick succession, start forward,—you will partly conceive how this palace unfolded itself, into which my sweet attendant now introduced me. In the large saloon I directly recognised the fireplace which I had formerly seen from above, and the chair in which she had then been sitting. And, on looking up, I actually fancied I could still see something of the chink in the dome, through which I had peeped in. I spare you the description of the rest: in a word, all was spacious, splendid, and tasteful. Scarcely had I recovered from my astonishment, when I heard afar off a sound of military music. My better half sprang up, and with rapture announced to me the approach of his Majesty her father. We stepped out to the threshold, and here beheld a magnificent procession moving toward us from a considerable cleft in the rock. Soldiers, servants, officers of state, and glittering courtiers, followed in order. At last you observed a

golden throng, and in the midst of it the king himself. So soon as the whole procession had drawn up before the palace, the king, with his nearest retinue, stepped forward. His loving daughter hastened out to him, pulling me along with her. We threw ourselves at his feet: he raised me very graciously; and, on coming to stand before him, I perceived, that in this little world I was still the most considerable figure. We proceeded together to the palace, where his Majesty, in presence of his whole court, was pleased to welcome me with a well-studied oration, in which he expressed his surprise at finding us here, acknowledged me as his son-in-law, and appointed the nuptial ceremony to take place on the morrow.

"A cold sweat went over me as I heard him speak of marriage; for I dreaded this even more than music, which had, of old, appeared to me the most hateful thing on earth. Your music-makers, I used to say, enjoy at least the conceit of being in unison with each other, and working in concord; for when they have tweaked and tuned long enough, grating our ears with all manner of screeches, they believe in their hearts that the matter is now adjusted, and one instrument accurately suited to the other. The band-master himself is in this happy delusion; and so they set forth joyfully, though still tearing our nerves to pieces. In the marriage state, even this is not the case; for although it is but a duet, and you might think two voices, or even two instruments, might in some degree be attuned to each other, yet this happens very seldom: for while the man gives out one tone, the wife, directly takes a higher one, and the man again a higher; and so it rises from the chamber to the choral pitch, and farther and farther, till at last not even wind-instruments can reach it. And now, as I loathe harmonical music, it cannot be surprising that disharmonical should be a thing which I cannot endure.

"Of all the festivities in which the day was spent, I shall and can not give an account; for I paid small heed to them. The sumptuous victuals, the generous wine, the royal amusements, I could not relish. I kept thinking and considering what I was to do. Here, however, there was but little to be considered. I determined, once for all, to take myself away, and hide somewhere. Accordingly, I succeeded in reaching the chink of a stone, where I intrenched and concealed myself as well as might be. My first care after this was to get the unhappy ring off my finger, — an enterprise, however, which would by no means prosper; for, on the contrary, I felt that every pull I gave, the metal grew straiter, and cramped me with violent pains, which again abated so soon as I desisted from my purpose.

"Early in the morning I awoke (for my little person had slept, and very soundly), and was just stepping out to look farther about me, when I felt a kind of rain coming on. Through the grass, flowers, and leaves, there fell, as it were, something like sand and grit in large quantities; but what was my horror when the whole of it became alive, and an innumerable host of ants rushed down on me! No sooner did they observe me than they made an attack on all sides; and, though I defended myself stoutly and gallantly enough, they at last so hemmed me in, so nipped and pinched me, that I was glad to hear them calling to surrender. I surrendered instantly and wholly, whereupon an ant of respectable stature approached me with courtesy, nay, with reverence, and even recommended itself to my good graces. I learned that the ants had now become allies of my father-in-law, and by him been called out in the present emergency, and commissioned to fetch me back. Here, then, was little I in the hands of creatures still less. I had nothing for it but looking forward to the marriage; nay, I must now thank

Heaven if my father-in-law were not wroth, if my fair one had not taken the sullens.

"Let me skip over the whole train of ceremonies: in a word, we were wedded. Gayly and joyously as matters went, there were, nevertheless, solitary hours in which you were led astray into reflection; and now there happened to me something which had never happened before, — what, and how, you shall learn.

"Everything about me was completely adapted to my present form and wants: the bottles and glasses were in a fit ratio to a little toper, — nay, if you will, better measure in proportion than with us. In my tiny palate the dainty tidbits tasted excellently; a kiss from the little mouth of my spouse was still the most charming thing in nature; and I will not deny that novelty made all these circumstances highly agreeable. Unhappily, however, I had not forgotten my former situation. I felt within me a scale of by-gone greatness, and it rendered me restless and cheerless. Now, for the first time, did I understand what the philosophers might mean by their ideal, which they say so plagues the mind of man. I had an ideal of myself, and often in dreams I appeared as a giant. In short, my wife, my ring, my dwarf figure, and so many other bonds and restrictions, made me utterly unhappy; so that I began to think seriously about obtaining my deliverance.

"Being persuaded that the whole magic lay in the ring, I resolved on filing this asunder. From the court-jeweller, accordingly, I borrowed some files. By good luck I was left-handed; as, indeed, throughout my whole life I had never done aught in the right-handed way. I stood tightly to the work: it was not small; for the golden hoop, so thin as it appeared, had grown proportionately thicker in contracting from its former length. All vacant hours I privately applied to this task; and at last, the metal being nearly through, I was provident enough to step out of doors. This was

a wise measure; for all at once the golden hoop started sharply from my finger, and my frame shot aloft with such violence that I actually fancied I should dash against the sky: and, at all events, I must have bolted through the dome of our palace, — nay, perhaps, in my new awkwardness, have destroyed this summer residence altogether.

"Here, then, was I standing again, — in truth, so much the larger, but also, as it seemed to me, so much the more stupid and helpless. On recovering from my stupefaction, I observed the royal strong-box lying near me, which I found to be moderately heavy, as I lifted it, and carried it down the footpath to the next stage, where I directly ordered horses and set forth. By the road I soon made trial of the two side-pouches. Instead of money, which appeared to be run out, I found a little key: it belonged to the strong-box, in which I got some moderate compensation. So long as this held out, I made use of the carriage: by and by I sold it, and proceeded by the diligence. The strong-box, too, I at length cast from me; having no hope of its ever filling again. And thus in the end, though after a considerable circuit, I again returned to the kitchen-hearth, to the landlady and the cook, where you were first introduced to me."

CHAPTER XVII.

LENARDO was overwhelmed with business, his writing-office in the greatest activity; clerks and secretaries finding no moment's rest: while Wilhelm and Friedrich, strolling over field and meadow, were entertaining each other with the most pleasant conversation.

And here, first of all, as necessarily happens between friends meeting after some separation, the question was started, How far they had altered in the interim? Friedrich would have it that Wilhelm was exactly the same as before: to Wilhelm, again, it seemed that his young friend, though no whit abated in mirth and discursiveness, was somewhat more staid in his manner. "It were pity," interrupted Friedrich, "if the father of three children, the husband of an exemplary matron, had not likewise gained a little in dignity of bearing."

Now, also, it came to light, that all the persons whom we got acquainted with in the "Apprenticeship" were still living and well,—nay, better than before, being now in full and decisive activity; each, in his own way, associated with many fellow-labourers, and striving toward the noblest aim. Of this, however, it is not for the present permitted us to impart any more precise information; as, in a little book like ours, reserve and secrecy may be no unseemly qualities.

But whatever, in the course of this confidential conversation, transpired respecting the society in which we now are, as their more intimate relations, maxims, and objects, by little and little, came to view, it is our duty and opportunity to disclose in this place.

"The whim of emigration," — such was the substance of Friedrich's talk on this matter, — "the whim of emigration may, in straitened and painful circumstances, very naturally lay hold of men: if particular cases chance to be favoured by a happy issue, this whim will, in the general mind, rise to the rank of passion; as we have seen, as we still see, and, withal, cannot deny that we, in our time, have been befooled by such a delusion ourselves.

"Emigration takes place in the treacherous hope of an improvement in our circumstances, and it is too often counterbalanced by a subsequent emigration; since, go where you may, you still find yourself in a conditional world, and, if not constrained to a new emigration, are yet inclined in secret to cherish such a desire.

"We have, therefore, bound ourselves to renounce all emigration, and to devote ourselves to migration. Here one does not turn his back on his native country for ever, but hopes, even after the greatest circuit, to arrive there again, richer, wiser, cleverer, better, and whatever else such a way of life can make him. Now, in society, all things are easier, more certain in their accomplishment, than to an individual; in which sense, my friend, consider what thou shalt observe here: for whatever thou mayest see, all and every part of it is meant to forward a great, movable connection among active and sufficient men of all classes.

"But as where men are, manners are too, I may explain thus much of our constitution by way of preliminary: When two of our number anywhere by accident meet, they conduct themselves toward each other according to their rank and fashion, according to custom of handicraft or art, or by some other such mode adapted to their mutual relations. Three meeting together are considered as a unity, which governs itself; but, if a fourth join them, they instantly elect

the BOND, one chief and three subjects. This Bond, however many more combine with them, can still only be a single newly elected person; for, in the great as in the small scale, co-regents are found to be mutually obstructive.

"Thou mayest observe that Lenardo unites, in this way, more than a hundred active and able men,—unites, employs, calls home, sends forth; as to-morrow, an important day with us, thou wilt perceive and understand. Thou wilt then see the Bond dissolved, the multitude divided into smaller societies, and the Bond multiplied: all the rest will at the same time become clear to thee.

"But for the present I invite thee to a short bout of reading. Here, under the shadow of these whispering trees, by the side of this still-flowing water, let us peruse a story, this little paper which Lenardo, from the rich treasures of his collection, has entrusted to me; that so both of us may see thoroughly what a difference there is between a mad pilgrimage, such as many lead in the world, and a well-meditated, happily commenced undertaking like ours, of which I shall at this time say no more in praise."

The quaint, fitful, and most dainty story of "The Foolish Pilgrimess," with which our two friends now occupied their morning, we feel ourselves constrained, not unreluctantly, by certain grave calculations, to reserve for some future and better season.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LENARDO, having freed himself from business for an hour, took dinner with his friends; and at table he began to explain to them his family circumstances. His eldest sister was married. A rich brother-in-law, to the great satisfaction of the uncle, had undertaken the management of all the estates; with him Valerina's husband was stoutly coöperating: they were labouring on the great scale, strengthening their enterprises by connection with distant countries and places.

Here, likewise, our oldest friends once more make their appearance: Lothario, Werner, the abbé, are on their side proceeding in the highest diligence; while Jarno occupies himself with mining. A general insurance has been instituted: we discern a vast property in land; and on this depends the existence of a large wandering society, the individual members of which, under the condition of the greatest possible usefulness, are recommended to all the world, are forwarded in every undertaking, and secured against all mischances: while they again, as scattered colonists, may be supposed to re-act on their mother country with favourable influences.

Throughout all this we observe Lenardo recognised as the wandering Bond: in smaller and greater combinations, he, for most part, is elected; on him is placed the most unrestricted confidence.

So far had the disclosure, partly from Lenardo, partly from Friedrich, proceeded without let, when both of them

on a sudden became silent; each seeming to have scruples about communicating more. After a short pause, Wilhelm addressed them, and cried, "What new secret again suddenly overshadows the friendliest explanation? Will you again leave me in the lurch?"

"Not at all!" exclaimed Friedrich. "Do but hear me! He has found the nut-brown maid, and for her sake—"

"Not for her sake," interrupted Lenardo.

"And just for her sake!" persisted Friedrich. "Do not deceive yourself: for her sake you are changing yourself into a lawful vagabond; as some others of us, not, in truth, for the most praiseworthy purposes, have, in times past, changed ourselves into lawless vagrants."

"Let us go along calmly," said Lenardo: "our friend here must be made acquainted with the state of our affairs; but, in the first place, let him have a little touch of discipline for himself. You had found the nut-brown maid, but to me you refused the knowledge of her abode. For this I will not blame you, but what good did it do? To discover this secret I was passionately incited; and, notwithstanding your sagacious caution, I at length came upon the right trace. You have seen the good maiden yourself: her circumstances you have accurately investigated, and yet you did not judge them rightly. It is only the loving who feels and discovers what the beloved wishes and wants: he can read it in her from her deepest heart. Let this at present suffice: for explanation we have no time left to-day. To-morrow I have the hottest press of business to front: next day we part. But for your information, composure, and participating interest, accept this copy of a week from my journal: it is the best legacy which I can leave you. By reading it you will not, indeed, become wiser than you are and than I am; but let this for the present suffice. The nearest future, or a more remote one, will arrange and direct: that is to say, in

this case, as in so many others, we know not what is to become of us."

By way of dessert Lenardo received a packet, at the opening of which he, with some tokens of surprise, handed a letter to Wilhelm. "What secrets, what speedy concerns, can sister Hersilia have with our friend? 'To be delivered instantly and opened privately, without the presence of any one, friend or stranger!' Let us give him all possible convenience, Friedrich: let us withdraw!" Wilhelm hastily broke open the sheet, and read, —

Hersilia to Wilhelm.

Wherever this letter may reach you, my noble friend, to a certainty it will find you in some nook where you are striving in vain to hide from yourself. By making you acquainted with my two fair dames, I have done you a sorry service.

But wherever you may be lurking, and doubtless it will search you out, my promise is, that if, after reading this letter, you do not forthwith leap from your seat, and, like a pious pilgrim, appear in my presence without delay, I must declare you to be the manliest of all men; that is to say, the one most completely void of the finest property belonging to our sex: I mean curiosity, which at this moment is afflicting me in its sharpest concentration.

In one word, then, your casket has now got its key: this, however, none but you and I are to know. How it came into my hands let me now tell you.

Some days ago our man of law gets despatches from a distant tribunal; wherein he was asked if, at such and such a time, there had not been a boy prowling about our neighbourhood who had played all manner of tricks, and at length, in a rash enterprise, lost his jacket,

By the way this brat was described, no doubt remained with us but he was Fitz,—the gay comrade whom Felix talked so much of, and so often wished back to play with him.

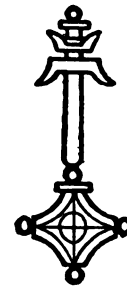
Now, for the present, those authorities request that said article of dress may be sent to them if it is still in existence; as the boy, at last involved in judicial examinations, refers to it. Of this demand our lawyer chances to make mention: he shows us the little frock before sending it off.

Some good or evil spirit whispers me to grope the breastpocket: a little, angular, prickly something comes into my hand; I, so timorous, ticklish, and startlish as I usually am, clinch my hand, clinch it, hold my peace; and the jerkin is sent away. Directly, of all feelings, the strangest seizes me. At the first stolen glance I saw, I guessed, that it was the key of your little box. And now came wondrous scruples of conscience, and all sorts of moral doubts. To discover, to give back my windfall, was impossible; what have those long-wigged judges to do with it when it may be so useful to my friend? And then, again, all manner of questions about right and duty begin lifting up their voices; but I would not let them outvote me.

From this you perceive into what a situation my friendship for you has reduced me: a choice faculty develops itself all on a sudden for your sake; what an occurrence! May it not be something more than friendship that so holds the balance of my conscience? Between guilt and curiosity I am wonderfully discomposed; I have a hundred whims and stories about what may follow: law and judgment will not be trifled with. Hersilia, the careless, and, as occasion served, capricious Hersilia, entangled in a criminal process; for this is the scope and tendency of it! And what can I do but think of the friend for whose sake I suffer all this? I thought of you before, yet with

pauses; but now I think of you incessantly: now when my heart throbs, and I think of the eighth commandment, I must turn to you as to the saint who has caused this sin, and will also procure me an absolution; thus the opening of the casket is the only thing that can compose me. My curiosity is growing stronger and doubly strong: come, and bring the casket with you. To what judgment-seat it properly belongs we will make out between us: till then let it remain between us; no one must know of it, be who he will.

But now, in conclusion, look here, my friend. And tell me, what say you to this picture of the riddle? Does it not remind you of arrows with barbs? God help us! But the box must first stand unopened between you and me, and then, when opened, tell us further what we have to do. I wish there were nothing whatever in it; and who knows what all I wish, and what all I could tell? but do you look at this, and hasten so much the faster to get upon the road.



Friedrich returned more gay and lively than he had gone. "Good news!" cried he: "good luck! Lenardo has received some pretty letters to facilitate the parting: credit more than sufficient; and thou, too, shalt have thy share in it. Fortune herself surely knows

not what she is about; for once in her time she has done wise, worthy fellows a favour."

Hereupon he handed to his friend some clipped fragments of maps, with directions where they were to be produced, and changed for hard cash or bills, as he might choose. Wilhelm was obliged to accept them; though he kept assuring his companion, that for the present he had no need of such things. "Then, others will need them!" cried Friedrich: "constrain not thy good feelings, and, wherever thou art, appear as a benefactor. But now come along, let us have a look at this manuscript: it is long till night; one tires of talking and listening, so I have begged some writing for our entertainment. Every leaf in Lenardo's archives is penned in the spirit of the whole: in giving me this, he said, 'Well, take it and read it: our friend will acquire more confidence in our society and Bond, the more good members he becomes acquainted with.'"

The two then retired to a cheerful spot; and Friedrich read, enlivening with much natural energy and mirth, what he found set down for him.

WHO CAN THE TRAITOR BE?

"No, no!" exclaimed he, violently and hastily rushing into the chamber allotted him, and setting down his candle,—"no! it is impossible! But whither shall I turn? For the first time I think otherwise than he: for the first time I feel, I wish, otherwise. O father! couldst thou but be present invisibly, couldst thou but look through and through me, thou wouldst see that I am still the same, still thy true, obedient, affectionate son. Yet to say no! To contradict my father's dearest, long-cherished wish! How shall I disclose it? How shall I express it? No: I cannot marry Julia! While I speak of it, I shudder. And how shall I appear before him, tell him this, him, the

good, kind father? He looks at me with astonishment, without speaking: the prudent, clear-sighted, gifted man can find no words. Woe is me! Ah! I know well to whom I would confide this pain, this perplexity, who it is I would choose for my advocate. Before all others, thou, Lucinda! And I would first tell thee how I love thee, how I give myself to thee, and pressingly entreat thee to speak for me, and if thou canst love me again, if thou wilt be mine, to speak for us both."

To explain this short, pithy monologue will require some details.

Professor N. of N. had an only boy of singular beauty, whom, till the child's eighth year, he had left entirely in charge of his wife. This excellent woman had directed the hours and days of her son in living, learning, and all good behaviour. She died; and the father instantly felt, that to prosecute this parental tutelage was impossible. In their lifetime, all had been harmony between the parents: they had laboured for a common aim, had determined in concert what was next to be done; and the mother had not wanted skill to execute wisely, by herself, what the two had planned together. Double and treble was now the widower's anxiety; seeing, as he could not but daily see, that for the sons of professors, even in universities, it was only by a sort of miracle that a happy education could be expected.

In this strait he applied to his friend, the *Oberamtmann* of R., with whom he had already been treating of plans for a closer alliance between their families. The *Oberamtmann* gave him counsel and assistance: so the son was established in one of those institutions which still flourish in Germany, and where charge is taken of the whole man, and body, soul, and spirit are trained with all attention.

The son was thus provided for: the father, however,

felt himself very lonely, robbed of his wife, shut out from the cheerful presence of the boy, whom he had seen, without effort of his, growing up in such desirable culture. But here, again, the friendship of the *Oberamtmann* served him in good stead: the distance of their abodes vanished before his affection, his desire for movement, for diversion of thought. In this hospitable home the widowed man of letters found, in a family circle, motherless like his own, two beautiful little daughters growing up in diverse loveliness: a state of things which more and more confirmed the fathers in their purpose, in their hope, of one day seeing their families united in the most joyful bonds.

They lived under the sway of a mild, good prince: the meritorious *Oberamtmann* was certain of his post during life; and, in the appointment of a successor, his recommendation was likely to go far. And now, according to the wise family arrangement, sanctioned also by the minister, Lucidor was to train himself for the important office of his future father-in-law. This in consequence he did, from step to step. Nothing was neglected in communicating to him all sorts of knowledge, in developing in him all sorts of activity, which the state in any case requires, — practice in rigorous judicial law, and also in the laxer sort, where prudence and address find their proper field; foresight for daily ways and means; not excluding higher and more comprehensive views, yet all tending toward practical life, and so as with effect and certainty to be employed in its concerns.

With such purposes had Lucidor spent his school years: by his father and his patron he was now warned to make ready for the university. In all departments he already showed the fairest talents; and to nature he was further indebted for the singular happiness of inclining, out of love for his father, out of respect for his friend, to turn his capabilities, first

from obedience, then from conviction, on that very object to which he was directed. He was placed in a foreign university; and here, both by his own account in his letters, and by the testimony of his teachers and overseers, he continued walking in the path that led toward his appointed goal. It was only objected to him, that in certain cases he had been too impetuously brave. The father shook his head at this: the *Oberamtmann* nodded. Who would not have been proud of such a son?

Meanwhile the two daughters, Julia and Lucinda, were waxing in stature and graces. Julia, the younger, waggish, lovely, unstable, highly entertaining; the other difficult to portray, for in her sincerity and purity she represented all that we prize most in woman. Visits were paid and repaid; and, in the professor's house, Julia found the most inexhaustible amusement.

Geography, which he failed not to enliven by topography, belonged to his province; and no sooner did Julia cast her eyes on any of the volumes, of which a whole series from Homann's warehouse were standing there, than the cities, all and sundry, had to be mustered, judged, preferred, or rejected: all havens especially obtained her favour; other towns, to acquire even a slight approval from her, must stand forth well supplied with steeples, domes, and minarets.

Julia's father often left her for weeks to the care of his tried friend. She was actually advancing in knowledge of her science; and already the inhabited world, in its main features, in its chief points and places, stood before her with some accuracy and distinctness. The garbs of foreign nations attracted her peculiar attention; and often when her foster-father asked her in jest, If among the many young, handsome men who were passing to and fro before her window, there was not some one or other whom she liked? she would answer, "Yes, indeed! if he do but look odd enough."

And, as our young students are seldom behindhand in this particular, she had often occasion to take notice of individuals among them; they brought to her mind the costume of foreign nations: however, she declared in the end, that, if she was to bestow her undivided attention on any one, he must be at least a Greek, equipped in the complete fashion of his country; on which account, also, she longed to be at some Leipzig fair, where, as she understood, such persons were to be seen walking the streets.

After his dry and often irksome labours, our teacher had now no happier moments than those he spent in mirthfully instructing her; triumphing withal, in secret, that a being so attractive, ever entertaining, ever entertained, was in the end to be his own daughter. For the rest, the two fathers had mutually agreed, that no hint of their purpose should be communicated to the girls: from Lucidor, also, it was kept secret.

Thus had years passed away, as, indeed, they very lightly pass: Lucidor presented himself completed, having stood all trials to the joy, even of the superior overseers, who wished nothing more heartily than being able, with a good conscience, to fulfil the hopes of old, worthy, favoured, and deserving servants.

And so the business had at length by quiet, regular steps come so far, that Lucidor, after having demeaned himself in subordinate stations to universal satisfaction, was now to be placed in a very advantageous post, suitable to his wishes and merits, and lying just midway between the university and the *Oberamtmannship*.

The father now spoke with his son about Julia, of whom he had hitherto only hinted, as about his bride and wife, without any doubt or condition; congratulating him on the happiness of having appropriated such a jewel to himself. The professor saw in fancy his

daughter-in-law again from time to time in his house, occupied with charts, plans, and views of cities: the son recalled to mind the gay and most lovely creature, who, in times of childhood, had, by her rogueries as by her kindliness, always delighted him. Lucidor was now to ride over to the *Oberamtmann's*, to take a closer view of the full-grown fair one, and, for a few weeks, to surrender himself to the habitudes and familiarity of her household. If the young people, as was to be hoped, should speedily agree, the professor was forthwith to appear, that so a solemn betrothment might for ever secure the anticipated happiness.

Lucidor arrives, is received with the friendliest welcome: a chamber is allotted him; he arranges himself there, and appears. And now he finds, besides the members of the family already known to us, a grown-up son, — misbred certainly, yet shrewd and good-natured; so that, if you like to take him as the jesting counsellor of the party, he fitted not ill with the rest. There belonged, moreover, to the house a very old, but healthy and gay-hearted, man, quiet, wise, discreet; completing his life, as it were, and here and there requiring a little help. Directly after Lucidor, too, there had arrived another stranger, no longer young, of an impressive aspect, dignified, thoroughly well-bred, and, by his acquaintance with the most distant quarters of the world, extremely entertaining. He was called Antoni.

Julia received her announced bridegroom in fit order, yet with an excess rather than a defect of frankness: Lucinda, on the other hand, did the honours of the house: as her sister did those of herself. So passed the day, peculiarly agreeable to all, only to Lucidor not: he, at all times silent, had been forced, that he might avoid sinking dumb entirely, to employ himself in asking questions; and in this attitude no one appears to advantage.

Throughout he had been absent-minded; for at the first glance he had felt, not aversion or repugnance, yet estrangement, toward Julia: Lucinda, on the contrary, attracted him; so that he trembled every time she looked at him with her full, pure, peaceful eyes.

Thus hard bested, he reached his chamber the first night, and gave vent to his heart in that soliloquy with which we began. But to explain this sufficiently, to show how the violence of such an emphatic speech agrees with what we know of him already, another little statement will be necessary.

Lucidor was of a deep character, and for most part had something else in his mind than what the present scene required: hence talk and social conversation would never prosper rightly with him; he felt this, and was wont to continue silent, except when the topic happened to be particular, on some department which he had completely studied and of which, whatever he needed was at all times read. Besides this, in his early years at school, and later at the university, he had been deceived in friends, and had wasted the effusions of his heart unhappily: hence every communication of his feelings seemed to him a doubtful step, and doubting destroys all such communication. With his father he used to speak only in unison: therefore his full heart poured itself out in monologues, as soon as he was by himself.

Next morning he had summoned up his resolution; and yet he almost lost heart and composure again, when Julia met him with still more friendliness, gayety, and frankness than ever. She had much to ask,—about his journey by land and journeys by water; how, when a student, with his knapsack on his back, he had roamed and climbed through Switzerland,—nay, crossed the Alps themselves. And now of those fair islands on the great Southern Lake she had much to say: and then backwards, the Rhine must be accom-

panied from his primary origin; at first, through most undelicious regions, and so downwards through many an alternation, till at length, between Mainz and Coblenz, you find it still worth while respectfully to dismiss the old River from his last confinement, into the wide world, into the sea.

Lucidor, in the course of this recital, felt much lightened in heart; he narrated willingly and well: so that Julia at last exclaimed in rapture, "It is thus that our other self should be!" At which phrase Lucidor again felt startled and frightened, thinking he saw in it an allusion to their future pilgrimage in common through life.

From his narrative duty, however, he was soon relieved; for the stranger, Antoni, very speedily overshadowed all mountain streams, and rocky banks, and rivers, whether hemmed in or left at liberty. Under his guidance you now went forward to Genoa; Livorno lay at no great distance; whatever was most interesting in the country you took with you as fair spoil; Naples, too, was a place you should see before you died; and then, in truth, remained Constantinople, which also was by no means to be neglected. Antoni's descriptions of the wide world carried the imagination of every hearer along with him, though Antoni himself introduced little fire into the subject. Julia, quite enraptured, was still nowise satisfied: she longed for Alexandria, Cairo, and, above all, for the pyramids; of which, by the lessons of her intended father-in-law, she had gained some moderate knowledge.

Lucidor, next night (he had scarcely shut his door, the candle he had not put down), exclaimed, "Now, bethink thee, then: it is growing serious! Thou hast studied and meditated many serious things: what avails thy law-learning if thou canst not act like a man of law? View thyself as a delegate, forget thy own feelings, and do what it would behoove thee to

do for another. It thickens and closes round me horribly! The stranger is plainly come for the sake of Lucinda; she shows him the fairest, noblest social and hospitable attentions: that little fool would run through the world with any one for anything or nothing. Besides, she is a wag: her interest in cities and countries is a farce, by which she keeps us in silence. But why do I look at the affair so perplexedly, so narrowly? Is not the *Oberamtmann* himself the most judicious, the clearest, the kindest mediator? Thou wilt tell him how thou feelest and thinkest; and he will think with thee, if not likewise feel. With thy father he has all influence. And is not the one as well as the other his daughter? What would this Antoni the traveller with Lucinda, who is born for home, to be happy and to make happy? Let the wavering quicksilver fasten itself to the Wandering Jew: that will be a right match."

Next morning Lucidor came down with the firm purpose of speaking with the father, and waiting on him expressly to that end, at the hour when he knew him to be disengaged. How great was his vexation, his perplexity, on learning that the *Oberamtmann* had been called away on business, and was not expected till the day after the morrow! Julia, on this occasion, seemed to be expressly in her travelling-fit; she kept by the world wanderer, and, with some sportive hits at domestic economy, gave up Lucidor to Lucinda. If our friend, viewing this noble maiden from a certain distance, and under one general impression, had already, with his whole heart, loved her, he failed not now in this nearest nearness to discover with double and treble vividness in detail all that had before as a whole attracted him.

The good old friend of the family now brought himself forward in place of the absent father: he, too, had lived, had loved, and was now, after many hard

buffetings and bruises of life, resting at last, refreshed and cheerful, beside the friend of his youth. He enlivened the conversation, and especially expatiated on perplexities in choice of wives; relating several remarkable examples of explanations, both in time and too late. Lucinda appeared in all her splendour. She admitted, that accident in all departments of life, and so likewise in the business of marriage, often produced the best result; yet that it was finer and prouder when one could say he owed his happiness to himself, to the silent, calm conviction of his heart, to a noble purpose and a quick determination. Tears stood in Lucidor's eyes as he applauded this sentiment: directly afterward the two ladies went out. The old president liked well to deal in illustrative histories; and so the conversation expanded itself into details of pleasant instances, which, however, touched our hero so closely that none but a youth of as delicate manners as his could have refrained from breaking out with his secret. He did break out so soon as he was by himself.

"I have constrained myself!" exclaimed he: "with such perplexities I will not vex my good father; I have forborne to speak, for I see in this worthy old man the substitute of both fathers. To him will I speak, to him disclose the whole: he will surely bring it about; he has already almost spoken what I wish. Will he censure in the individual case what he praises in general? To-morrow I visit him: I must give vent to this oppression."

At breakfast the old man was not present: last night he had spoken, it appeared, too much, had sat too long, and likewise drunk a drop or two of wine beyond his custom. Much was said in his praise: many anecdotes were related, and precisely of such sayings and doings as brought Lucidor to despair for not having forthwith applied to him. This unpleasant feeling was but aggravated when he learned, that, in

such attacks of disorder, the good old man would often not make his re-appearance for a week.

For social converse a country residence has many advantages, especially when the owners of it have, for a course of years, been induced, as thinking and feeling persons, to improve the natural capabilities of their environs. Such had been the good fortune of this spot. The *Oberamtmann*, at first unwedded, then in a long, happy marriage, himself a man of fortune, and occupying a lucrative post, had, according to his own judgment and perception, according to the taste of his wife, — nay, at last according to the wishes and whims of his children, — laid out and forwarded many larger and smaller decorations; which, by degrees, being skilfully connected with plantations and paths, afforded to the promenader a very beautiful, continually varying, characteristic series of scenes. A pilgrimage through these our young hosts now proposed to their guest; as in general we take pleasure in showing our improvements to a stranger, that so what has become habitual in our eyes may appear with the charm of novelty in his, and leave with him, in permanent remembrance, its first favourable impression.

The nearest, as well as the most distant, part of the grounds was peculiarly appropriate for modest decorations, and altogether rural individualities. Fertile hills alternated with well-watered meadows, so that the whole was visible from time to time without being flat; and, if the land seemed chiefly devoted to purposes of utility, the graceful, the attractive, was by no means excluded.

To the dwelling and office houses were united various gardens, orchards, and green spaces; out of which you imperceptibly passed into a little wood with a broad, clear carriage-road, winding up and down through the midst of it. Here, in a central spot, on the most considerable elevation, there had been a hall

erected, with side-chambers entering from it. On coming through the main door you saw, in a large mirror, the most favourable prospect which the country afforded, and were sure to turn round that instant, to recover yourself on the reality from the effect of this its unexpected image; for the approach was artfully enough contrived, and all that could excite surprise was carefully hid till the last moment. No one entered but felt pleasurably tempted to turn from the mirror to nature, and from nature to the mirror.

Once in motion in this fairest, brightest, longest day, our party made a spiritual campaign of it, over and through the whole. Here the daughters pointed out the evening-seat of their good mother, where a stately box-tree had kept clear space all round it. A little farther on Lucinda's place of morning prayer was half-roguishly exhibited by Julia, close to a little brook, between poplars and alders, with meadows sloping down from it, and fields stretching upwards. It was indescribably pretty. You thought you had seen such a spot everywhere, but nowhere so impressive and so perfect in its simplicity. In return for this the young master, also half against Julia's will, pointed out the tiny groves, and child's gardens which, close by a snug-lying mill, were now scarcely discernible: they dated from a time when Julia, perhaps in her tenth year, had taken it into her head to become a milleress; intending, after the decease of the two old occupants, to assume the management herself, and choose some brave millman for her husband.

"That was at a time," cried Julia, "when I knew nothing of towns lying on rivers, or even on the sea,—nothing of Genoa, of Naples, and the like. Your worthy father, Lucidor, has converted me: of late I come seldom hither." She sat down with a roguish air, and on a little bench, that was now scarcely large enough for her, under an elder-bough, which had bent

deeply toward the ground. "Fie on this cowering!" cried she, then started up, and ran off with her gay brother.

The remaining pair kept up a rational conversation, and in these cases reason approaches close to the borders of feeling. Wandering over changeful, simple, natural objects, to contemplate at leisure how cunning, scheming man contrives to gain some profit from them; how his perception of what is laid before him, combining with the feeling of his wants, does wonders, first in rendering the world inhabitable, then in peopling it, and at last in over-peopling it, — all this could here be talked of in detail. Lucinda gave account of everything; and, modest as she was, she could not hide that these pleasant and convenient combinations of distant parts by roads had been her work, under the proposal, direction, or favour of her revered mother.

But, as the longest day at last bends down to evening, our party were at last forced to think of returning: and, while devising some pleasant circuit, the merry brother proposed that they should take the short road; though it commanded no fine prospects, and was even in some places more difficult to get over. "For," cried he, "you have preached all day about your decorations and reparations, and how you have improved and beautified the scene for pictorial eyes and feeling hearts: let me, also, have my turn."

Accordingly, they now set forth over ploughed grounds, by coarse paths, nay, sometimes picking their way by stepping-stones in boggy places; till at last they perceived, at some distance, a pile of machinery towering up in manifold combination. More closely examined, it turned out to be a large apparatus for sport and games, arranged, not without judgment, and in a certain popular spirit. Here, fixed at suitable distances, stood a large swing-wheel, on which the ascending and the descending riders might still sit

horizontally and at their ease; other seesaws, swing-ropes, leaping-poles, bowling and ninepins courses, and whatever can be fancied for variedly and equally employing and diverting a crowd of people gathered on a large common. "This," cried he, "is my invention, my decoration! And though my father found the money, and a shrewd fellow the brain necessary for it, yet without me, whom you often call a person of no judgment, money and brain would not have come together."

In this cheerful mood the whole four reached home by sunset. Antoni also joined them; but the little Julia, not yet satisfied with this unresting travel, ordered her coach, and set forth on a visit to a lady of her friends, in utter despair at not having seen her for two days. The party left behind began to feel embarrassed before they were aware: it was even mentioned in words that the father's absence distressed them. The conversation was about to stagnate, when all at once the madcap sprang from his seat, and in a few moments returned with a book, proposing to read to the company. Lucinda forbore not to inquire how this notion had occurred to him, now for the first time in a twelvemonth. "Everything occurs to me," said he, "at the proper season: this is more than you can say for yourself." He read them a series of genuine antique tales, such as lead man away from himself, flattering his wishes, and making him forget all those restrictions between which, even in the happiest moments, we are still hemmed in.

"What shall I do now?" cried Lucidor, when at last he saw himself alone. "The hour presses on: in Antoni I have no trust; he is an utter stranger; I know not who he is, how he comes to be here, nor what he wants: Lucinda seems to be his object; and, if so, what can I expect of him? Nothing remains for me but applying to Lucinda herself: she must know of

it, she before all others. This was my first feeling: why do we stray into side-paths and subterfuges? My first thought shall be my last, and I hope to reach my aim."

On Saturday morning Lucidor, dressed at an early hour, was walking to and fro in his chamber, thinking and conning over his projected address to Lucinda, when he heard a sort of jestful contention before his door; and the door itself directly afterward went up. The mad younker was shoving in a boy before him with coffee and baked ware for the guest: he himself carried cold meats and wine. "Go thou foremost," cried the younker, "for the guest must be first served: I am used to serve myself. My friend, to-day I am entering somewhat early and tumultuously: but let us take our breakfast in peace; then we shall see what is to be done, for of our company there is nothing to be hoped. The little one is not yet back from her friend: they two have to pour out their hearts together every fortnight, otherwise the poor, dear hearts would burst. On Saturdays Lucinda is good for nothing: she balances her household accounts for my father; she would have had me taking share in the concern, but Heaven forbid! When I know the price of anything, no morsel of it can I relish. Guests are expected to-morrow; the old man has not yet got refitted: Antoni is gone to hunt; we will do the same."

Guns, pouches, and dogs were ready as our pair stepped down into the court; and now they set forth over field and hill, shooting at best a leveret or so, and perhaps here and there a poor, indifferent, undeserving bird. Meanwhile they kept talking of domestic affairs, of the household, and company at present assembled in it. Antoni was mentioned, and Lucidor failed not to inquire more narrowly about him. The gay younker, with some self-complaisance, asserted, that strange as the man was, and much mystery as he made about

himself, he, the gay younker, had already seen through him and through him. "Without doubt," continued he, "Antoni is the son of a rich mercantile family, whose large partnership concern fell to ruin at the very time when he, in the full vigour of youth, was preparing to take a cheerful and active hand in their great undertakings, and, withal, to share in their abundant profits. Dashed down from the summit of his hopes, he gathered himself together, and undertook to perform for strangers what he was no longer in a case to perform for his relatives. And so he travelled through the world, became thoroughly acquainted with it and its mutual traffickings; in the meanwhile not forgetting his own advantage. Unwearied diligence and tried fidelity obtained and secured for him unbounded confidence from many. Thus in all places he acquired connections and friends: nay, it is easy to see that his fortune is as widely scattered abroad as his acquaintance; and, accordingly, his presence is from time to time required in all quarters of the world."

These things the merry younker told in a more circumstantial and simple style, introducing many farcical observations, as if he meant to spin out his story to full length.

"How long, for instance," cried he, "has this Antoni been connected with my father? They think I see nothing because I trouble myself about nothing; but for this very reason I see it better, as I take no interest in it. To my father he has entrusted large sums, who, again, has deposited them securely and to advantage. It was but last night that he gave our old dietetic friend a casket of jewels; a finer, simpler, costlier piece of ware I never cast my eyes on: though I saw this only with a single glance, for they make a secret of it. Most probably it is to be consigned to the bride for her pleasure, satisfaction, and future security. Antoni has set his heart on Lucinda! Yet, when I

see them together, I cannot think it a well-assorted match. The hop-skip would have suited him better: I believe, too, she would take him sooner than the elder would. Many a time I see her looking over to the old curmudgeon, so gay and sympathetic, as if she could find in her heart to spring into the coach with him, and fly off at full gallop." Lucidor collected himself; he knew not what to answer; all that he heard obtained his internal approbation. The younker proceeded, "All along the girl has had a perverted liking for old people: I believe, of a truth, she would have skipped away and wedded your father as briskly as she would his son."

Lucidor followed his companion over stock and stone, as it pleased the gay youth to lead him: both forgot the chase, which, at any rate, could not be productive. They called at a farmhouse, where, being hospitably received, the one friend entertained himself with eating, drinking, and tattling; the other again plunged into meditations and projects for turning this new discovery to his own profit.

From all these narrations and disclosures Lucidor had acquired so much confidence in Antoni, that, immediately on their return, he asked for him, and hastened into the garden where he was said to be. In vain! No soul was to be seen anywhere. At last he entered the door of the great hall: and strange enough the setting sun, reflected from the mirror, so dazzled him that he could not recognise the two persons who were sitting on the sofa; though he saw distinctly that it was a lady and a man, which latter was that instant warmly kissing the hand of his companion. How great, accordingly, was Lucidor's astonishment when, on recovering his clearness of vision, he beheld Antoni sitting by Lucinda. He was like to sink through the ground; he stood, however, as if rooted to the spot, till Lucinda, in the kindest, most unembarrassed manner,

shifted a little to a side, and invited him to take a seat on her right hand. Unconsciously he obeyed her; and while she addressed him, inquiring after his present day's history, asking pardon for her absence on domestic engagements, he could scarcely hear her voice. Antoni rose, and took his leave: Lucinda, resting herself from her toil as the others were doing, invited Lucidor to a short stroll. Walking by her side he was silent and embarrassed: she, too, seemed ill at ease; and, had he been in the slightest degree self-collected, her deep-drawn breathing must have disclosed to him that she had heartfelt sighs to suppress. She at last took her leave as they approached the house: he, on the other hand, turned round at first slowly, then at a violent pace, to the open country. The park was too narrow for him: he hastened through the fields, listening only to the voice of his heart, and without eyes for the beauties of this loveliest evening. When he found himself alone, and his feelings were relieving their violence in a shower of tears, he exclaimed:

"Already in my life, but never with such fierceness, have I felt the agony which now makes me altogether wretched, — to see the long-wished-for happiness at length reach me, hand in hand and arm in arm unite with me, and at the same moment announce its eternal departure! I was sitting by her, I was walking by her, her fluttering garment touched me; and I have lost her! Reckon it not over, torture not thy heart with it, be silent and determine!"

He laid a prohibition on his lips: he held his peace, and planned and meditated; stepping over field and meadow and bush, not always by the smoothest paths. Late at night, on returning to his chamber, he gave voice to his thoughts for a moment, and cried, "Tomorrow morning I am gone: another such day I will not front."

And so, without undressing, he threw himself on

the bed. Happy, healthy season of youth! He was already asleep: the fatiguing motion of the day had earned for him the sweetest rest. Out of bright morning dreams, however, the earliest sun awoke him: this was the longest day in the year, and for him it threatened to be too long. If the grace of the peaceful evening star had passed over him unnoticed, he felt the awakening beauty of the morning only to despair. The world was lying here as glorious as ever; to his eyes it was still so, but his soul contradicted it: all this belonged to him no longer; he had lost Lucinda.

His travelling-bag was soon packed; this he was to leave behind him; he left no letter with it: a verbal message in excuse of absence from dinner, perhaps also from supper, might be left with the groom, whom, at any rate, he must awaken. The groom, however, was awake already: Lucidor found him in the yard, walking with large strides before the stable door. "You do not mean to ride?" cried the usually good-natured man, with a tone of some spleen. "To you I may say it, but young master is growing worse and worse. There was he driving about far and near yesterday: you might have thought he would thank God for a Sunday to rest in. And see if he does not come this morning before daybreak, rummages about in the stable, and, while I am getting up, saddles and bridles your horse, flings himself on it, and cries, 'Do but consider the good work I am doing! This beast keeps jogging on at a staid, juridical trot: I must see and rouse him into a smart life-gallop.' He said something just so, and other strange speeches besides."

Lucidor was doubly and trebly vexed: he liked the horse, as corresponding to his own character, his own mode of life; it grieved him to figure his good, sensible beast in the hands of a madcap. His plan, too, was overturned, — his purpose of flying to a college friend

with whom he had lived in cheerful, cordial union, and in this crisis seeking refuge beside him. His old confidence had been awakened, the intervening miles were not counted: he had fancied himself already at the side of his true-hearted and judicious friend, finding counsel and assuagement from his words and looks. This prospect was now cut off, yet not entirely, if he could venture with the fresh, pedestrian limbs which still stood at his command to set forth toward the goal.

First of all, accordingly, he struck through the park; making for the open country, and the road which was to lead him to his friend. Of his direction he was not quite certain, when, looking to the left, his eye fell upon the hermitage, which had hitherto been kept secret from him, — a strange edifice, rising with grotesque joinery through bush and tree; and here, to his extreme astonishment, he observed the good old man, who for some days had been considered sick, standing in the gallery under the Chinese roof, and looking blithely through the soft morning. The friendliest salutation, the most pressing entreaties to come up, Lucidor resisted with excuses and gestures of haste. Nothing but sympathy with the good old man, who, hastening down with infirm step, seemed every moment in danger of falling to the bottom, could induce him to turn thither, and then suffer himself to be conducted up. With surprise he entered the pretty little hall; it had only three windows, turned toward the park, — a most graceful prospect: the other sides were decorated, or, rather, covered with hundreds of portraits, copperplate or painted, which were fixed in a certain order to the wall, and separated by coloured borders and interstices.

"I favour you, my friend, more than I do every one: this is the sanctuary in which I peacefully spend my last days. Here I recover myself from all the mistakes

which society tempts me to commit: here my dietetic errors are corrected, and my old being is again restored to equilibrium."

Lucidor looked over the place; and, being well read in history, he easily observed that an historical taste had presided in its arrangement.

"Above, there, in the frieze," said the old virtuoso, "you will find the names of distinguished men in the primitive ages; then those of later antiquity; yet still only their names, for how they looked would now be difficult to discover. But here, in the main field, comes my own life into play: here are the men whose names I used to hear mentioned in my boyhood. For some fifty years or so the name of a distinguished man continues in the remembrance of the people: then it vanishes, or becomes fabulous. Though of German parentage, I was born in Holland; and, for me, William of Orange, Stadtholder, and King of England, is the patriarch of all common great men and heroes.

"Now, close by William, you observe Louis Fourteenth as the person who—" How gladly would Lucidor have cut short the good old man, had it but been permitted him, as it is to us the narrators: for the whole late and latest history of the world seemed impending; as from the portraits of Frederick the Great and his generals, toward which he was glancing, was but too clearly to be gathered.

And though the kindly young man could not but respect his old friend's lively sympathy in these things, nor deny that some individual features and views in this exhibitory discourse might be interesting; yet at college he had heard the late and latest history of Europe already: and, what a man has once heard, he fancies himself to know for ever. Lucidor's thoughts were wandering far away: he heard not, he scarcely saw, and was just on the point, in spite of all politeness, of flinging himself out, and tumbling down the

long, fatal stair, when a loud clapping of hands was heard from below.

While Lucidor restrained his movement, the old man looked over through the window; and a well-known voice resounded from beneath, "Come down, for Heaven's sake, out of your historic picture-gallery, old gentleman! Conclude your fasts and humiliations, and help me to appease our young friend, when he learns it. Lucidor's horse I have ridden somewhat hard: it has lost a shoe, and I was obliged to leave the beast behind me. What will he say? He is too absurd, when one behaves absurdly."

"Come up," said the old man, and turning in to Lucidor. "Now what say you?" Lucidor was silent, and the wild blade entered. The discussion of the business lasted long: at length it was determined to despatch the groom forthwith, that he might seek the horse, and take charge of it.

Leaving the old man, the two younkers hastened to the house; Lucidor, not quite unwillingly, submitting to this arrangement. Come of it what might, within these walls the sole wish of his heart was included. In such desperate cases, we are, at any rate, cut off from the assistance of our free will; and we feel ourselves relieved for a moment, when, from any quarter, direction and constraint take hold of us. Yet, on entering his chamber, he found himself in the strangest mood, — like a man who, having just left an apartment of an inn, is forced to return to it by the breaking of an axle.

The gay younker fell upon the travelling-bag, unpacking it all in due order; especially selecting every article of holiday apparel, which, though only on the travelling scale, was to be found there. He forced Lucidor to put on fresh shoes and stockings: he dressed for him his clustering brown locks, and decked him at all points with his best skill. Then stepping back, and surveying

our friend and his own handiwork from head to foot, he exclaimed, "Now, then, my good fellow, you do look like a man that has some pretensions to pretty damsels, and serious enough, moreover, to spy about you for a bride! Wait one moment! You shall see how I, too, can produce myself, when the hour strikes. This knack I learned from your military officers; the girls are always glancing at them: so I likewise have enrolled myself among a certain soldiery; and now they look at me, too, and look again; and no soul of them knows what to make of it. And so, from this looking and re-looking, from this surprise and attention, a pretty enough result now and then arises; which, though it were not lasting, is worth enjoying for the moment.

"But come along, my friend, and do the like service for me. When you have seen me case myself by piecemeal in my equipment, you will not say that wit and invention have been denied me." He now led his friend through several long, spacious passages of the old castle. "I have quite nestled myself here," cried he. "Though I care not for hiding, I like to be alone: you can do no good with other people."

They were passing by the office-rooms just as a servant came out with a patriarchal writing apparatus, black, massive, and complete: paper, too, was not forgotten.

"I know what it is to be blotted here again," cried the younker: "go thy ways, and leave me the key. Take a look of the place, Lucidor: it will amuse you till I am dressed. To a friend of justice, such a spot is not odious, as to a tamer of horses." And, with this, he pushed Lucidor into the hall of judgment.

Lucidor felt himself directly in a well-known and friendly element: he thought of the days when he, fixed down to business, had sat at such a table, and, listening and writing, had trained himself to his art. Nor did he fail to observe, that in this case an old,

stately, domestic chapel had, under the change of religious ideas, been converted to the service of Themis. In the repositories he found some titles and acts already familiar to him: in these very matters he had coöperated while labouring in the capital. Opening a bundle of papers, there came into his hands a rescript which he himself had dictated; another of which he had been the originator. Handwriting and paper, signet and president's signature, everything recalled to him that season of juridical effort, of youthful hope. And here, when he looked round, and saw the *Oberamtmann's* chair, appointed and intended for himself; so fair a place, so dignified a circle of activity, which he was now like to cast away and utterly lose, — all this oppressed him doubly and trebly, as the form of Lucinda seemed to retire from him at the same time.

He turned to go out into the open air, but found himself a prisoner. His gay friend, heedlessly or roguishly, had left the door locked. Lucidor, however, did not long continue in this durance; for the other returned, apologised for his oversight, and really called forth good humour by his singular appearance. A certain audacity of colour and cut in his clothes was softened by natural taste, as even to tattooed Indians we refuse not a certain approbation. "To-day," cried he, "the tedium of by-gone days shall be made good to us. Worthy friends, merry friends, are come; pretty girls, roguish and fond; and my father, to boot; and, wonder on wonder! your father too. This will be a festival truly: they are all assembled for breakfast in the parlour."

With Lucidor, at this piece of information, it was as if he were looking into deep fog: all the figures, known and unknown, which the words announced to him, assumed a spectral aspect; yet his resolution, and the consciousness of a pure heart, sustained him: and in a few seconds he felt himself prepared for everything.

He followed his hastening friend with a steady step, firmly determined to await the issue, be what it might, and explain his own purposes, come what come might.

And yet, at the very threshold of the hall, he was struck with some alarm. In a large half-circle, ranged round by the windows, he immediately descried his father with the *Oberamtmann*, both splendidly attired. The two sisters, Antoni, and others known and unknown, he hurried over with a glance which was threatening to grow dim. Half wavering, he approached his father, who bade him welcome with the utmost kindness, yet in a certain style of formality which scarcely invited any trustful application. Standing before so many persons, he looked round to find a place among them for a moment; he might have arranged himself beside Lucinda: but Julia, contrary to the rigour of etiquette, made room for him; so that he was forced to step to her side. Antoni continued by Lucinda.

At this important moment Lucidor again felt as if he were a delegate; and, steeled by his whole juridical science, he called up in his own favour the fine maxim, That we should transact affairs delegated to us by a stranger as if they were our own; why not our own, therefore, in the same spirit? Well practised in official orations, he speedily ran over what he had to say. But the company, ranged in a formal semicircle, seemed to outflank him. The purport of his speech he knew well: the beginning of it he could not find. At this crisis he observed on a table, in the corner, the large inkglass, and several clerks sitting round it: the *Oberamtmann* made a movement as if to solicit attention for a speech; Lucidor wished to anticipate him: and, at that very moment, Julia pressed his hand. This threw him out of all self-possession, convinced him that all was decided, all lost for him.

With the whole of these negotiations, these family alliances, with social conventions, and rules of good manners, he had now nothing more to do: he snatched his hand from Julia's, and vanished so rapidly from the room, that the company lost him unawares; and he out of doors could not find himself again.

Shrinking from the light of day, which shone down upon him in its highest splendour; avoiding the eyes of men; dreading search and pursuit,—he hurried forwards, and reached the large garden-hall. Here his knees were like to fail him: he rushed in, and threw himself, utterly comfortless, upon the sofa beneath the mirror. Amid the polished arrangements of society, to be caught in such unspeakable perplexity! It dashed to and fro like waves about him and within him. His past existence was struggling with his present: it was a frightful moment.

And so he lay for a time, with his face hid in the cushion on which last night Lucinda's arm had rested. Altogether sunk in his sorrow, he had heard no footsteps approach: feeling some one touch him, he started up, and perceived Lucinda standing by his side.

Fancying they had sent her to bring him back, had commissioned her to lead him with fit, sisterly words into the assemblage to front his hated doom, he exclaimed, "You they should not have sent, Lucinda; for it was you that drove me away. I will not return. Give me, if you are capable of any pity, procure me, convenience and means of flight. For, that you yourself may testify how impossible it was to bring me back, listen to the explanation of my conduct, which to you and all of them must seem insane. Hear now the oath which I have sworn in my soul, and which I incessantly repeat in words: with you only did I wish to live, with you to enjoy, to employ my days, from youth to old age, in true, honourable union. And let this be as firm and sure as aught ever sworn before the altar,

—this, which I now swear, now when I leave you, the most pitiable of all men."

He made a movement to glide past her, as she stood close before him; but she caught him softly in her arms. "What is this?" exclaimed he.

"Lucidor!" cried she, "not pitiable as you think: you are mine, I am yours; I hold you in my arms; delay not to throw your arms about me. Your father has agreed to all: Antoni marries my sister."

In astonishment he recoiled from her. "Can it be?" Lucinda smiled and nodded: he drew back from her arms. "Let me view once more, at a distance, what is to be mine so nearly, so inseparably!" He grasped her hands: "Lucinda, are you mine?"

She answered, "Well, then, yes," the sweetest tears in the truest eyes: he clasped her to his breast, and threw his head behind hers; he hung like a shipwrecked mariner on the cliffs of the coast; the ground still shook under him. And now his enraptured eye, again opening, lighted on the mirror. He saw her there in his arms, himself clasped in hers: he looked down and again to the image. Such emotions accompany man throughout his life. In the mirror, also, he beheld the landscape, which last night had appeared to him so baleful and ominous, now lying fairer and brighter than ever; and himself in such a posture, on such a background! Abundant recompense for all sorrows!

"We are not alone," said Lucinda; and scarcely had he recovered from his rapture, when, all decked and garlanded, a company of girls and boys came forward, carrying wreaths of flowers, and crowding the entrance of the hall. "This is not the way," cried Lucinda: "how prettily it was arranged, and now it is all running into tumult!" A gay march sounded from a distance, and the company were seen coming on by the large road in stately procession. Lucidor hesitated to advance toward them: only on her arm did he seem

certain of his steps. She stayed beside him; expecting from moment to moment the solemn scene of meeting, of thanks for pardon already given.

But by the capricious gods it was otherwise determined. The gay, clanging sound of a postilion's horn from the opposite side seemed to throw the whole ceremony into rout. "Who can be coming?" cried Lucinda. The thought of a strange presence was frightful to Lucidor, and the carriage seemed entirely unknown to him. A double-seated, new, spick-and-span new, travelling-chaise! It rolled up to the hall. A well-dressed, handsome boy sprang down, opened the door; but no one dismounted; the chaise was empty. The boy stepped into it: with a dexterous touch or two he threw back the tilts; and there, in a twinkling, stood the daintiest vehicle in readiness for the gayest drive, before the eyes of the whole party, who were now advancing to the spot. Antoni, outhastening the rest, led Julia to the carriage. "Try if this machine," said he, "will please you; if you can sit in it, and, over the smoothest roads, roll through the world beside me: I will lead you by no other but the smoothest; and, when a strait comes, we shall know how to help ourselves. Over the mountains sumpters shall carry us, and our coach also."

"You are a dear creature!" cried Julia. The boy came forward, and, with the quickness of a conjurer, exhibited all the conveniences, little advantages, comforts, and celerities of the whole light edifice.

"On earth I have no thanks," cried Julia; "but from this little moving heaven, from this cloud, into which you raise me, I will heartily thank you." She had already bounded in, throwing him kind looks, and a kiss of the hand. "For the present you come not hither; but there is another whom I mean to take along with me in this proof-excursion, — he himself has still a proof to undergo." She called to Lucidor,

who, just then occupied in mute conversation with his father and father-in-law, willingly took refuge in the light vehicle, feeling an irresistible necessity to dissipate his thoughts in some way or other, though it were but for a moment. He placed himself beside her: she directed the postilion where he was to drive. Instantly they darted off, enveloped in a cloud of dust, and vanished from the eyes of the amazed spectators.

Julia fixed herself in the corner as firmly and commodiously as she could wish. "Now do you shift into that one, too, good brother; so that we may look each other rightly in the face."

Lucidor. You feel my confusion, my embarrassment. I am still as if in a dream. Help me out of it.

Julia. Look at these gay peasants. How kindly they salute us! You have never seen the Upper Hamlet yet, since you came hither. All good, substantial people there, and all thoroughly devoted to me. No one of them so rich that you cannot, by a time, do a little kind service to him. This road, which we whirl along so smoothly, is my father's doing, — another of his benefits to the community.

Lucidor. I believe it, and willingly admit it; but what have these external things to do with the perplexity of my internal feelings?

Julia. Patience a little! I will show you the riches of this world, and the glory thereof. Here now we are at the top. Do but look how clear the level country lies all round us, leaning against the mountains. All these villages are much, much indebted to my father; to mother and daughters too. The grounds of yon little hamlet are the border.

Lucidor. Surely you are in a very strange mood: you do not seem to be saying what you mean to say.

Julia. But now look down to the left. How beautifully all this unfolds itself! The church, with its high lindens; the *Amthaus*, with its poplars, behind

the village knoll. Here, too, are the garden and the park.

The postilion drove faster.

Julia. The Hall up yonder you know. It looks almost as well here as this scene does from it. Here, at the tree, we shall stop a moment. Now, in this very spot our image is reflected in the large mirror: there they see us full well, but we cannot see ourselves. — Go along, postilion! There, some little while ago, two people, I believe, were reflected at a shorter distance, and, if I am not exceedingly mistaken, to their great mutual satisfaction.

Lucidor, in ill-humour, answered nothing. They went on for some time in silence, driving very hard. "Here," said Julia, "the bad road begins, — a service left for you to do some day. Before we go lower, look down once more. My mother's box-tree rises with its royal summit over all the rest. Thou wilt drive," continued she, to the postilion, "down this rough road: we shall take the footpath through the dale, and so be sooner at the other side than thou." In dismounting, she cried, "Well, now, you will confess the Wandering Jew, this restless Antoni the Traveller, can arrange his pilgrimages prettily enough for himself and his companions. It is a very beautiful and commodious carriage."

And with this she tripped away down hill. Lucidor followed her in deep thought: she was sitting on a pleasant seat; it was Lucinda's little spot. She invited him to sit by her.

Julia. So now we are sitting here, and one is nothing to the other. Thus it was destined to be. The little Quicksilver would not suit you. Love it you could not: it was hateful to you.

Lucidor's astonishment increased.

Julia. But Lucinda, indeed! She is the paragon of all perfections, and the pretty sister was once for all

cast out. I see it: the question hovers on your lips, Who has told us all so accurately?

Lucidor. There is treachery in it!

Julia. Yes, truly! There has been a traitor at work in the matter.

Lucidor. Name him.

Julia. He is soon unmasked: You! You have the praiseworthy or blameworthy custom of talking to yourself; and now, in the name of all, I must confess that in turn we have overheard you.

Lucidor (starting up). A sorry piece of hospitality, to lay snares for a stranger in this way!

Julia. By no means. We thought not of watching you more than any other. But you know your bed stands in the recess of the wall: on the opposite side is another alcove, commonly employed for laying up household articles. Hither, some days before, we had shifted our old man's bed, being anxious about him in his remote hermitage; and here, the first night, you started some such passionate soliloquy, which he next morning took his opportunity of rehearsing.

Lucidor had not the heart to interrupt her. He withdrew.

Julia (rising and following him). What a service this discovery did us all! For I will confess, if you were not positively disagreeable, the situation which awaited me was not by any means to my mind. To be Frau Oberamtmannin, — what a dreadful state! To have a brave, gallant husband, who is to pass judgment on the people, and, for sheer judgment, cannot get to justice; who can please neither high nor low, and, what is worst, not even himself. I know what my poor mother suffered from the incorruptibility, the inflexibility, of my father. At last, indeed, but not till her death, a certain meekness took possession of him: he seemed to suit himself to the world, to make

a truce with those evils which till then he had vainly striven to conquer.

Lucidor (stopping short, extremely discontented with the incident, vexed at this light mode of treating it). For the sport of an evening this might pass, but to practise such a disgracing mystification day and night against an unsuspicious stranger is not pardonable.

Julia. We are all equally deep in the crime, we all hearkened you; yet I alone pay the penalty of eavesdropping.

Lucidor. All! So much the more unpardonable. And how could you look at me, throughout the day, without blushing, whom at night you were so contemptuously overreaching? But I see clearly with a glance that your arrangements by day were planned to make mockery of me. A fine family! And where was your father's love of justice all this while?—And Lucinda—

Julia. And Lucinda! What a tone was that! You meant to say, did not you, how deeply it grieved your heart to think ill of Lucinda, to rank her in a class with the rest of us?

Lucidor. I cannot understand Lucinda.

Julia. In other words, this pure, noble soul; this peacefully composed nature, benevolence, goodness itself; this woman as she should be,—unites with a light-minded company, with a freakish sister, a spoiled brother, and certain mysterious persons. That is incomprehensible!

Lucidor. Yes, indeed, it is incomprehensible!

Julia. Comprehend it, then! Lucinda, like the rest of us, had her hands bound. Could you have seen her perplexity, how fain she would have told you all, how often she was on the very eve of doing it, you would now love her doubly and trebly, if, indeed, true love were not always tenfold and hundredfold

of itself. I can assure you, moreover, that all of us at length thought the joke too long.

Lucidor. Why did you not end it, then?

Julia. That, too, I must explain. No sooner had my father got intelligence of your first monologue, and seen, as was easy to do, that none of his children would object to such an exchange, than he determined on visiting your father. The importance of the business gave him much anxiety. A father alone can feel the respect which is due to a father. "He must be informed of it in the first place," said mine, "that he may not in the end, when we are all agreed, be reduced to give a forced and displeased consent. I know him well: I know how any thought, any wish, any purpose, cleaves to him; and I have my own fears about the issue. Julia, his maps and pictures, he has long viewed as one thing; he has it in his eye to transport all this hither, when the young pair are once settled here, and his old pupil cannot change her abode so readily: on us he is to bestow his holidays; and who knows what other kind, friendly things he has projected? He must forthwith be informed what a trick Nature has played us, while yet nothing is declared, nothing is determined." And, with this, he exacted from us all the most solemn promise that we should observe you, and, come what might, retain you here till his return. How this return has been protracted; what art, toil, and perseverance it has cost to gain your father's consent, — he himself will inform you. In short, the business is adjusted: Lucinda is yours.

And thus had the two promenaders, sharply removing from their first resting-place, then pausing by the way, then speaking, and walking slowly through the green fields, at last reached the height, where another well-levelled road received them. The carriage came whirling up: Julia in the meanwhile turned her

friend's attention to a strange sight. The whole machinery, of which her gay brother had bragged so much, was now alive and in motion: the wheels were already heaving up and down a multitude of people; the seesaws were flying; maypoles had their climbers; and many a bold, artful swing and spring over the heads of an innumerable multitude you might see ventured. The younker had set all a-going, that so the guests, after dinner, might have a gay spectacle awaiting them. "Thou wilt drive through the Nether Hamlet," cried Julia: "the people wish me well, and they shall see how well I am off."

The hamlet was empty: the young people had all run to the swings and seesaws; old men and women, roused by the driver's horn, appeared at doors and windows; every one gave salutations and blessings, exclaiming, "Oh, what a lovely pair!"

Julia. There, do you hear? We should have suited well enough together after all: you may rue it yet.

Lucidor. But now, dear sister —

Julia. Ha! Now dear, when you are rid of me!

Lucidor. One single word. On you rests a heavy accusation: what did you mean by that squeeze of the hand, when you knew and felt my dreadful situation? A thing so radically wicked I have never met with in my life before.

Julia. Thank Heaven we are now quits; now all is pardoned: I had no mind for *you*, that is certain; but that you had utterly and absolutely no mind for me, this was a thing which no young woman could forgive: and the squeeze of the hand, observe you, was for the rogue. I do confess it was almost too roguish: and I forgive myself, because I forgive you; and so let all be forgotten and forgiven! Here is my hand.

He took it: she cried, "Here we are again! In our

park again; and so, in a trice, we whirl through the wide world, and back too: we shall meet again."

They had reached the garden-hall; it seemed empty; the company, tired of waiting, had gone out to walk. Antoni, however, and Lucinda, came forth. Julia, stepping from the carriage, flew to her friend: she thanked him in a cordial embrace, and restrained not the most joyful tears. The brave man's cheeks reddened, his features looked forth unfolded; his eye glanced moist; and a fair, imposing youth shone through the veil.

And so both pairs moved off to join the company, with feelings which the finest dream could not have given them.

CHAPTER LAST.

"THUS, my friends," said Lenardo, after a short preamble, "if we survey the most populous provinces and kingdoms of the firm earth, we observe on all sides, that wherever an available soil appears, it is cultivated, planted, shaped, beautified, and, in the same proportion, coveted, taken into possession, fortified, and defended. Hereby we bring home to our conceptions the high worth of property in land, and are obliged to consider it as the first and best acquirement that can be allotted to man. And if, on closer inspection, we find parental and filial love, the union of countrymen and townsmen, and therefore the universal feeling of patriotism, founded immediately on this same interest in the soil, we cannot but regard that seizing and retaining of space, in the great or the small scale, as a thing still more important and venerable. Yes, Nature herself has so ordered it! A man born on the glebe comes by habit to belong to it; the two grow together, and the fairest ties are spun from their union. Who is there, then, that would spitefully disturb this foundation-stone of all existence; that would blindly deny the worth and dignity of such precious and peculiar gifts of Heaven?

"And yet we may assert, that if what man possesses is of great worth, what he does and accomplishes must be of still greater. In a wide view of things, therefore, we must look on property in land as one small part of the possessions that have been

given us. Of these the greatest and the most precious part consists especially in what is movable, and in what is gained by a moving life.

"Toward this quarter we younger men are peculiarly constrained to turn; for, though we had inherited from our fathers the desire of abiding and continuing, we find ourselves called by a thousand causes nowise to shut our eyes against a wider out-look and survey. Let us hasten, then, to the shore of the ocean, and convince ourselves what boundless spaces are still lying open to activity, and confess, that, by the bare thought of this, we are roused to new vigour.

"Yet, not to lose ourselves in these vast expanses, let us direct our attention to the long and large surface of so many countries and kingdoms combined together on the face of the earth. Here we behold great tracts of land tenanted by Nomades, whose towns are movable, whose life-supporting household goods can be transferred from place to place. We see them in the middle of the deserts, on wide green pasturages, lying, as it were, at anchor in their desired haven. Such movement, such wandering, becomes a habit with them, a necessity: in the end they grow to regard the surface of the world as if it were not bulwarked by mountains, were not cut asunder by streams. Have we not seen the North-east flow toward the South-west; one people driving another before it, and lordship and property altogether changed?

"From over-populous countries, a similar calamity may again, in the great circle of vicissitudes, occur more than once. What we have to dread from foreigners, it may be difficult to say; but it is curious enough, that, by our own over-population, we ourselves are thronging one another in our own domains, and, without waiting to be driven, are driving one another forth, passing sentence of banishment each against his fellow.

"Here now is the place and season for giving scope in our bosoms, without spleen or anger, to a love of movement; for unfettering that impatient wish which excites us to change our abode. Yet whatever we may purpose and intend, let it be accomplished, not from passion, or from any other influence of force, but from a conviction corresponding to the wisest judgment and deliberation.

"It has been said, and over again said, Where I am well is my country! But this consolatory saw were better worded, Where I am useful is my country! At home you may be useless, and the fact not instantly observed: abroad in the world, the useless man is speedily convicted. And now, if I say, Let each endeavour everywhere to be of use to himself and others, this is not a precept or a counsel, but the utterance of life itself.

"Cast a glance over the terrestrial ball, and for the present leave the ocean out of sight: let not its hurrying fleets distract your thoughts, but fix your eye on the firm earth, and be amazed to see how it is overflowed with a swarming ant-tribe, jostling and crossing, and running to and fro for ever! So was it ordained of the Lord himself, when, obstructing the Tower of Babel, he scattered the human race abroad into all the world. Let us praise his name on this account, for the blessing has extended to all generations.

"Observe now, and cheerfully, how the young, on every side, instantly get into movement. As instruction is not offered them within doors, and knocks not at their gates, they hasten forthwith to those countries and cities whither the call of science and wisdom allures them. Here, no sooner have they gained a rapid and scanty training, than they feel themselves impelled to look round in the world, whether here and there some profitable experience, applicable to their objects, may not be met with and appropriated. Let

these try their fortune! We turn from them to those completed and distinguished men, those noble inquirers into nature, who wittingly encounter every difficulty, every peril, that to the world they may lay the world open, and, through the most impassable, pave easy roads.

"But observe also, on beaten highways, how dust on dust, in long, cloudy trains, mounts up, betokening the track of commodious, top-laden carriages, in which the rich, the noble, and so many others, are whirled along; whose varying purposes and dispositions Yorick has most daintily explained to us.

"These the stout craftsman, on foot, may cheerily gaze after; for whom his country has made it a duty to appropriate foreign skill, and not, till this has been accomplished, to revisit his paternal hearth. In still greater numbers do traffickers and dealers meet us on our road: the little trader must not neglect, from time to time, to forsake his shop, that he may visit fairs and markets, may approach the great merchant, and increase his own small profit, by example and participation of the boundless. But yet more restlessly do we descry cruising on horseback, singly, on all high and by ways, that multitude of persons whose business it is, in lawful wise, to make forcible pretension to our purses. Samples of all sorts, prize catalogues, invitations to purchase, pursue us into town-houses and country-houses, and wherever we may seek refuge: diligently they assault us and surprise us; themselves offering the opportunity, which it would have entered no man's mind to seek. And what shall I say of that people which, before all others, arrogates to itself the blessing of perpetual wandering, and, by its movable activity, contrives to overreach the resting and to overstep the walking? Of them we must say neither ill nor good, — no good, because our League stands on its guard against them; no ill, because the wanderer,

mindful of reciprocal advantage, is bound to treat with friendliness whomsoever he may meet.

"But now, above all, we must mention with peculiar affection the whole race of artists; for they, too, are thoroughly involved in this universal movement. Does not the painter wander, with palette and easel, from face to face? and are not his kindred labourers summoned now this way, now that, because in all places there is something to be built and to be fashioned? More briskly, however, paces the musician on his way; for he peculiarly it is that for a new ear has provided new surprise, for a fresh mind fresh astonishment. Players, too, though they now despise the cart of Thespis, still rove about in little choirs; and their moving world, wherever they appear, is speedily enough built up. So likewise, individually, renouncing serious, profitable engagements, these men delight to change place with place, according as rising talents, combined with rising wants, furnish pretext and occasion. For this success they commonly prepare themselves by leaving no important stage in their native land untrodden.

"Nor let us forget to cast a glance over the professorial class: these, too, you find in continual motion, occupying and forsaking one chair after the other, to scatter richly abroad on every side the seeds of a hasty culture. More assiduous, however, and of wider aim, are those pious souls who disperse themselves through all quarters of the world to bring salvation to their brethren. Others, on the contrary, are pilgriming to seek salvation for themselves: they march in hosts to consecrated, wonder-working places, there to ask and receive what was denied their souls at home.

"And if all these sorts of men surprise us less by their wandering, as, for most part, without wandering, the business of their life were impossible, of those, again, who dedicate their diligence to the soil, we

should certainly expect that they, at least, were fixed. By no means! Even without possession, occupation is conceivable; and we behold the eager farmer forsaking the ground which for years had yielded him profit and enjoyment: impatiently he searches after similar or greater profit, be it far or near. Nay, the owner himself will abandon his new-grubbed clearage so soon as, by his cultivation, he has rendered it commodious for a less enterprising husbandman: once more he presses into the wilderness, again makes space for himself in the forests,—in recompense of that first toiling a double and treble space; on which also, it may be, he thinks not to continue.

"There we shall leave him, bickering with bears and other monsters, and turn back into the polished world, where we find the state of things no whit more stationary. Do but view any great and regulated kingdom: the ablest man is also the man who moves the oftenest; at the beck of his prince, at the order of his minister, the Serviceable is transferred from place to place. To him also our precept will apply, Everywhere endeavour to be useful, everywhere you are at home. Yet if we observe important statesmen leaving, though reluctantly, their high stations, we have reason to deplore their fate; for we can neither recognise them as emigrators, not as migrators,—not as emigrators, because they forego a covetable situation without any prospect of a better even seeming to open; not as migrators, because to be useful in other places is a fortune seldom granted them.

"For the soldier, again, a life of peculiar wandering is appointed: even in peace, now this, now that, post is entrusted to him; to fight, at hand or afar off, for his native country, he must keep himself perpetually in motion, or readiness to move; and not for immediate defence alone, but also to fulfil the remote purposes of nations and rulers, he turns his steps toward all quar-

ters of the world; and to few of his craft is it given to find any resting-place. And as in the soldier courage is his first and highest quality, so this must always be considered as united with fidelity; and, accordingly, we find certain nations famous for trustworthiness, called forth from their home, and serving spiritual or temporal regents as body-guards.

"Another class of persons indispensable to governments, and also of extreme mobility, we see in those negotiators who, despatched from court to court, beleaguer princes and ministers, and overnet the whole inhabited world with their invisible threads. Of these men, also, no one is certain of his place for a moment. In peace, the ablest of them are sent from country to country; in war, they march behind the army when victorious, prepare the way for it when fugitive: and thus are they appointed still to be changing place for place; on which account, indeed, they at all times carry with them a stock of farewell cards.

"If hitherto at every step we have contrived to do ourselves some honour, declaring, as we have done, the most distinguished portion of active men to be our mates and fellows in destiny, there now remains for you, my beloved friends, by way of termination, a glory higher than all the rest, seeing you find yourselves united in brotherhood with princes, kings, and emperors. Think first, with blessings and reverence, of the imperial wanderer Hadrian, who on foot, at the head of his army, paced out the circle of the world which was subject to him, and thus in very deed took possession of it. Think then with horror of the Conqueror, that armed wanderer, against whom no resistance availed, no wall or bulwark could shelter armed nations. In fine, accompany with honest sympathy those hapless exiled princes who, descending from the summit of the height, cannot even be received into the modest guild of active wanderers.

"And now, while we call forth and illustrate all this to one another, no narrow despondency, no passionate perversion, can rule over us. The time is past when people rushed forth at random into the wide world: by the labours of scientific travellers, describing wisely and copying like artists, we have become sufficiently acquainted with the earth to know moderately well what is to be looked for everywhere.

"Yet, for obtaining perfect information, an individual will not suffice. Our society is founded on the principle that each in his degree, for his purposes, be thoroughly informed. Has any one of us some country in his eye, toward which his wishes are tending, we endeavour to make clear to him, in special detail, what was hovering before his imagination as a whole: to afford each other a survey of the inhabited and inhabitable world is a most pleasant and most profitable kind of conversation.

"Under this aspect we can look upon ourselves as members of a Union belonging to the world. Simple and grand is the thought, easy is its execution by understanding and strength. Unity is all-powerful; no division, therefore, no contention, among us! Let a man learn, we say, to figure himself as without permanent external relation: let him seek consistency and sequence, not in circumstances, but in himself; there will he find it; there let him cherish and nourish it. He who devotes himself to the most needful will, in all cases, advance to his purpose with greatest certainty: others, again, aiming at the higher, the more delicate, require greater prudence even, in the choice of their path. But let a man be attempting or treating what he will, he is not, as an individual, sufficient for himself; and, to an honest mind, society remains the highest want. All serviceable persons ought to be related with each other; as the building

proprietor looks out for an architect, and the architect for masons and carpenters.

"How and on what principle this Union of ours has been fixed and founded is known to all. There is no man among us who at any moment could not to proper purpose employ his faculty of action, who is not assured that in all places whither chance, inclination, or even passion may conduct him, he will be received, employed, assisted, — nay, in adverse accidents, as far as possible, refitted and indemnified.

"Two duties we have most rigorously undertaken, — first, to honour every species of religious worship; for all of them are comprehended more or less directly in the Creed: secondly, in like manner to respect all forms of government, and, since every one of them induces and promotes a calculated activity, to labour according to the wish and will of constituted authorities, in whatever place it may be our lot to sojourn, and for whatever time. Finally, we reckon it our duty, without pedantry or rigour, to practise and forward decorum of manners and morals, as required by that reverence for ourselves which arises from the three reverences, whereto we universally profess our adherence; having all had the joy and good fortune, some of us from youth upwards, to be initiated likewise in the higher general wisdom taught in certain cases by those venerable men. All this, in the solemn hour of parting, we have thought good once more to recount, to unfold, to hear and acknowledge, as also to seal with a trustful farewell.

"Keep not standing, fixed and rooted,
  Briskly venture, briskly roam:
Head and hand, where'er thou foot it,
  And stout heart, are still at home.
In each land the sun does visit:
  We are gay whate'er betide.
To give space for wand'ring is it
  That the world was made so wide."

The Recreations of the German Emigrants

The Recreations of the German Emigrants

At that unhappy period, so fruitful in disasters to Germany, to Europe, and, indeed, to the whole world, when the French army overran the Continent, a family of distinction was compelled to forsake their property on the first invasion, and to flee across the Rhine. They sought to escape those calamities to which persons of noble birth were inevitably exposed, in whom it was considered criminal to be descended from an honourable line of ancestors, and to inherit those privileges and possessions which the virtues or the valour of their forefathers had bequeathed to them.

The Baroness of C——, a widow lady of middle age, distinguished for every domestic virtue which could promote the comfort or independence of her family, evinced, upon the occasion of this unforeseen calamity, the most noble spirit of activity and resolute determination. Brought up amidst a wide circle of acquaintances, and, to some extent, already experienced in the reverses of life, she was considered perfect in her private and domestic character, and was remarkable for the real delight she ever felt in the active employment of her faculties. Indeed, the great purpose of her life seemed to consist in rendering services to others; and it is easy to suppose that her numerous

friends never failed to provide her with employment. She was summoned, at the time we speak of, to take the lead of a little band of emigrants. Even for this duty she was prepared; and the same solicitous though cheerful temper, which had invariably distinguished her at home, did not forsake her in this hour of general terror and distress. But cheerfulness was not an entire stranger to our band of fugitives: many an unexpected incident and strange event afforded occasion for the indulgence of mirth and laughter, of which their easily excited minds readily took advantage. The very flight itself was a circumstance well calculated to call out each individual's peculiar character in a remarkable manner. The mind of one, for instance, was distracted by vain fear and terror; another fell a prey to idle apprehensions; and the extravagances and deficiencies, the weakness, irresolution, or impetuosity, which were displayed on all sides, produced so many instances of vexation and bad temper, that the real trouble of the whole party afforded more mirth than an actual pleasure trip could possibly have occasioned.

As we may sometimes preserve our composure, even during the performance of a farce, without smiling at the most positive drolleries; though we find it impossible to restrain our laughter when anything absurd occurs in the representation of a tragedy, — so in this real world, the generality of accidents of a serious nature are accompanied by circumstances either ridiculous at the moment, or infallibly productive of subsequent mirth.

We must observe that the baroness's eldest daughter, Louisa, a cheerful, lively, and, at the time of their prosperity, an imperious young lady, had to endure an unusual degree of suffering. She is said to have been quite overwhelmed with terror at the first alarm, and, in her distraction and absence of mind, to have packed

together the most useless things with the greatest seriousness, and actually to have made an offer of marriage to one of the old servants of the establishment.

She defended herself for this step with much obstinacy, and would not allow her intended to be made a subject of ridicule. In her opinion she suffered enough from her daily fear of the allied army, and from the apprehension that her wished-for marriage might be delayed, or even frustrated, by a general engagement.

Her elder brother, Frederick, who was a youth of decisive character, executed his mother's orders with precision and exactitude, accompanied the procession on horseback, and discharged at times the various duties of courier, conductor, and guide. The tutor of the baroness's younger son, who was a well-educated young man, accompanied her in her carriage; whilst uncle Charles, and an elderly clergyman, who had long been an indispensable friend of the family, followed in another vehicle, which was also occupied by two female relations, one young, the other somewhat advanced in years. The servants followed in an open carriage; and the procession was closed by a heavily packed wagon, which occasionally loitered behind.

The whole party, as may easily be supposed, had abandoned their dwellings with great reluctance; but uncle Charles had forsaken his residence on this side of the Rhine even more unwillingly than the others, not that he had left his mistress behind, as one might, perhaps, have conjectured from his youth, his figure, and the warmth of his nature: he had rather been seduced by the brilliant phantom, which, under the denomination of freedom, had secured so many adherents, first in secret, then in public, and which, notwithstanding that she was to some a harsh mistress, was all the more devotedly honoured by the lovers.

Just as lovers are generally blinded by their passion, it did happen in the case of uncle Charles. They pant

for the possession of a single happiness, and fancy that for this they can endure the privation of every other blessing. Position, fortune, and all advantages, vanish into nothing, compared with the one benefit which is to supply their place. Parents, relatives, and friends are now looked upon as strangers. One desire fills and absorbs their whole being, to which everything else is to give way.

Uncle Charles abandoned himself to the intensity of his passion, and did not conceal it in his conversation. He thought he might express his conviction the more freely, because he was of noble birth, and, although the second son, yet the presumptive heir to a noble fortune. Even this fortune, which was to be his future inheritance, was at present in the enemy's hands, by whom it had been shamefully wasted. But, in spite of all this, Charles could not hate a nation which promised such advantages to the world at large, and whose principles he approved, according to his own admission, and the evidence of some of his associates. He constantly disturbed the peace of the little community (seldom as they enjoyed such a blessing) by an indiscriminate praise of everything, good or bad, which happened amongst the French, and by his noisy delight at their success. By this means he irritated his companions, who felt their own grievances doubly aggravated by the malicious triumphs of their friend and relation.

Frederick had already been engaged in frequent disputes with him, and latterly they had ceased to hold communication with each other. But the baroness, by her prudent management, had secured his moderation, at least for a time. Louisa gave him the greatest trouble, for she often used the most unfair methods to cast a slur upon his character and judgment. The tutor silently pronounced him right, the clergyman silently pronounced him wrong: and the female attendants, who were charmed with his figure and with his liber-

ality, heard him with delight; because, whilst they listened to his lectures, they could honourably fix on him those loving eyes, which, until that time, had ever been modestly bent upon the ground.

Their daily necessities, the obstacles of the journey, and their disagreeable quarters, generally led the whole company to a consideration of their immediate interests; and the great number of French and German fugitives whom they constantly met, and whose conduct and fortunes were various, often made them consider how much occasion existed at such times for the practice of every virtue, but particularly of liberality and forbearance.

The baroness, on one occasion, observed aloud, that nothing could show more clearly the deficiencies of men in these virtues than the opportunity afforded for their exercise, by occasions of general confusion and distress. Our whole constitution, she maintained, resembled a ship chartered in a season of tempest, to convey a countless crowd of men, old and young, healthy and infirm, across a stormy sea; but only in the hour of shipwreck could the capabilities of the crew be displayed, — an emergency when even the good swimmer often perished.

Fugitives, for the most part, carry their faults and ridiculous peculiarities along with them; and we wonder at this circumstance. But as the English traveller never leaves his teakettle behind in any quarter of the globe; so are the generality of mankind invariably accompanied by their stock of proud pretensions, vanity, intolerance, impatience, obstinacy, prejudices, and envy. Thus, the thoughtless enjoyed this flight as they would have enjoyed a party of pleasure; and the discontented required, even now in their moments of abject poverty, that their every want should be supplied. How rare is the display of that pure virtue which incites us to live and sacrifice ourselves for others!

In the meantime, whilst numerous acquaintances were formed, which gave occasion to reflections of this nature, the season of winter was brought to a close. Fortune once more smiled on the German arms, the French were again driven across the Rhine, Frankfort was relieved, and Mainz was invested.

Trusting to the farther advance of our victorious troops, and anxious to take possession of a part of their recovered property, the family we speak of set out for an estate situated in one of the most beautiful parts of the country, on the right bank of the Rhine. We can ill describe the rapture with which they once more beheld the silver stream flowing beneath their windows, the joy with which they took possession of every part of their house, and hailed the sight of their well-known furniture, their old family pictures, and of every trifle they had long given up as totally lost; and they indulged the fondest anticipations of finding everything flourishing as heretofore on their side of the Rhine.

The arrival of the baroness had scarcely been announced in the village, when all her former acquaintances, friends, and dependants hastened to welcome her, to recount the various vicissitudes of the last few months, and, in more than one instance, to implore her advice and assistance.

In the midst of these interviews, she was most agreeably surprised by a visit from the Privy Councillor S. and his family, a man who, from his earliest youth, had followed business as a pursuit of pleasure, and who had both merited and acquired the confidence of his sovereign. His principles were firm, and he indulged his own peculiar notions upon many subjects. He was precise, both in his conversation and conduct, and required others to be so too. A dignified deportment was, in his opinion, the highest virtue a man could possess.

His sovereign, his country, and himself had suffered

much from the invasion of the French. He had experienced the despotic character of that nation who were perpetually boasting justice, and had felt the tyranny of men who always had the cry of freedom on their lips. He had observed, however, the general consistency of character which prevailed, and had marked how many persons witnessed, with feelings of angry disappointment, the substitution of mere words for practice, and of empty appearance for reality. The consequences to be expected from an unfortunate campaign did not escape his acute penetration any more than the results of the general maxims and opinions we have quoted, though it must be admitted his views upon all subjects were neither cheerful nor dispassionate.

His wife, who had been an early friend of the baroness, after the experience of so much adversity found a perfect paradise in the arms of her former companion. They had grown up together, had been educated together, and had always shared each other's confidence. The early inclinations of their youth, their more important matrimonial interests, their joys and cares and domestic anxieties, had always been communicated, either personally or by correspondence, as they had for years maintained an uninterrupted intimacy with each other; but this was at length broken by the general troubles of the eventful times. Their present intercourse was, for this reason, the more affectionate, and their interviews the more frequent; and the baroness observed with pleasure, that the intimacy of Louisa with the daughters of her friend was daily increasing.

Unfortunately the complete enjoyment of that delightful part of the country was often disturbed by the roar of cannon, which was heard in the distance, sometimes loudly and sometimes indistinctly, according to the point of the wind. Moreover, it was impossible to avoid conversations upon political subjects, which were introduced by the perpetual rumours of the day, and which

generally disturbed the temporary tranquillity of society; as the various ideas and opinions of all parties were usually propounded without reserve.

And as intemperate men seldom refrain from wine or injurious food on account of their experience of the evil consequences which such enjoyments occasion; so, in this instance, the several members of the society we speak of, in place of imposing restraint upon their conversation, abandoned themselves to the irresistible impulse of vexing each other, and thus eventually opened a channel of most disagreeable reflections.

We can readily suppose that the privy councillor adopted the opinions of those who advocated the old *régime*, and that Charles took the opposite side, in expectation that the approaching changes would heal and reanimate the old, shattered constitution of the country.

The conversation was carried on at first with some degree of moderation, particularly as the baroness sought, by her well-timed and graceful interruptions, to maintain the balance equal between both parties; but when the important crisis of the conversation arrived, and the investment of Mainz was about to change to an actual siege, and the fears of all increased for that beautiful city and its abandoned inhabitants, both sides asserted their opinions with unrestrained violence.

The members of the clubs who had remained in the town were particularly discussed; and each expressed his hope of their liberation or punishment, according as he approved or condemned their conduct.

Amongst the latter class was the privy councillor, whose observations were especially displeasing to Charles; as he assailed the sound judgment of those people, and charged them with a thorough ignorance of the world and of themselves.

"What blind dolts they must be!" he exclaimed one

afternoon when the discussion became warm, "to think that a great nation, employed in an effort to suppress its own internal commotions, and which, in sober moments, has no other object than its own prosperity, can look down upon them with any sort of sympathy. Used as temporary tools, they will at last be thrown away or utterly neglected. How grossly they err in thinking that they will ever be admitted into the ranks of the French nation!

"Nothing seems more ridiculous to the strong and powerful than weakness and inefficiency setting up its pretensions to equality, wrapped in the obscurity of its own fancies, and in the ignorance of itself, its powers, and its qualities. And can you suppose that the great nation, with that good fortune with which it has been hitherto favoured, will be less haughty and overbearing than any other royal conqueror?

"Many a person, who now struts about in his municipal robes and gaudy attire, will heartily curse the masquerade when, after having helped to oppress his countrymen, by a new and disadvantageous change of things he finds himself at last, in his new character, despised by those in whom he wholly confided. Indeed, it is my firm opinion, that upon the surrender of the town, which must soon take place, those people will be abandoned or given up to us. I hope they will then receive their reward in that punishment they so richly deserve, according to my opinion, which is as unprejudiced as possible."

"Unprejudiced!" exclaimed Charles with vehemence: "I beg I may never hear that word again. How can we so unequivocally condemn these men? Have they not actually devoted their whole lives to the old pursuit of serving the more favoured classes of mankind? Have they not occupied the few habitable rooms of the old mansion, and toiled diligently therein? or, rather, have they not felt the inconvenience of the

deserted part of your state palace, by the obligation of living there in a state of misery and oppression? Uncorrupted by frivolous pursuits, they do not consider their own occupation to be alone noble; but in silence they deplore the prejudice, the irregularity, the indolence and ignorance upon which your statesmen build their foolish claims to reverence, and in silence they pray for a more equal division of labour and enjoyment. And who can deny that their ranks contain at least some such men of intelligence and virtue, who, if they cannot now realise universal good, can fortunately aid in modifying evil and in preparing for a happy future? and, if there be such noble beings amongst them, should we not deplore the approach of that evil hour which must destroy, perhaps for ever, their fondest anticipations?"

The privy councillor, upon this, sneered with some degree of bitterness at certain youths who were in the habit of idealising upon practical subjects; whilst Charles was equally severe upon men whose thoughts were merely formed upon antiquated precedents, and who never adopted any but compulsory reforms.

By reciprocal contradictions of this nature, the dispute became gradually more violent; and every topic was introduced which has for so many years tended to dismember society. In vain did the baroness endeavour to establish a truce, if not to make peace, between the contending parties; and the wife of the privy councillor, who from her estimable qualities had acquired some influence over Charles's disposition, interposed also to no effect, more particularly as her husband continued to launch his poisoned shafts against youth and inexperience, and enlarged upon the especial aptitude of children to play with fire, a dangerous element which they were wholly unable to control.

Charles, forgetting prudence in his anger, now declared openly that he wished every success to the

French arms, and called upon all his countrymen to aid in putting an end to their general slavery; expressing his conviction that their so-called enemies would protect every noble German who should join them, would regard them and treat them as their own countrymen, and crown them with honours, fortune, and rewards, in place of sacrificing or leaving them in misery.

But the councillor maintained it was ridiculous to suppose that the French would bestow a thought upon them, whether they capitulated or not; that they would probably fall into the hands of the allies, by whom he hoped they would all be hanged.

Charles was provoked by this speech, and expressed his wish that the guillotine might find a rich harvest in Germany, and that no guilty head might escape. He added some cutting observations which were aimed at the councillor personally, and were in every sense offensive.

"I shall take leave of a society," interrupted the latter, "in which everything is now slighted which once seemed worthy of respect. I lament that I should be for the second time expelled, and now by a fellow countryman; but I am well aware that less pity may be expected from this new foe than from the French themselves: and I find here a confirmation of the old proverb, that it is better to fall into the hands of the Turks than of renegades."

So saying, he rose, and left the apartment. He was followed by his wife, and a general silence ensued. The baroness expressed her displeasure in a few words of strong import. Charles walked up and down the room. The councillor's wife returned in tears, and stated that her husband had given directions for leaving, and had actually ordered the carriage. The baroness went to pacify him; whilst the young ladies wept, and kissed each other, distressed beyond measure that

they were compelled so suddenly and so unexpectedly to separate. The baroness returned without succeeding in her wishes. Gradually all those troubles approached which it is ever the lot of strangers to encounter. The sad moments of separation and departure were bitter beyond expression. Hope vanished with the appearance of the post-horses, and the general sorrow was redoubled.

The carriage drove off. The baroness followed it with her eyes full of tears. She left the window, and sat down to her embroidery-frame. The silence, and even despair, was universal. Charles showed his sorrow by sitting in a corner, and intently turning over the leaves of a book, directing at intervals a melancholy look toward his aunt. At length he rose, and took his hat, as if about to depart, but turned round on reaching the door, and approaching his aunt he exclaimed, with a countenance truly noble, "I have offended you, my dear aunt, I have distressed you; but pardon my thoughtlessness: I acknowledge my fault, and am deeply sensible of its sad consequences."

"I forgive you," replied the baroness: "I entertain no ill-feeling toward you, — you are a good and noble being, but you can never repair the injury you have done. Your error has deprived me of a friend to whom, after a long separation, I had been restored by the accident of our joint misfortunes, and in whose society I have forgotten much of the misery which has pursued and threatens us. She herself, driven from her home under most painful circumstances, and long a fugitive, after a short repose in the society of old and beloved friends, in this delightful spot and comfortable dwelling, is again compelled to wander forth; and we lose the company of her husband, who, in spite of some peculiarities, is a man of noble integrity, possessing an inexhaustible knowledge of society and of the world, of facts and experiences which he is ever ready to com-

municate with the most cheerful and delightful willingness. Of all these enjoyments we have been deprived by your fault, and how can you restore what we have lost?"

Charles. Spare me, my dear aunt. I feel deeply the weight of my fault: cease to explain to me its evident consequences.

Baroness. Rather contemplate them as closely as possible. Talk not of sparing you: only inquire how your mind may be corrected. It is not the first time you have thus erred, nor will it be the last. Ye inexplicable men! Cannot even misery, which brings you together under one roof, and confines you in one narrow dwelling, induce you to practise forbearance toward each other? Do you need any additional calamities besides those which are perpetually bursting upon you? Consider your condition, and act sensibly and justly toward those who, in truth, would deprive you of nothing. Restrain your tempers from working and fermenting blindly, like some storm or other natural phenomenon which disturbs the world.

Charles made no reply. The tutor advanced from the window, where he had been standing, toward the baroness, and said his pupil would improve; that this event would act as a warning, that he should test his progress daily, that he would remember the distress the baroness had endured, and would afford convincing evidence of the self-restraint he could practise.

Baroness. How easily men deceive themselves, especially in this particular. Authority is so delightful a word, and it sounds so noble to promise to control ourselves. Men speak of it with pleasure, and would persuade us that they can seriously practise the virtue. I wish I had ever known a man capable of subduing himself in the smallest particular. In indifferent matters they affect resolution, as if the loss occasioned actual suffering; whilst their real desires are con-

sidered as supremely essential, unavoidable, and indispensable. I have never know a man capable of enduring the smallest privation.

Tutor. You are seldom unjust, and I have never seen you so overpowered by anger and disappointment as at present.

Baroness. Well, I need not be ashamed of my anger. When I think of my friend, who is now pursuing her journey in discomfort, weeping, probably, at the recollection of our inhospitality, my heart burns with indignation.

Tutor. In your greatest trouble, I have never seen you so agitated and exasperated as now.

Baroness. A small evil, which follows closely upon a greater, can fill the cup; though, in truth, it is no small evil to lose a friend.

Tutor. Be comforted, and rely upon our improvement, and that we will do all in our power to content you.

Baroness. No: I shall rely upon none of you. But, for the future, I will demand obedience from all. I will command in my own house.

"Command, certainly!" exclaimed Charles; "and you shall not have to complain of our disobedience."

"My severity will scarcely be very harsh," rejoined the baroness, with a smile, as she recovered herself: "I am not fond of commanding, particularly democrats; but I will give you some advice, and make one request."

Tutor. Both shall we consider as laws to be strictly observed.

Baroness. It would be ridiculous, if I thought to impair the interest you all take in the great events of the world, — events, the victims of which we ourselves have become. I cannot change the opinions which exist and are established in the mind of each of you, according to his peculiar disposition; and it would be

no less harsh than foolish to require of you to suppress them. But I can demand this, at least, from the circle in which I live, that those of similar sentiments shall associate peaceably together, and converse in harmony. In your private apartments, during your walks, and wherever else you meet, you may communicate together at will, support your respective opinions, and enjoy the gratification of an ardent conviction. But, my dear friends, let us not forget how much we were accustomed to sacrifice of our own individual opinions, for the sake of general harmony, long before these new topics became the fashion; and, as long as the world lasts, we must all, for the general benefit, practise some outward self-control. It is not, therefore, for the sake of virtue, but in the name of common politeness, that I implore you now to concede to me a favour which I think I may safely say you have always granted to the veriest stranger.

"It seems to me strange," continued the baroness, "that we should have so far forgotten ourselves. What has become of our politeness? It used to be the custom in society to avoid topics disagreeable to others. Protestants, in the company of Catholics, never asserted that church ceremonies were ridiculous; and the most bigoted Catholic never maintained, before a Protestant, that the old religion afforded the only chance of salvation. In the presence of a mother who had lost her son, no one displayed the deep delight he took in his children; and an inappropriate word occasioned general embarrassment. It seemed the duty of each to repair the accidental evil, but now the very reverse of all this seems to be the rule. We appear to seek the opportunity of introducing subjects calculated to give pain. Oh, my dear friends, let us try and restore the old system! We have much to endure already; and who knows how soon the smoke of the day, or the flames of the night, may announce the destruction of

our dwellings and of our most valued possessions? Let us, at least, forbear to announce this intelligence with triumph: let us cease, by our own bitter observations, to impress our souls with calamities which it is painful enough to endure in silence.

"When your father died, was it your habit to renew my grief upon every opportunity by a reference to the sad subject? Did you not rather avoid all improper allusion to his memory, and seek by your love, your silent sympathy, and your incessant attentions, to soften my sorrow and relieve my pain? Should not we now practise the same kind forbearance, which often brings more consolation than the offices of active friendship, more particularly at this time, when ours is not the grief of an individual in the midst of a happy multitude, where sorrow disappears amid the general content, but the grief of thousands, where but few indeed are capable of experiencing an accidental or artificial consolation?

Charles. My dear aunt, you have sufficiently humiliated us: may we take your hand in token of reconciliation?

Baroness. Here it is, on condition that you will obey its guidance. We proclaim a general amnesty, which it is now barely possible to resolve upon with sufficient speed.

The young ladies, who had all been dissolved in tears since the event we have related, now made their appearance, but could not be persuaded to be reconciled to Charles.

"You are welcome, children," said the baroness, addressing them. "We have just had a serious conversation, which, I trust, will establish peace and harmony amongst us: perhaps it was never more important that we should be friends, and enjoy even one brief portion of the day. Let us make this resolution, to banish from our conversation all reference to

the mere events of the time. How long have we been deprived of all instruction and entertaining intercourse! How long it seems, dear Charles, since you have amused us with accounts of distant lands, with whose productions, inhabitants, manners, and customs, you are so well acquainted! And you," continued the baroness, addressing the tutor, "you have not lately instructed us in history, ancient or modern, in the comparison of centuries or of remarkable men. And you, young ladies! where are the pretty poems you used to bring forth from their hiding-places for the delight of your friends? what has become of all your free philosophic observations? Have you no more ambition to surprise us with some wonderful mineral specimen, some unknown plant, or remarkable insect, brought home from your walks, and affording occasion for pleasing speculations on the mysterious connection of all the productions of nature? Let us restore all those charming amusements by an agreement, a resolution, a rule, to be useful, instructive, and, above all things, companionable, toward each other; for all these advantages we can enjoy, even in the most extreme adversity. Your promise, children."

They promised eagerly. "And now I dismiss you," added the baroness: "the evening is fine, amuse yourselves as you please; and at supper-time let us enjoy a friendly communion together, after so long an interruption."

The company separated. Lousia alone remained with her mother. She could not so easily forget the misfortune of losing her companion, and allowed Charles, whom she had invited to accompany her upon a walk, to set out alone. For some time the baroness and her daughter remained together, when the clergyman entered, after a long absence, entirely ignorant of what had, in the meantime, happened. Laying by his hat and stick, he took a seat, and was about

to narrate something, when Louisa, pretending to continue a conversation with her mother, cut short his intention with the following observations:

"Some of our company will, I think, find the arrangement we have come to rather disagreeable. When we lived in the country, it is true, we were sometimes at a loss for conversation; for it did not happen so often, as in town, that a girl could be slandered, or a young man traduced: but still we had an alternative in describing the follies of two great nations, in finding the Germans as absurd as the French, and in representing first one, and then the other, as Jacobins and Radicals. But, if these topics are forbidden, some of our society will be rendered stupid."

"Is this attack aimed at me, young lady?" asked the old clergyman with a smile. "You know how ready I am to be sacrificed for the benefit of the company. For though upon all occasions you do credit to your instructors, and every one finds your society both amiable and delightful, yet there is a certain little malicious spirit within you, which, notwithstanding all your efforts, you cannot entirely subdue, and which prompts you to take your revenge at my expense. Tell me, gracious lady," he continued, turning toward the baroness, "what has occurred during my absence, and what topics have been excluded from our society?"

The baroness informed him of all that had taken place. He listened attentively, and then observed that "this regulation would probably enable many persons to entertain the company better than others."

"We shall be able to endure it," said Louisa.

"Such an arrangement," he added, "will not be grievous to those who have been accustomed to rely upon their own resources: on the contrary, they will find it pleasant; since they can amuse the company with such pursuits as they have followed in private.

And do not be offended, young lady, if I attribute to society the very existence of all newsmongers, spies, and slanderers. For my part, I never see persons so lively and so animated, either at a learned meeting or at a public lecture convened for general instruction, as in a society where some piece of scandal is introduced which reflects on the character of a neighbour. Ask yourself, or ask others, what invests a piece of news with its greatest charm? Not its importance, nor its influence, but its mere novelty. Nothing old is cared for: novelty by itself excites our surprise, awakens the imagination, gently agitates the feelings, and requires no exertion of the reasoning powers. Every man can take the most lively interest in a piece of news with the least trouble to himself: indeed, since a succession of new events carries us rapidly from one circumstance to another, nothing is more welcome to the generality of mankind than this inducement to constant diversion, and this opportunity of venting their spleen and malice in an agreeable and varied manner."

"Well!" exclaimed Louisa, "you show some skill at explanation: just now you censured individuals, at present you condemn mankind in general."

"I do not require," he answered, "that you should render me justice: but this I must say, we who depend upon society must act according to its rules; and it would be safer to provoke its resentment than its *ennui*, by requiring it to think or reflect. We must avoid everything that would tend to this result, and pursue by ourselves in private whatever would prove unpalatable to the public."

"By yourselves in private," said Louisa, "many a bottle of wine will, I suppose, be drunk, and many a nap taken in the daytime."

"I have never," continued the old clergyman, "set much value upon my own actions; for I know how

little I have done for others: I am, however, in possession of something which may, perhaps, afford agreeable relaxation to this society, circumstanced as it is at present."

"To what do you allude?" inquired the baroness.

"Rely upon it," interrupted Louisa, "he has made some marvellous collection of scandals."

"You are mistaken," replied the clergyman.

"We shall see," answered Louisa.

"Let him continue, my dear," said the baroness: "and do not accustom yourself to act in a hard and unfriendly manner toward others, even in jest; as they may take it ill. We have no need to increase our evil habits by practising them for entertainment. Tell me, my dear friend, of what does your collection consist? Will it conduce to our amusement? Have you been long employed about it? Why have you never mentioned it before?"

"I will give you an account of the whole matter," rejoined the old clergyman. "I have lived long in the world, and have paid much attention to public occurrences. I have neither talent nor inclination for chronicling great actions, and worldly affairs in general are troublesome to me; but amongst the many private histories, true and false, which sometimes happen in public or are related in private, there are some which possess a greater attraction than the charm of mere novelty, some which are calculated to improve us by their moral application, some which display at a glance the secret springs of human nature, and others, again, whose very absurdities are amusing. Amongst the multitude of occurrences which attract our attention and our malice in ordinary life, and which are as common as the individuals to whom they relate, I have noted down a few on account of their peculiar character, because they engaged and excited my attention and feelings; and the very recollection of them

has never failed to produce a momentary sensation of pure and tranquil pleasure."

"I am curious to hear," said the baroness, "the nature of your anecdotes, and to learn their peculiar character."

"You may easily suppose," replied the clergyman, "that they are not about disputes or family matters. Such things have little interest except for those who are engaged in them."

Louisa. And what are yours about?

Clergyman. Why, for the most part, they treat of those emotions by which friends become attached or disunited, happy or miserable, and by which they are more frequently entangled than improved.

Louisa. Indeed! I suppose you will produce a collection of merry adventures for our instruction and improvement. Excuse me for making this observation, dear mamma; it seems so evident: and it is, of course, allowable to speak the truth.

Clergyman. I suspect that you will not find anything in the whole collection which may be styled merry.

Louisa. And what would you consider of that description?

Clergyman. Scandalous dialogues or situations are my abhorrence. I object equally that common adventures, which are unworthy of engaging our attention, should be told with exaggerated importance: they excite our expectations unduly, in place of giving real pleasure to the mind. They make a mystery of that which should be wholly unveiled, or from which we should altogether turn our eyes.

Louisa. I do not understand you. You will, however, relate your stories with some degree of elegance. I hope our ears will not be offended by any coarse adventures. You must consider us in the light of a ladies' seminary, and look for our thanks as your recompense.

Clergyman. Nothing of the sort. But, in truth, you will hear nothing new, particularly as I have, for some time back, observed that you never miss the perusal of certain criticisms in some of the learned reviews.

Louisa. You are really too bad.

Clergyman. You are engaged to be married, and I therefore pardon you. But I am obliged to show that I also possess arrows which I know how to use.

Baroness. I see your object plainly, but you must let her see it likewise.

Clergyman. Then, I must repeat what I said at the beginning of this conversation. But it seems you had not the politeness to pay attention.

Louisa. What is the use of attention or of much argument? Look at the matter in any light, they will be scandalous stories, in some shape or other, and nothing else.

Clergyman. Must I repeat, young lady, that a well-regulated mind only perceives scandal when it reads of wickedness, arrogance, a desire to injure, and an unwillingness to oblige? and from such spectacles he should avert his eyes. He finds pleasure in the narration of trifling faults and failings, and contemplates with satisfaction those points of the story where good men contend with themselves, with their desires and their intentions, where silly and conceited mortals are rebuked, corrected, or deceived, and where hopes, wishes, and designs are disturbed, interrupted, and frustrated, or unexpectedly fulfilled, accomplished, and confirmed. But, on those scenes where accident combines with human weakness and inefficiency, he dwells with the greatest delight; and none of the heroes whose history he authenticates has either blame to apprehend or praise to expect from him.

Baroness. Your introduction excites our wish to hear a specimen. We have spent the greater part of

our lifetime in one circle, and have never experienced anything worthy to find a place in such a collection.

Clergyman. Much undoubtedly depends upon the observer, and upon the peculiar view he takes of occurrences. But I will not deny that I have made large extracts from old books and traditions. Perhaps you will have no objection to see some of your old friends with new faces. And this gives me a privilege of which I must not be deprived, — that none of my tales shall be doubted.

Louisa. But we are not to be prevented from recognising our friends and acquaintances, or, if we please, from expounding the enigma.

Clergyman. Certainly not. But you will allow me, under such circumstances, to produce an old folio, to prove that the identical occurrence happened, and was made matter of record, some centuries ago. And I must be permitted to smile, when some narration is pronounced to be an old fable, though it may have taken place amongst ourselves, without our being able to recognise the characters.

Louisa. We shall never begin. Had we not better declare a truce for this evening; and do you commence a story at once, by way of specimen?

Clergyman. Permit me, in this instance, to be guilty of disobedience. The entertainment is intended for the whole assembled company. We must not deprive them of it; and I must premise beforehand, that whatever I have to say possesses no value in itself. But when my audience, after some serious occupation, wishes for a brief repose, and, already sated with good things, desires the addition of a light dessert, then I shall be ready, and only hope that what I shall provide may not prove unpalatable.

Baroness. In that case, we had better postpone the amusement till to-morrow.

Louisa. I am beyond measure curious to know what it will be.

Clergyman. You must not be so, young lady; for great expectations are seldom satisfied.

That same evening, after dinner, the baroness retired early to her apartment; whilst the rest of the company remained together, and discussed the many reports which were current, and the various incidents which had happened. As is generally the case in such circumstances, few of them knew what to doubt or what to believe.

The old clergyman had his remedy for such an emergency. "I propose," said he, "as the most convenient plan, that we all believe implicitly whatever we find pleasant, and that we reject, without ceremony, whatever we find unpleasant, and that we admit to be true what can be so."

It was then remarked by some one, that men generally acted in this way; and, after some desultory conversation, they commented upon that strange propensity of our nature to believe in the marvellous. They talked of romances and visions: and, when the old clergyman had promised at a future time to relate some interesting anecdotes upon these subjects, Louisa exclaimed, "It will be extremely good of you, and you will merit our gratitude, by telling us a story of that description now; for we are all in the proper humour for it: we shall pay attention and be thankful." Without needing further entreaties, the old clergyman commenced at once, as follows:

"During my residence in Naples, an event happened which attracted universal attention, and with regard to which public opinion varied exceedingly. Some persons maintained that the circumstance had actually occurred; whilst others asserted, that, though true in general, it was founded upon a gross deceit. The latter class of persons were at further variance amongst

themselves: they could not agree who was the deceiver. Others held it to be far from clear that spiritual natures were incapable of influencing the elements and human bodies, and maintained that we were not justified in pronouncing every marvellous occurrence to be a fraud or a delusion. But now to the facts themselves.

"At the time I speak of, a singer named Antonelli was the favourite of the Neapolitan public. In the bloom of youth, beauty, and talents, she was deficient in none of those enchantments by which women can allure and captivate, and render a certain class of their favourites happy. She was not insensible to the charms of love and flattery; but, naturally temperate and sensible, she knew how to enjoy the delights of both, without losing that self-respect which was so essential to her happiness. The young, the distinguished, and the rich, flocked to her in crowds; but she admitted few to her friendship: and, if she pursued her own inclination in the choice of her admirers, she evinced, upon all occasions, so firm and resolute a character, that she attached every person to her. I had an opportunity of observing her upon one occasion, in consequence of my close intimacy with one of her especial favourites.

"Some years had elapsed: her friends were numerous; and amongst the number were many foolish, simple, and fickle personages. It was her opinion that a lover who, in a certain sense, is everything to woman, generally proves deficient in those very emergencies when she most needs his assistance; as, for example, in the difficulties of life, in domestic necessities, and upon the occurrence of sudden disasters. In such times she maintained that his own self-love often proved absolutely prejudicial to his mistress, and his advice became positively dangerous.

"Her former attachments were insufficient to satisfy

her soul. The void required to be filled. She wished for a friend; and scarcely had she felt this want, when she found, amongst those who sought her favours, a youth upon whom she bestowed her confidence, of which in every respect he seemed worthy.

"He was a native of Genoa, and had taken up his residence in Naples, to transact the mercantile business of a firm to which he belonged. His natural talents had been improved by a most excellent education. His knowledge was extensive, his mind and body were sound and active, and his general conduct might serve as a model; and in his attention to others he ever seemed forgetful of himself. He was imbued with the commercial spirit for which his native town was distinguished. All his speculations were upon a large scale. His condition, however, was none of the happiest. The firm had entered into some unfortunate transactions, and became entangled in ruinous lawsuits. Time only increased the difficulties; and the anxiety he endured gave him an air of melancholy, which was not unbecoming, and made Antonelli still more desirous of his acquaintance, from the idea that he stood in need of a friend.

"Until now he had only seen Antonelli in public: but, at his first request, she granted him access to her house; even urging him to visit her, a favour which he did not fail to accept.

"She lost no time in communicating to him her confidence and her wishes. He was no less surprised than delighted at her proposals. She implored him earnestly to be her friend, but to make no pretensions to the privileges of a lover. She made him acquainted with some embarrassments in which she had become involved, and his great experience enabled him to offer advice and assistance for her speedy release. In return for this confidence, he unfolded to her his own situation: and, whilst she endeavoured to cheer and console

him, many new plans occurred to him, which he had not thought of before; and she thus appeared to be his adviser: and a reciprocal friendship, founded on the highest regard and respect, was established between them.

"Unfortunately, we do not always consider the practicability of the obligations we incur. He had promised to be her friend, and to make no pretensions to the privileges of a lover. But he could not deny that those who came to see her as such were not only unwelcome to, but were detested by, him; and it was extremely painful to him when she meant to amuse him with the description of their various characters.

"It soon happened, fortunately, or perhaps unfortunately, that her heart was again free. This was a source of extreme delight to our young friend, who lost no time in entreating that the vacant place might be allotted to him. With some reluctance she listened to his proposals. 'I fear,' she said, 'that, in making this concession, I shall lose my friend.' Her anticipation was correct; for scarcely had he for a short time filled this double character, when he found her temper changed. As her friend he had been content with her respect; as a lover he demanded her affection; and, as an intelligent and accomplished man, constant entertainment. But this was more than Antonelli expected. She was unwilling to make an entire sacrifice of herself, and had no wish to surrender her absolute liberty to any one. She soon adopted ingenious expedients for curtailing the length of his visits, for avoiding his presence, and for making him sensible that she would not consent to forego her independence for any consideration.

"This discovery was to him a source of the greatest misery; and, unfortunately, the calamity did not come alone. His domestic affairs became more and more involved; and he found reason for reproaching himself

with having always considered his income as inexhaustible, and with having neglected his business in order to engage in foreign travel, and to make a greater figure in the world than he was entitled to do, from the advantages of his birth and income. The lawsuits, from which he expected so much, were tardy and expensive. They took him frequently to Palermo; and, upon the occasion of his last journey thither, Antonelli adopted means to change the nature of her establishment, for the purpose of becoming gradually disengaged from him. On his return he found her in another residence, at some distance from his; and he saw that the Marquis of S., who at that time exercised great influence in the world of fashion, had unreserved admission to her house. He was greatly affected by this discovery, which brought on a serious illness. Upon hearing this sad intelligence, Antonelli hastened to him, attended him; and, as she was fully aware that his purse was but scantily supplied, she left a large sum of money, which supplied his necessities for a considerable time.

"In consequence of his efforts to restrain her freedom, he had fallen considerably in her estimation. As her attachment diminished, her suspicions increased; and she at length began to think that a person who had managed his own affairs so badly was not entitled to a high character for good sense. But he was unaware of the great change which had taken place in her feelings toward him; and he attributed her anxiety for his recovery, and the constancy of her attentions which induced her to spend whole days at his bedside, rather to her love for him than to compassion for his sufferings; and he hoped, upon his recovery, to find himself once more reinstated in her favour.

"But he was grievously mistaken. With his restoration to health and strength, all semblance of affection

disappeared; and he now seemed as odious in her eyes as he had formerly proved agreeable. In addition to this, his temper had unconsciously become soured and unbearable. He attributed to others all the blame of his own misfortunes, and justified himself fully from their evil consequences. He considered himself an injured and persecuted invalid, and looked for a complete recompense for all his troubles in the devoted affection of his mistress.

"With these exalted expectations he visited Antonelli immediately upon his recovery. He would be satisfied with nothing short of her entire affection, the dismissal of all her other friends and acquaintances, her complete retirement from the stage, and her devoting herself to him alone. She demonstrated the impossibility of complying with these requests, at first in a playful, and afterward in a more serious, tone. At length she communicated to him the sad intelligence that their connection must end. He left her, and never returned.

"For several years afterward he lived in a retired manner, in the house of a pious old lady, who had a small independence. At this period he gained his first lawsuit, and was soon afterward successful in another; but this change of fortune came too late: his health was undermined, and the joy of his existence had vanished. A slight accident brought on a relapse, and the physician announced to him his approaching death. He heard his fate without a murmur, and merely expressed a wish to see his beautiful friend once more. He sent his servant to her, — the same messenger who, in happier days, had brought him many a delightful answer. He entreated an interview: she refused. He sent a second time, and implored her to consent: she was still inexorable. At length, at midnight, he sent a third time. She was embarrassed, and communicated her situation to me; as I had been invited, along with the marquis and

some other friends, to spend the evening at her house. I advised her, indeed begged of her, to show some last attentions to her friend. She appeared undecided at first, but, after a short reflection, made up her mind, and dismissed the servant with a refusal. He did not return.

"After supper we were all engaged in social conversation, and general animation and hilarity prevailed. Suddenly, a little after midnight, a piercing shriek of bitter, painful lamentation was heard. We rose from the table, looked at each other, and wondered what this strange event could mean. The sound seemed to come from the middle of the room in which we were assembled, and die away near the walls. The marquis rushed to the window; whilst we endeavoured to support Antonelli, who had fainted. By degrees she regained consciousness. She had scarcely opened her eyes when the jealous and passionate marquis loaded her with the bitterest reproaches. 'If you choose to have these mysterious understandings with your friends,' said he, 'at least let them be of a less fearful nature.' She replied, with her wonted presence of mind, 'that, as she had always enjoyed the right of seeing her friends whenever she pleased, she would scarcely select such appalling sounds as they had just heard, to indicate approaching happiness.'

"And, in truth, the cry had in it something unspeakably appalling. The long-continued scream of anguish dwelt upon our ears, and made our very limbs tremble. Antonelli was pale, motionless, and in a continual faint. We sat with her for half the night, but we heard nothing further. On the following night, the same company, who had met together not quite so cheerful as usual, though with a reasonable supply of courage, about the same hour of midnight heard the same identical loud and appalling shriek.

"We had, in the meantime, wearied our imagina-

tions in framing conjectures as to the cause of the cry, and whence it could proceed. But why should I weary you? Whenever Antonelli supped at home, at the selfsame hour the same shriek was heard, sometimes louder and sometimes fainter. It was spoken of all over Naples. The mystery excited universal attention. The police were called out. Spies were placed in every direction, to detect the cause of the mystery. To persons in the street, the shriek appeared to come from the open air; whilst in the house it seemed to proceed from the very room in which Antonelli was sitting. When she supped abroad nothing whatsoever occurred; but, as often as she supped at home, the horrid shriek was invariably heard.

"But her absence from home did not upon all occasions protect her from this fearful visitation. Her many personal recommendations secured her a welcome reception in the most distinguished families. Being a pleasant companion, she was everywhere well received; and it had lately become her custom, in order to escape the fearful visitation we have described, to spend her evenings from home.

"One evening a gentleman of great respectability, owing to his age and position, accompanied her to her house in his carriage. When she was taking leave of him at the door, a loud shriek was heard, which seemed to come from between them; and the gentleman, who, like many others, had often heard of this mysterious occurrence, was lifted into his carriage more like a corpse than a living person.

"Upon another occasion a young singer, to whom she was partial, drove through the town with her in the evening, to visit a friend. He likewise had frequently heard of the wonderful phenomenon we have related, and, with the spirits of a light-hearted youth, had expressed his doubts of its reality. They spoke of the circumstance. 'I wish extremely,' said he,

'that I could hear the voice of your invisible companion; call him, — perhaps he will come: we are two, and need not fear him.' From thoughtlessness, or indifference to danger, I know not which, she called the spirit: and instantly the piercing shriek issued, as it were, from the middle of the carriage; three times it was heard, and then died away gradually. Arrived at the house of their friend, both were found insensible in the carriage: with difficulty they recovered their senses sufficiently to relate what had happened.

"It was some time before Antonelli completely recovered. Her health became impaired by the constantly recurring fright she sustained: but when, at length, her fearful visitor appeared to intend that she should enjoy some repose, she began to hope for a complete cessation of this annoyance; but this expectation was premature.

"At the end of the carnival, accompanied by a young female acquaintance and a servant, she set out upon an excursion of pleasure. It was her intention to visit a friend in the country. Night came on before she reached her destination: an accident happened to the carriage; and she was necessitated to take refuge in a small country inn, and to put up with the indifferent accommodation it afforded.

"Her companion had already gone to bed; and the servant, having arranged the night-light, was about to retire, when her mistress observed jestingly, 'I think we are at the end of the world: it is a dreadful night; I wonder whether he can find us out?' That very instant the shriek was heard more piercing and louder than ever. Her companion was terrified beyond expression, sprang from her bed, rushed down-stairs, and alarmed the whole house. No one that night closed an eye. It was, however, the last time the shriek was heard. But the unwelcome visitor soon found another more frightful mode of indicating his presence.

"He was quiet for a short time, when one evening, at the accustomed hour, as Antonelli sat with her companions at table, a shot from a gun, or from a heavily loaded pistol, was fired in at the window. Every one heard the report, every one saw the flash; but, upon the closest inspection, the window was found not to have sustained the slightest injury. But the circumstance seemed to every one of the most alarming importance, and all thought that an attempt had been made upon Antonelli's life. The police were called, and the neighbouring house was searched; but, as nothing suspicious was found, guards were placed in it next day from top to bottom. Her own dwelling was carefully examined, and spies were even dispersed about the streets.

"But all this precaution was useless. For three months in succession, at the very same hour, the shot was fired through the same window, without the slightest injury to the glass; and, what was especially remarkable, this always took place exactly one hour before midnight: although in Naples time is counted after the Italian fashion, and the term midnight is never used.

"But custom at length reconciled all parties to this occurrence, as it had done to the previous one; and the ghost began to lose credit by reason of his very harmless tricks. The shot ceased to alarm the company, or even to interrupt their conversation.

"One sultry evening, the day having been very hot, Antonelli opened the window, without thinking of the hour, and went with the marquis out upon the balcony. They had scarcely been in the air a couple of minutes when the shot exploded between them, and drove them back into the house, where for some time they lay apparently lifeless on the floor. When they recovered, each felt the pain of a violent blow upon the cheek, one on the right side, the other on the left;

but, as no further injury was apparent, the singularity of the circumstance was merely the occasion of a few jocular observations.

"From this time the shot was not repeated in the house; and Antonelli thought she was at last completely delivered from her invisible tormentor, when one evening, upon making a little excursion with a friend, she was terrified beyond measure by a most unexpected incident. Her way lay through the Chiaja, where her Genoese friend had formerly lived. It was bright moonlight. A lady who sat near her asked, 'Is not that the house in which Signor ——— died?' 'As well as I can recollect, it is one of those two,' answered Antonelli. The words were scarcely uttered when the shot was fired from one of the two houses, and penetrated the carriage. The driver thought he was wounded, and drove forward with all possible speed. Arrived at their destination, the two ladies were lifted from the carriage, as though they were dead.

"But this was the last alarm of that kind. The unseen foe now changed his plan; and one evening, shortly afterward, a loud clapping of hands was heard before the window. As a popular singer and favourite actress, she was more familiar with sounds of this description. They did not inspire terror, and might have proceeded, perhaps, from one of her numerous admirers. She paid no attention to them. Her friends, however, were more watchful, and distributed their guards as before. They continued to hear the noise, but saw nobody, and began to indulge a hope that the unaccountable mystery would soon completely end.

"After a short time it became changed in character, and assumed the form of agreeable sounds. They were not, strictly speaking, melodious, but exceedingly sweet and pleasing. To an accurate observer they seemed to proceed from the corner of the street, to float about in the empty space before Antonelli's win-

dow, and there to die away in the most soft and delightful manner. It seemed as if some heavenly spirit wished, by means of a beautiful prelude, to draw attention to a lovely melody which he designed to play. But these sounds also ceased at length, and were heard no more after this wonderful occurrence had lasted for about a year and a half."

The clergyman pausing for a few moments, the entire company began to express their opinions, and their doubts about the truth of the tale.

The narrator answered that the story had to be true, if it were to be interesting, as a manufactured tale could possess but little merit. Some one here observed that he thought it singular no one had inquired about Antonelli's deceased friend, or the circumstances of his death; as perhaps some light might by this means have been thrown upon the whole affair.

"But this was done," replied the clergyman: "I was myself curious enough, immediately after the first mysterious occurrence, to go to the house under the pretext of visiting the lady who had attended him in his last moments with a mother's care. She informed me that the deceased had been passionately attached to Antonelli; that, during the last hours of his existence, he had spoken of nothing but her; that at one time he addressed her as an adorable angel, and at another as little better than a demon.

"When his sickness became desperate, his whole thoughts were fixed on seeing her once more before his death, perhaps in the hope of obtaining from her an expression of affection, of pity, of attachment, or of love. Her unwillingness to see him afflicted him exceedingly, and her last decisive refusal hastened his death. In despair he cried out, 'No! it shall not avail her. She avoids me; but, after my death, she shall have no rest from me.' In a paroxysm of this kind he expired; and only too late do we learn, that the dead

can keep their word on the other side of the grave."

The company began once more to express their opinions about the story. At length Fritz observed, "I have a suspicion; but I shall not tell it till I have thought over all the circumstances again, and put my combinations to the proof."

Being somewhat strongly pressed, he endeavoured to avoid giving an answer, by requesting that he might be allowed to relate an anecdote, which, though it might not equal the preceding one in interest, was of the same character, inasmuch as it could not be explained with any certainty.

"A gallant nobleman," he commenced, "who inhabited an ancient castle, and was the father of a large family, had taken into his protection an orphan girl, who, when she attained the age of fourteen years, was employed in attending the mistress of the house in duties immediately about her person. She gave complete satisfaction, and her whole ambition seemed to consist in a wish to evince her gratitude to her benefactor by attention and fidelity. She possessed various charms, both of mind and person, and was not without suitors. But none of these proposals seemed likely to conduce to her happiness, and the girl herself did not show the least inclination to change her condition.

"On a sudden it happened, that as she went through the house, intent upon her various duties, she heard sounds of knocking, which came from about and beneath her. At first this seemed accidental; but as the knocking never ceased, and beat almost in unison with her footsteps, she became alarmed, and scarcely left the room of her mistress, where alone she found she could enjoy security.

"These sounds were heard by every one who accompanied her or who stood near her. At first the sub-

ject was treated as a jest, but at length it was regarded in a more serious light. The master of the house, who was of a cheerful disposition, now took the matter in hand. The knocking was never heard when the maiden remained motionless, and, when she walked, was perceived, not so evidently when she put her foot to the ground as when she raised it to advance another step. But the sounds were often irregular, and they were observed to be more than usually loud when the maiden went transversely across a certain large apartment in the castle.

"The old nobleman, one day having workmen in the house, caused the flooring to be suddenly raised behind the maiden, when the knocking sounds were at the loudest. Nothing, however, was found but a couple of rats, who, disturbed by the search, gave occasion to a chase, and to considerable uproar in the house.

"Provoked by this circumstance and by the disappointment, the nobleman determined upon adopting strong measures. He took down his large whip from the wall, and swore that he would flog the maiden to death if he heard the knocking any more. From this time forth she could go through the house without the slightest molestation, and the knocking was never heard again."

"Whereby," observed Louisa sagaciously, "we may conclude that the young maiden was her own ghost, and practised this joke, and played the fool with the family, to indulge some whim of her own."

"Not at all," answered Fritz; "for those who ascribed the mysterious occurrence to a ghost, believed that the maiden's guardian angel wished her to leave the house, but was anxious also to protect her from injury. Others took another view, and maintained that one of the girl's lovers had the cleverness to occasion these sounds in order to drive her out of the house into his arms. But, be this as it may, the poor child

became quite ill in consequence, and was reduced to a melancholy spectre; though she had formerly been the most cheerful and lively and merry person in the whole establishment. But such a change in personal appearance can be explained in more ways than one.

"It is a pity," observed Fritz, "that these occurrences are not always more particularly examined, and that, in judging of events which so much interest us, we are obliged to hesitate between different appearances, because the circumstances under which they happen have not all been observed."

"True," replied the old clergyman; "but it is so extremely difficult to make this examination at the very moment when anything of the kind happens, and to take every precaution that nothing shall escape in which deceit or fraud may be concealed. Can we, for example, detect a conjurer so easily, though we are perfectly conscious that he is deluding us?"

He had scarcely finished this observation, when a loud report was suddenly heard in one corner of the apartment. Every one leaped up; whilst Charles said jokingly, "Surely the noise does not proceed from some dying lover."

He would willingly have recalled the expression; for Louisa became suddenly pale, and stammered forth that she felt apprehension about the safety of her intended.

Fritz, to divert her attention, took up the light, and went toward a reading-desk which stood in a corner of the apartment. The semicircular top of the desk was split through; this, then, was the cause of the report they had heard: but it immediately occurred to them, that the reading-desk was of the best workmanship, and had occupied the very same spot for years; and therefore they were all astonished that it should be so suddenly split asunder. It had even been praised

more than once as a very model piece of furniture; and how, therefore, could this accident have occurred, without even the slightest change having taken place in the temperature?

"Quick!" said Charles, "let us settle this point at once by examining the barometer." The quicksilver maintained the same point it had held for some days. And even the thermometer had not fallen more than could be reconciled with the difference of the temperature between day and night! "It is a pity that we have not an hygrometer at hand," he exclaimed, "the very instrument that would be most serviceable!"

"It seems," said the old clergyman, "that the most valuable instrument always fails when we are engaged in supernatural inquiries." They were interrupted in their reflections by the entry of a servant, who announced that a great fire was visible in the heavens; though no one could say whether it were raging in the town or in the neighbourhood.

The circumstances we have just related made the whole party more susceptible of terror, and they were therefore much agitated by the news. Fritz hastened up to the belvedere of the house, where a map of the adjacent country was suspended, by means of which he was enabled, even at night, to point out with tolerable accuracy the various positions of the surrounding places. The rest of the party remained together, not without some fear and anxiety.

Fritz announced, upon his return, that he had no good news to tell. "The fire does not seem to be in the town, but upon the property of our aunt. I am well acquainted," said he, "with the locality, and believe I am not mistaken." Each one lamented the destruction of the fine building, and calculated the loss. "A strange thought has just occurred to me," said Fritz, "which may quiet our minds as to the mystery of the reading-desk. Consider how long it is since we

heard the report." They counted the minutes, and thought it had occurred about half-past twelve.

"Now, you will probably laugh," continued Fritz, "when I tell you my conjecture. You know that our mother, a good many years ago, made our aunt a present of a reading-desk, in every respect similar to this one. They were both finished with the greatest care, by the same workman, at the same time, and cut out of one piece of wood. Both have lasted well until now; and I will lay a wager, that, at this very instant, the second reading-desk is actually burning at the house of my aunt; and its twin brother here is afflicted at the disaster. To-morrow I will set out and investigate this singular fact as thoroughly as I am able."

Whether Frederick really entertained the above opinion, or whether his wish to tranquillise his sister suggested the idea, we are unable to decide: they, however, seized the opportunity to speak of many undeniable sympathies, and ended by discovering that a sympathy actually existed between pieces of timber formed from one tree, and pronounced it probable that the same sympathy subsisted between pieces of work completed by the same hand. They agreed that these things resembled natural phenomena fully as much as other things which were often adduced, and which, although quite evident, are incapable of explanation. "And, in my opinion," added Charles, "every phenomenon, as well as every fact, is peculiarly interesting for its own sake. Whoever explains it, or connects it with other circumstances, only makes a jest of it, or deludes us: this is done, for example, by the natural philosopher and the historian. But an unconnected fact or event is interesting, not because it is explicable or probable, but because it is true. When at midnight the flames consumed your aunt's reading-desk, the extraordinary splitting of ours, at the very same time,

was a palpable fact, however explicable or connected with other things it may be."

Though night was by this time far advanced, none of the company felt any inclination to retire; and Charles, in his turn, asked permission to tell a story, which, though equally interesting, might seem perhaps more natural and explicable than the previous ones. "Marshal Bassompierre," he said, "relates it in his memoirs; and I may be permitted to tell it in his name.

"I had remarked for five or six months, that, whenever I crossed the little bridge (for at that time the Pont Neuf had not been built), a very handsome shopkeeper, over the door of whose establishment was painted the sign of 'The Two Angels,' always saluted me with a low and respectful bow, and followed me with her eyes as far as she could see me. This conduct surprised me extremely; but I always directed my looks to her, and saluted her in return. I rode on one occasion from Fontainebleau to Paris; and, when I had arrived at the little bridge, she appeared at the door of her shop and said, 'Your servant, sir!' I returned the salute: and, as I looked back from time to time, I observed that she was, as usual, leaning forward, to keep me in view as long as possible.

"My servant was following with a postilion, as I wished to send some letters back to some ladies in Fontainebleau the same day. I ordered the servant to alight, to go to the pretty shopkeeper, and to tell her from me, that I had noticed her wish to speak to me, and that, if she desired my acquaintance, I would visit her whenever she wished. She answered that I could have sent her no more delightful news, that she would meet me whenever I should appoint, on condition that she might be allowed to pass a night under the same roof with me. I accepted the proposal, and asked the servant to find a place where I might ap-

point an assignation. He said he would lead me to a friend's house, but advised me, as fever was then very prevalent, to provide myself with my own house-linen. When evening came, I went to the appointed house, where I found a very beautiful young woman awaiting my arrival. She was attired in a charming head-dress, and wore the finest linens. Her tiny feet were adorned with slippers, worked in gold and silk; and her person was covered with a loose mantle of the softest satin texture. Suffice it to say, that I never saw a more charming person. In the morning I asked when I could see her again; as it was then Thursday night, and it was not my intention to leave the town before the following Sunday.

"She replied that she was more anxious for a fresh appointment than I could be, but that it would be impracticable unless I could postpone my departure; as I could only see her on Sunday night. To this I made some difficulty, which caused her to complain that I was tired of her, and therefore wished to set out on Sunday; 'but,' she added, 'you will soon think of me again, and will be glad to forfeit a day in order to pass a night with me.'

"I was easily persuaded. I promised to stay during Sunday, and to meet her in the evening at the same place. She answered me as follows: 'I am quite aware, that on your account I have come to a house of ill-repute; but I have done this in obedience to an irresistible desire to enjoy your society. But so great an indiscretion cannot be repeated. I shall excite the jealousy of my husband, though one might risk even that for the satisfaction of an irresistible passion. For your sake I have come to this house, which has been made respectable by your presence. But, if you desire to see me again, you must meet me at the residence of my aunt.'

"She described the house with great particularity,

and then added, 'I shall expect you at ten o'clock. From that time till midnight the door shall be open. You will find a small entrance, through which you must advance; as my aunt's door is at the farther end. You will then see a flight of stairs opposite to you. They lead to the first floor, and there I shall be expecting you with open arms.'

"I made all my arrangements. I sent away my things, dismissed my servants, and waited impatiently the arrival of Sunday night, when I was to see my charming companion once more. At ten o'clock I was at the appointed place. I found the door she had described, close shut, and observed lights in the house, which seemed every now and then to blaze up into a flame. I knocked impatiently in order to announce my arrival, and was immediately saluted by the hoarse voice of a man inquiring what I wanted. I retired disappointed, and paced restlessly up and down the street. At length I returned to the house, and found the door then wide open. I hurried through the passage, and ascended the stairs. Judge of my astonishment at finding the room occupied by two men, who were employed in burning a mattress and some bedclothes; while I saw before me two naked corpses stretched upon the floor. I hastened away instantly, and, in rushing down stairs, knocked against two men carrying a coffin, who asked me angrily what I wanted. I drew my sword to protect myself, and finally reached my home in a state of the greatest excitement. I swallowed half a dozen glasses of wine, as a preservative against the fever, and on the following day continued my journey.

"All the inquiries I afterward instituted to discover who this woman was were in vain. I even visited the shop where 'The Two Angels' were painted, but the newcomers could not inform who their predecessors had been. The chief character in this adventure was

doubtless a person from the lower orders; but I can assure you, that, but for the disagreeable *finale*, it would have proved one of the most delightful incidents that has ever happened to me, and that I never think of my charming heroine without feelings of the warmest affection."

Charles observed, upon the conclusion of the anecdote, that the mystery which enveloped the story was not easily explained. The woman might either have died of the fever, or have kept away from the house on account of the infection.

"But, if she were alive," answered Charles, "she would have met her lover in the street; as no fear could, under the circumstances, have kept her from him. I fear," he added, "that her corpse was stretched on the floor."

"Oh! no more of this," said Louisa: "this story is too frightful. What a night we shall pass, if we retire with our imaginations full of these pictures!"

"I recollect an anecdote," interrupted Charles, "which is of a more cheerful description, and which the same Bassompierre relates of some of his ancestors.

"A very beautiful woman, who loved one of her relations passionately, visited him every Monday at his country-house, where they spent much time together; his wife believing in the meanwhile that her husband was engaged on a hunting-party. Two years uninterruptedly had passed in this way, when, the wife's suspicions being roused, she stole one morning to the country-house, and found her husband asleep with his companion. Being unwilling or afraid to disturb them, she untied her veil, threw it over the feet of the sleeping couple, and retired. When the lady awoke, and observed the veil, she uttered a piercing cry, and with loud lamentations complained that she would now never be able to see her lover again. She then took leave of him, having first given him three presents, —

a small fruit-basket, a ring, and a goblet, being a present for each of his three daughters, and desired him to take great care of them. They were accepted with thanks, and the children of these three daughters believe that they are indebted to their respective gifts for whatever good fortune has attended them."

"This somewhat resembles the story of the beautiful Melusina, and such-like fairy-tales," observed Louisa.

"But there is just such a tradition in our family," said Frederick, "and we have possession of a similar talisman."

"What do you mean?" asked Charles.

"That is a secret," replied the former. "It can be told to no one but the eldest son, and that during the lifetime of his father; and he is then to hold the charm."

"Are you the present possessor?" inquired Louisa.

"I have told too much already," answered Frederick, as he lighted his candle, previous to retiring.

The family had assembled for breakfast according to their usual custom, and the baroness afterward took her seat at her embroidery-frame. After a short silence the clergyman observed, with a slight smile, "It is seldom indeed that singers, poets, or story-tellers, who enter into an agreement to amuse a company, do it at the right time: they often require pressing, when they should begin voluntarily; whilst, on the other hand, they are frequently eager and urgent to commence at a time when the entertainment could be dispensed with. I hope, however, to prove an exception to this custom; and I shall be glad to know whether it will prove agreeable to you that I should relate a story."

"Particularly so," answered the baroness; "and I feel sure that I express the general opinion. But, if it is your intention to relate an anecdote as a specimen, I

will tell you for what sort of story I have no inclination.

"I take no pleasure in stories which, like the Arabian Nights, connect one tale with another, and so confound the interest of both; where the narrator finds himself compelled to excite our attention by interruptions, and, instead of satisfying us by detailing a course of consecutive adventures, seeks to attract us by rare and often unworthy artifices. I cannot but censure the attempt of converting stories, which should possess the unity of a poem, into unmeaning puzzles, which only have the effect of vitiating our taste. I leave you to choose your own subjects; but I hope you will pay a little attention to the style, since it must be remembered that we are members of good society. Commence with some narrative in which but few persons are concerned or few events described, in which the plot is good and natural, though possessing as much action and contrivance as is necessary, which shall not prove dull, nor be confined to one spot, but in which the action shall not progress too rapidly. Let your characters be pleasing, and, if not perfect, at least good, — not extravagant, but interesting and amiable. Let your story be amusing in the narration, in order that, when concluded, we may remember it with pleasure."

"If I were not well acquainted with you, gracious lady," said the clergyman, "I should be of opinion that it is your wish, by thus explaining how much you require of me, to bring my wares into disrepute before I have exposed them for sale. I see how difficult it will be to reach your standard of excellence. Even now," he continued, after a short pause, "you compel me to postpone the tale I had intended to relate till another time; and I fear I shall commit a mistake in extemporising an anecdote for which I have always felt some partiality:

"In a seacoast town in Italy once lived a merchant, who from his youth had been distinguished for activity and industry. He was, in addition, a first-rate sailor, and had amassed considerable wealth by trading to Alexandria, where he was accustomed to purchase or exchange merchandise, which he afterward either brought home or forwarded to the northern parts of Europe. His fortune increased from year to year. Business was his greatest pleasure, and he found no time for the indulgence of extravagant dissipation.

"His life was employed in active pursuits of this nature till he was fifty years old; and he had been, during all this time, a total stranger to those social pleasures with which luxurious citizens are accustomed to diversify their lives. Even the charms of the fair sex had never excited his attention, notwithstanding the attractions of his countrywomen. His knowledge of them was confined to their love for ornaments and jewelry, a taste of which he never failed to take proper advantage.

"He was surprised, therefore, at the change which took place in his disposition, when, after a long voyage, his richly laden ship entered the port of his native town, upon the occurrence of a great festival in which the children of the place took a prominent part. The youths and maidens had attended the church in their gayest attire, and had joined in the sacred processions. They afterward mingled through the town in separate companies, or dispersed through the country in search of amusements; or they assembled in the large square, engaging in various active pursuits, and exhibiting feats of skill and dexterity, for which small prizes were bestowed.

"The merchant was much pleased with all he saw. But after he had for some time observed the happiness of the children, and the delight of their parents, and witnessed so many persons in the full enjoyment of

present bliss and the indulgence of the fondest hopes, he could not help reflecting upon the wretchedness of his own condition. His own solitary home began for the first time to be to him a cause of distress, and he thus gave vent to his melancholy thoughts:

"'Unhappy being that I am! Why are my eyes opened so late? Why, in my old age, do I first become acquainted with those blessings which alone can ensure the happiness of mankind? What toil have I endured! What labours I have borne! And what have they done for me? 'Tis true my cellars are filled with merchandise, my chests with valuable metals, and my caskets with jewelry and precious stones; but these treasures can neither console nor satisfy my heart. The more I have the more I want: one coin requires another, and one diamond wishes for its fellow. I am not the master of my riches: they command me in imperious tone. "Go and get more!" they exclaim. Gold delights in gold, and jewels in their fellows. They have ruled me all my life; and now I find, too late, that they possess no real value. Now, when age approaches, I begin for the first time to reflect, and to complain that I enjoy none of the treasures I possess, and that no one will enjoy them after me. Have I ever used them to adorn the person of a beloved wife, to provide a marriage-portion for a daughter? Have I ever by their means enabled a son to win and to dower the maiden of his heart? Never! None of these treasures have ever enriched me or mine; and what I have collected with so much toil some stranger, after my death, will thoughtlessly dissipate.

"'Oh! with what different feelings will those happy parents whom I see around me assemble their children this evening, praise their address, and encourage them to virtue! What joy have I beheld beaming from their eyes, and what hopes from the happiness of their

beloved offspring! And must I ever be a stranger to hope? Am I grown gray? Is it not enough to see my error before the final evening of my days arrives? No: in my ripe years it is not foolish to dream of love. I will enrich a fair maiden with my wealth, and make her happy. And, should my house ever become blessed with children, those late fruits will render me happy, instead of proving a plague and a torment; as they often do to those who too early receive such gifts from Heaven.'

"Thus communing with himself he silently formed his determination. He then called two of his intimate companions, and opened his mind to them. They were ever ready to aid him in all emergencies, and were not wanting upon the present occasion. They hastened, therefore, into the town, to make inquiries after the fairest and most beautiful maidens; for they knew their master was a man who, whatever goods he might wish to acquire, would never be satisfied with any but the best. He was himself active, went about, inquired, saw, and listened, and soon found what he sought in the person of a young maiden about sixteen years of age, accomplished and well educated. Her person and disposition pleased him, and gave him every hope of happiness. In fact, at this time no maiden in the whole town was more admired for her beauty.

"After a short delay, during which the most perfect independence of his intended bride, not only during his own life, but after his decease, was secured, the nuptial ceremony was performed with great pomp and triumph; and from that day the merchant felt himself, for the first time in his life, in actual possession and enjoyment of his riches. His rarest and most costly silks were devoted to the adornment of his bride, and his diamonds gleamed more brilliantly upon the neck and amid the tresses of his love than they had ever shone in his caskets; and his rings acquired an inex-

pressible value from the beauty of the hand by which they were adorned. And thus he felt that he was not only as wealthy as before, but even wealthier; and all he possessed acquired a new value from being shared with her he loved. The happy couple spent a year together in the most perfect contentment, and he seemed to experience a real joy in having exchanged his active and wandering course of life, for the calm content of domestic bliss. But he could not so easily divest himself of his nature, and found that a habit acquired in early youth, though it may for a time be interrupted, can never be completely laid aside.

"After some time the sight of some of his old companions, when they had safely brought their ships into harbour after a long and perilous voyage, excited anew the love of his former pursuits; and he began now, even in the company of his bride, to experience sensations of restlessness and discontent. These feelings increased daily, and were gradually converted into so intense a longing for his old course of life, that at last he became positively miserable; and a serious illness was the result.

"'What will now become of me?' he asked himself. 'I learn too late the folly of entering in old age upon a new system of life. How can we separate ourselves from our thoughts and our habits? What have I done? Once I possessed the perfect freedom which a bird enjoys in open air, and now I am imprisoned in a dwelling with all my wealth and jewels and my beauteous wife. I thought thus to win contentment and enjoy my riches, but I feel that I lose everything so long as I cannot increase my stores. Unjustly are men considered fools who add to their wealth by ceaseless activity, for activity itself is happiness; and riches themselves are valueless in comparison with the delight of the toil by which they are acquired. I am wretched from idleness, sick from inactivity; and, if I

do not determine upon some other course, I may soon bid farewell to life.

"'I know, however, how much I risk in separating from a young and lovely wife. I know how unjust it is to win the affections of a charming maiden, and, after a brief possession, to abandon her to the wearisome society of her own desires and emotions. I know, even now, how many vain and frivolous youths display their conceited persons before my windows. I know that in church, and in the public promenades, they seek to attract the notice and engage the attention of my wife. What may not take place, then, if I absent myself? Can I hope for the intervention of some miracle to save her from her almost inevitable fate? It were vain to expect that at her age and with her warm affections she can withstand the seductions of love. If I depart, I know that upon my return I shall have lost the attachment of my wife, and that she will have forfeited her fidelity, and tarnished the honour of my house.'

"These reflections and doubts, to which he for some time had become a prey, embittered his condition tenfold. His wife, no less than his relations and friends, sympathised deeply with him, without being able to comprehend the cause of his illness. At length he sought relief from his own thoughts, and thus communed with himself: 'Fool! to distress myself so much about the protection of a wife whom, if my illness continues, I must leave behind me for the enjoyment of another. Is it not better to preserve my life, even though in the effort I risk the loss of the greatest treasure a woman can possess? How many find their very presence ineffectual to preserve this treasure, and patiently endure a privation they cannot prevent! Why cannot you summon up courage to be independent of so precarious a blessing, since upon this resolution your very existence depends?'

"He felt invigorated by these thoughts, and forthwith summoned together his former crew. He instructed them to charter a vessel without delay, to load it, and hold themselves ready to set sail with the first favourable wind. He then unburdened himself to his wife in the following terms:

"'Be not astonished at any commotion you may shortly observe in our house, but conclude thence that I am making preparations for a journey. Be not overcome with grief when I inform you that I am once more bent upon a sea-voyage. The love I bear you is still unchanged, and will doubtless remain so during my life. I am sensible of the bliss I have enjoyed in your society, and should feel it still more powerfully, but for the silent censures of idleness and inactivity with which my conscience reproves me. My old disposition returns, and my former habits are still alive. Let me once more visit the markets of Alexandria, to which I shall repair with the greater joy, because I can there procure for you the richest merchandise and most valuable treasures. I leave you in possession of all my fortune and of all my goods: make use of them without restraint, and enjoy yourself in the company of your relatives and friends. The period of our separation will pass by, and we shall meet again with joy.'

"Dissolved in tears, his loving wife assured him, with the most tender endearments, that during his absence she would never be able to enjoy one happy moment, and entreated him, since she wished neither to control nor to detain him, that she might, at least, share his affectionate thoughts during the sad time of their separation.

"He then gave some general directions on business and household matters, and added, after a short pause. 'I have something to say, which lies like a burden upon my heart; and you must permit me to utter it: I only implore you earnestly not to misinterpret my

meaning, but in my anxiety for you to discern my love.'

"'I can guess your thoughts,' interrupted his wife: 'you are suspicious of me, I know; and, after the fashion of men, you always rail at the universal weakness of our sex. I am, it is true, young, and of a cheerful disposition; and you fear lest, in your absence, I be found inconstant and unfaithful. I do not find fault with your suspicions; it is the habit of your sex: but if I know my own heart, I may assure you that I am not so susceptible of impressions as to be induced lightly to stray from the paths of love and duty, through which I have hitherto journeyed. Fear not: you shall find your wife as true and faithful on your return as you have ever found her hitherto, when you have come to her arms at evening after a short absence.'

"'I believe the truth of the sentiments you utter,' added the husband, 'and I beseech you to be constant to them. But let us conceive the possibility of the worst. Why should we shrink from it? You know yourself how the beauty of your person attracts the admiration of all our young fellow-citizens. During my absence they will be more attentive to you than ever. They will redouble their efforts to attract and please you. The image of your husband will not prove as effective as his presence in banishing them from my doors and from your heart. I know you are a noble being; but the blandishments of love are powerful, and oftentimes overcome the firmest resolutions. Interrupt me not. Your very thoughts of me during my absence may inflame your passions. I may, for some time, continue to be the object of your dearest wishes; but who can foretell what opportunities may occur, and allow a stranger to enjoy those privileges which were destined for me? Be not impatient, I beseech you, but hear me out.

"'Should that time arrive, the possibility of which

you deny, and which I am by no means anxious to hasten, in which you feel that you need society, and can no longer defer the requirements of love, then make me one promise. Permit no thoughtless youth to supplant me, whatever may be the attractions of his person; for such lovers are more dangerous to the honour than to the virtue of a woman. Incited rather by vanity than by love, they seek the general favours of the sex, and are ever ready to transfer their transitory affections. If you wish for the society of a friend, look out for one who is worthy of the name, whose modesty and discretion understands the art of exalting the joys of love by the virtue of secrecy.'

"His beautiful wife could suppress her agony no longer, and the tears which she had till now restrained flowed in copious torrents from her eyes. 'Whatever may be your opinion of me,' she cried, after a passionate embrace, 'nothing can be at this hour farther from my thoughts than the crime you seem to consider, as it were, inevitable. If such an idea ever suggests itself to my imagination, may the earth in that instant open, and swallow me up, and for ever vanish all hope of that joy which promises a blessed immortality! Banish this mistrust from your bosom, and let me enjoy the full and delightful hope of seeing you again return to these arms.'

"Having left untried no effort to comfort and console his wife, he set sail the next day. His voyage was prosperous, and he soon arrived in Alexandria.

"In the meantime our heroine lived in the tranquil enjoyment of a large fortune, in possession of every luxury; though, with the exception of her relatives and immediate friends, no person was admitted to her society. The business of her absent husband was discharged by trustworthy servants; and she inhabited a large mansion, in whose splendid rooms she was able

to enjoy the daily pleasure of recalling the remembrance of his love.

"But, notwithstanding her quiet and retired mode of life, the young gallants of the town did not long remain inactive. They frequented the street, passed incessantly before her windows, and in the evening sought to attract her attention by means of music and serenades. The pretty prisoner, although she at first found these attentions troublesome and annoying, gradually became reconciled to the vexation; and, when the long evenings arrived, she began to consider the serenades in the light of an agreeable entertainment, and could scarcely suppress an occasional sigh, which, strictly speaking, belonged to her absent husband.

"But her unknown admirers, instead of gradually wearying in their attentions, as she had once expected, became more assiduous in their devotion. She began, at last, to recognise the oft-repeated instruments and voices, to grow familiar with the melodies and to feel curious to know the names of her most constant serenaders. She might innocently indulge so harmless a curiosity. She now peeped occasionally through her curtains and half-closed shutters, to notice the pedestrians, and to observe more particularly the youths whose eyes were constantly directed toward her windows. They were invariably handsome, and fashionably dressed; but their manner and whole deportment were unmistakably marked by frivolity and vanity. They seemed more desirous of making themselves remarkable by directing their attention to the house of so beautiful a woman, than of displaying toward her a feeling of peculiar respect.

"'Really,' the lady would sometimes say to herself in a tone of raillery, 'really my husband showed a deal of penetration. The condition under which he allowed me to enjoy the privilege of a lover excludes all those who care in the least for me, or to whom I am likely

to take a fancy. He seems to have well understood that prudence, modesty, and silence are qualities which belong to demure old age, when men can value the understanding, but are incapable of awakening the fancy or exciting the desires. I am pretty sure, at least, that, amongst the youths who lay perpetual siege to my mansion, there is not one entitled to my confidence; and those who might lay some claim to that virtue fall lamentably short in other attractions.'

"Supported by these reflections, she allowed herself to take daily more and more pleasure in the music and in the attentions of her young admirers; till at length, unperceived by herself, there gradually sprung up in her bosom a restless desire, which she struggled to resist when it was already too late. Solitude and idleness, combined with comfort and luxury, gave birth to an unruly passion long before its thoughtless victim had any suspicion of her danger.

"Amongst the numerous endowments of her husband, she now saw ample reason to admire his profound knowledge of the world and of mankind, and his thorough acquaintance with woman's heart. She now perceived that that had occurred, the possibility of which she had formerly so strenuously denied, and acknowledged his wisdom in preaching the necessity of prudence and caution. But what could these virtues avail, where pitiless chance seemed to be in conspiracy with her own unaccountable passions? How could she select one from a crowd of strangers? and was she permitted, in case of disappointment, to make a second choice?

"Innumerable thoughts of this nature increased the perplexity of our solitary heroine. In vain she sought recreation, and tried to forget herself. Her mind was perpetually excited by agreeable objects, and her imagination thus became impressed with the most delightful pictures of fancied happiness.

"In this state of mind, she was informed one day by a relation, amongst other pieces of news, that a young lawyer who had just finished his studies at Bologna had lately arrived in his native town. His talents were the topic of general admiration and encomium. His universal knowledge was accompanied by a modesty and reserve very uncommon in youth, and his personal attractions were of a high order. In his office of procurator he had already won, not only the confidence of the public, but the respect of the judges. He had daily business to transact at the court-house, so great was the increase of his professional practice.

"Our heroine could not hear the talents of this youth so generally extolled, without feeling a wish to become acquainted with him, accompanied by a secret hope that he might prove a person upon whom, in conformity with the permission of her husband, she might bestow her heart. She soon learned that he passed her dwelling daily, on his way to the court-house; and she carefully watched for the hour when the lawyers were accustomed to assemble for the discharge of business. With beating heart she at length saw him pass; and if his handsome figure and youthful attractions, on the one hand, excited her admiration, his apparent reserve and modesty, on the other, gave her much reason for doubt and anxiety. For several days she watched him silently, till at length she was no longer able to resist her desire to attract his attention. She dressed with care, went out upon the balcony, and marked his approach with feelings of suspense. But she grew troubled, and, indeed, felt ashamed, when she saw him pass, in contemplative mood, with thoughtful steps and downcast eyes, pursuing his quiet way, without deigning to bestow the slightest notice upon her. Vainly did she endeavour thus to win his attention for several successive days. In the same undeviating course he

continued to pass by, without raising his eyes, or looking to the right or to the left. But, the more she observed him, the more did he appear to be the very one she needed. Her wish to know him now grew stronger, and at length became irresistible. What! she thought within herself: when my noble, sensible husband actually foresaw the extremity to which his absence would reduce me, when his keen perception knew that I could not live without a friend, must I droop and pine away at the very time when fortune provides me with one whom not only my own heart, but even my husband, would choose, and in whose society I should be able to enjoy the delights of love in inviolable secrecy? Fool should I be, to miss such an opportunity; fool, to resist the powerful impulses of love!

"With such reflections did she endeavour to decide upon some fixed course, and she did not long remain a prey to uncertainty. It happened with her, as it usually does with every one who is conquered by a passion, that she looked without apprehension upon all such trifling objections as shame, fear, timidity, and duty, and came at length to the bold resolution of sending her servant-maid to the young lawyer at any risk, and inviting him to visit her.

"The servant found him in the company of several friends, and delivered her message punctually in the terms in which she had been instructed. The procurator was not at all surprised at the invitation. He had known the merchant previously, was aware of his absence at present, and presumed that the lady required the aid of his professional services about some important matter of business. He promised the servant, therefore, that he would wait upon her mistress without delay. The latter heard with unspeakable joy, that she would soon be allowed an opportunity of seeing and speaking to her beloved. She prepared

carefully for his reception, and had her rooms arranged with the utmost elegance. Orange-leaves and flowers were strewn around in profusion, and the most costly furniture was displayed for the occasion. And thus the brief intervening time hastened by, which would otherwise have been unbearable.

"Who can describe the emotion with which she witnessed his arrival, or her agitation upon inviting him to take a seat at her side? She hesitated how to address him now that he had arrived, and found a difficulty in remembering what she had to say. He sat still and silent. At length she took courage and addressed him, not without some visible perplexity.

"'I understand, sir, that you are but lately returned to your native city; and I learn that you are universally admired as a talented and incomparable man. I am ready to bestow my utmost confidence upon you, in a matter of extraordinary importance, but which, upon reflection, would seem adapted rather for the ear of the confessor than that of the lawyer. I have been for some years married to a husband who is both rich and honourable, and who, as long as we have lived together, has never ceased to tenderly love me, and of whom I should not have a single word of complaint to utter, if an irresistible desire for travel and trade had not torn him, for some time, from my arms.

"'Being a sensible and just man, he no doubt felt conscious of the injury his absence must necessarily inflict upon me. He knew that a young wife cannot be preserved like jewelry and pearls. He knew that she resembles a garden, full of the choicest fruits, which would be lost, not only to him, but to every one else, if the door were kept locked for years. For this reason, he addressed me in serious but friendly tones before his departure, and assured me, that he knew I should not be able to live without the society of a friend, and therefore not only permitted, but made

me promise, that I would, in a free and unrestrained manner, follow the inclination which I should soon find springing up within my heart.'

"She paused for a moment; but an eloquent look, which the young lawyer directed toward her, encouraged her to proceed.

"'One only condition was imposed upon me by my indulgent husband. He recommended me to use the most extreme caution, and impressed upon me strongly the necessity of choosing a steady, prudent, silent, and confidential friend. But you will excuse my continuing, — excuse the embarrassment with which I must confess how I have been attracted by your numerous accomplishments, and divine from the confidence I have reposed in you the nature of my hopes and wishes.'

"The worthy young lawyer was silent for a short time, and then replied, in a thoughtful tone, 'I am deeply indebted for the high mark of confidence with which you both honour and delight me. I wish to convince you that I am not unworthy of your favour. But let me first answer you in a professional capacity: and I must confess my admiration for your husband, who so clearly saw the nature of the injustice he committed against you; for there can be no doubt of this, — that a husband who leaves his young wife, in order to visit distant countries, must be viewed in the light of a man who relinquishes a valuable treasure, to which, by his own conduct, he abandons all manner of claim. And as the first finder may then lawfully take possession, so I hold it to be natural and just, that a young woman, under the circumstances you describe, should bestow her affections and herself, without scruple, upon any friend who may prove worthy of her confidence.

"'But particularly when the husband, as in this case, conscious of the injustice he himself commits,

expressly allows his forsaken wife a privilege, of which he could not deprive her, it must be clear that he can suffer no wrong from an action to which he has given his own consent.

"'Wherefore if you,' continued the young lawyer, with quite a different look and the most lively emphasis, and the most affectionate pressure of the hand, 'if you select me for your servant, you enrich me with a happiness, of which, till now, I could have formed no conception. And be assured,' he added, while at the same time he warmly kissed her hand, 'that you could not have found a more true, loving, prudent, and devoted servant.'

"This declaration tranquillised the agitated feelings of our tender heroine. She at once expressed her love without reserve. She pressed his hand, drew him nearer to her, and reclined her head upon his shoulder. They had remained but a short time in this position, when he tried to disengage himself gently, and expressed himself thus, not without emotion: 'Did ever happy mortal find himself in such embarrassment? I am compelled to leave you, and to do violence to myself in the very moment when I might surrender myself to the most divine enchantment. I cannot now partake the bliss which is prepared for me, and I earnestly pray that a temporary postponement may not altogether frustrate my fondest hopes.'

"She inquired hastily the cause of this strange speech.

"'When I was in Bologna,' he replied, 'and had just completed my studies, preparing to enter upon the practice of my profession, I was seized with a dangerous illness, from which it appeared, that, even if I should escape with my life, my bodily and mental faculties must sustain irreparable injury. Reduced to despair, and tortured by the pangs of disease, I made a solemn vow to the Virgin, that, should I recover, I

would persist for one whole year in practising the strictest fast and abstinence from enjoyment of every description. For ten months I have already adhered to my vow: and, considering the wonderful favour I have enjoyed, the time has not passed wearily; and I have not found it difficult to abstain from many accustomed pleasures. But the two months which still remain will now seem an eternity; since, till their expiration, I am forbidden to partake a happiness whose delights are inconceivable. And, though you may think the time long, do not, I beseech you, withdraw the favour you have so bountifully bestowed upon me.'

"Not much consoled by this announcement, she felt a little more encouraged when her friend added, after a few minutes' reflection, 'I scarcely dare to make a proposal, and suggest a plan, which may, perhaps, release me a little earlier from my vow. If I could only find some one as firm and resolute as myself in keeping a promise, and who would divide with me the time that still remains, I should then be the sooner free; and nothing could impede our enjoyment. Are you willing, my sweet friend, to assist in hastening our happiness by removing one-half of the obstacle which opposes us? I can only share my vow with one upon whom I can depend with full confidence. And it is severe,—nothing but bread and water twice a day, and at night a few hours' repose on a hard bed: and, notwithstanding my incessant professional occupation, I must devote many hours to prayer. If I am obliged to attend a party, I am not thereby released from my duty; and I must avoid the enjoyment of every dainty. If you can resolve to pass one month in the observance of these rules, you will find yourself the sooner in possession of your friend's society, which you will relish the more from the consciousness of having deserved it by your praiseworthy resolution.'

"The beautiful lady was sorry to hear of the diffi-

culty she had to encounter; but the very presence of her beloved so increased her attachment, that no trial which would ensure the possession of so valuable a prize appeared to her too difficult. She therefore assured him, in the most affectionate manner, of her readiness to share the responsibility of his vow, and addressed him thus: 'My sweet friend! the miracle through which you have recovered your health is to me an event of so much value and importance, that it is not only my duty, but my joy, to partake the vow by which you are still bound. I am delighted to offer so strong a proof of my sincerity. I will imitate your example in the strictest manner; and, until you discharge me from my obligation, no consideration shall induce me to stray from the path you point out to me.'

"The young lawyer once more repeated the conditions under which he was willing to transfer to her the obligation of one-half of his vow, and then took his leave, with the assurance that he would soon visit her again, to inquire after her constancy and resolution. And she was then obliged to witness his departure, without receiving so much as one kiss, or pressure of the hand, and scarcely with a look of ordinary recognition. She found some degree of happy relief in the strange employment which the performance of her new duties imposed upon her, for she had much to do in the preparation for her unaccustomed course of life. In the first place, she removed all the beautiful exotics and flowers which had been procured to grace the reception of her beloved. Then a hard mattress was substituted for her downy bed, to which she retired in the evening, after having scarcely satisfied her hunger with a frugal meal of bread and water. The following morning found her busily employed in plain work, and in making a certain amount of wearing apparel for the poor inmates of the town hospital. During this new occupation she entertained her fancy by dwelling upon the

image of her dear friend, and indulging the hope of future happiness; and these thoughts reconciled her to the greatest privations and to the humblest fare.

"At the end of the first week the roses began to fade from her beautiful cheeks, her person to fall away, and her strength to become weak and languid; but a visit from her friend imparted new animation and fortitude. He encouraged her to persist in her resolution, by the example of his own perseverance, and by showing her the approaching certainty of uninterrupted happiness. His visit was brief, but he promised to return soon.

"With cheerful resignation she continued her new and strict course of life, but her strength soon declined so much that the most severe illness could scarcely have reduced her to such extreme weakness. Her friend, whose visit was repeated at the end of the week, sympathised with her condition, and comforted her by an assurance that one-half the period of her trial was already over. But the severe fasting, continual praying, and incessant work, became every day more unbearable; and her excessive abstemiousness threatened to ruin the health of one who had been accustomed to a life of the greatest luxury. At length she found a difficulty in walking, and was compelled, notwithstanding the sultriness of the season, to wrap herself up in the warmest clothing, to preserve even an ordinary degree of heat; till finally she was obliged to take to her bed.

"It would be difficult to describe the course of her reflections when she reflected on her condition and on this strange occurrence, and it is impossible to imagine her distress when ten tedious days wearily passed without the appearance of the friend for whose sake she had consented to make this unheard-of sacrifice. But those hours of trouble sufficed to recall her to reason,

and she formed her resolution. Her friend visited her after the lapse of some few days more; and seating himself at her bedside, upon the very sofa which he had occupied when she made her first declaration of love to him, he encouraged and implored her, in the most tender and affectionate tones, to persist for a short time longer: but she interrupted him with a sweet smile, and assured him that she needed no persuasion to continue, for a few days, the performance of a vow which she knew full well had been appointed for her advantage. 'I am, as yet, too feeble,' she said, 'to express my thanks to you as I could wish. You have saved me from myself. You have restored me to myself; and I confess, that from this moment I am indebted to you for my existence. My husband was, indeed, gifted with prudence and good sense, and well knew the nature of woman's heart. And he was, moreover, just enough not to condemn a passion which he saw might spring up within my bosom, through his own fault; and he was generous enough to make allowance for the weakness of my nature. But you, sir, are truly virtuous and good. You have taught me that we possess within us an antidote equivalent to the force of our passions; that we are capable of renouncing luxuries to which we have been accustomed, and of suppressing our strongest inclinations. You have taught me this lesson by means of hope and of delusion. Neither is any longer necessary: you have made me acquainted with the existence of that ever-living conscience, which, in peaceful silence, dwells within our souls, and never ceases with gentle admonitions to remind us of its presence, till its sway becomes irresistibly acknowledged. And now farewell. May your influence over others be as effective as it has been over me. Do not confine your labours to the task of unravelling legal perplexities, but show mankind, by your own gentle guidance and example, that within every bosom the

germ of hidden virtue lies concealed. Esteem and fame will be your reward; and, far better than any statesman or hero, you will earn the glorious title of father of your country.'"

"We must all extol the character of your young lawyer," said the baroness, at the conclusion of the clergyman's tale: "polished, wise, interesting, and instructive, I wish every preceptor were like him, who undertakes to restrain or recall youth from the path of error. I think such a tale is peculiarly entitled to be styled a moral anecdote. Relate some more of the same nature, and your audience will have ample reason to be thankful."

Clergyman. I am delighted that my tale has earned your approbation, but I am sorry you wish to hear more of such moral anecdotes; for, to say the truth, this is the first and last of the kind.

Louisa. It certainly does not do you much credit, to say that your best collection only furnishes a single specimen.

Clergyman. You have not understood me. It is not the only moral tale I can relate; but they all bear so close a resemblance, that each would seem only to repeat the original.

Louisa. Really, you should give up your paradoxical style, which so much obscures your conversation, and express yourself more clearly.

Clergyman. With pleasure, then. No anecdote deserves to be called moral which does not prove that man possesses within himself that power to subdue his inclinations which may be called out by the persuasion of another. My story teaches this doctrine, and no moral tale can teach otherwise.

Louisa. Then, in order to act morally, I must act contrary to my inclinations?

Clergyman. Undoubtedly.

Louisa. Even when they are good?

Clergyman. No inclinations are abstractedly good, but only so far as they effect good.

Louisa. Suppose I have an inclination for benevolence?

Clergyman. Then, you should subdue your inclination for benevolence if you find that it ruins your domestic happiness.

Louisa. Suppose I felt an irresistible impulse to gratitude?

Clergyman. It is wisely ordained that gratitude can never be an impulse. But if it were, it would be better to prove ungrateful than to commit a crime in order to oblige your benefactor.

Louisa. Then, there may be a thousand moral stories?

Clergyman. Yes, in your sense. But none of them would read a lesson different from the one our lawyer taught, and in this sense there can be but one story of the kind: you are right, however, if you mean that the incidents can be various.

Louisa. If you had expressed your meaning more precisely at first, we should not have disagreed.

Clergyman. And we should have had no conversation. Errors and misunderstandings are the springs of action, of life, and of amusement.

Louisa. I cannot agree with you. Suppose a brave man saves another at the risk of his own life: is that not a moral action?

Clergyman. Not according to my mode of thinking. But, suppose a cowardly man were to overcome his fears and do the same, that would be a moral action.

Baroness. I wish, my dear friend, you would give us some examples, and convince Louisa of the truth of your theory. Certainly, a mind disposed to good must delight us when we become acquainted with it. Nothing in the world can be more pleasing than a mind under the guidance of reason and conscience

If you know a tale upon such a subject, we should like to hear it. I am fond of stories which illustrate a doctrine. They give a better explanation of one's meaning than dry words can do.

Clergyman. I certainly can relate some anecdotes of that kind, for I have paid some attention to those qualities of the human mind.

Louisa. I would just make one observation. I must confess I do not like stories which oblige us to travel, in imagination, to foreign lands. Why must every adventure take place in Italy, in Sicily, or in the East? Are Naples, Palermo, and Smyrna, the only places where anything interesting can happen? One may transpose the scene of our fairy-tales to Ormus and Samarcand for the purpose of perplexing the imagination; but, if you would instruct the understanding or the heart, do it by means of domestic stories, — family portraits, — in which we shall recognise our own likeness; and our hearts will more readily sympathise with sorrow.

Clergyman. You shall be gratified. But there is something peculiar, too, about family stories. They bear a strong resemblance to each other; and, besides, we daily see every incident and situation of which they are capable fully worked out upon the stage. However, I am willing to make the attempt, and shall relate a story, with some of the incidents of which you are already familar; and it will only prove interesting so far as it is an exact representation of the picture in your own minds.

"We may often observe in families, that the children inherit, not only the personal appearance, but even the mental qualities, of their parents; and it sometimes happens that one child combines the dispositions of both father and mother in a peculiar and remarkable manner.

"A youth, whom I may name Ferdinand, was a

strong instance of this fact. In his appearance he resembled both parents, and one could distinguish in his mind the separate disposition of each. He possessed the gay, thoughtless manner of his father in his strong desire to enjoy the present moment, and, in most cases, to prefer himself to others; but he also inherited the tranquil and reflective mind of his mother, no less than her love for honesty and justice, and a willingness, like her, perpetually to sacrifice himself for the advantage of others. To explain his contradictory conduct upon many occasions, his companions were often reduced to the necessity of believing that he had two souls. I must pass by many adventures which happened in his youth, and shall content myself with relating one anecdote, which not only explains his character fully, but forms a remarkable epoch in his life.

"His youth was passed in every species of enjoyment. His parents were affluent, and brought up their children extravagantly. If the father indulged in unreasonable expenditure, either in company, at the gaming-table, or in other dissipations, it was the habit of the mother to restrain her own, and the household expenses, so as to supply the deficiency; though she never allowed an appearance of want to be observed. Her husband was fortunate in his business; he was successful in several hazardous speculations he had undertaken: and, as he was fond of society, he had the happiness to form many pleasant and advantageous connections.

"The children of a family usually copy those members of the household who seem to enjoy their lives most. They see in the example of a father who follows such a course a model worthy of imitation; and, as they are seldom slow in obeying their inclinations, their wishes and desires often increase very much in disproportion to their means of enjoyment.

Obstacles to their gratification soon arise: each new addition to the family forms a new claim upon the capabilities of the parents, who frequently surrender their own pleasures for the sake of their children; and, by common consent, a more simple and less expensive mode of living is adopted.

"Ferdinand grew up with a consciousness of the disagreeable truth, that he was often deprived of many luxuries which his more fortunate companions enjoyed. It distressed him to appear inferior to any of them in the richness of his apparel, or the liberality of his expenditure. He wished to resemble his father, whose example was daily before him, and who appeared to him a twofold model, — first, as a parent, in whose favour a son is usually prejudiced; and, secondly, as a man who led a pleasant and luxurious life, and was, therefore, apparently loved and esteemed by a numerous acquaintance. It is easy to suppose that all this occasioned great vexation to his mother; but in this way Ferdinand grew up, with his wants daily increasing, until at length, when he had attained his eighteenth year, his requirements and wishes were sadly out of proportion to his condition.

"He had hitherto avoided contracting debts; for this vice his mother had impressed him with the greatest abhorrence: and, in order to win his confidence, she had, in numerous instances, exerted herself to gratify his desires, and relieve him from occasional embarrassments. But it happened, unfortunately, that she was now compelled to practise the most rigid economy in her household expenditure, and this at a time when his wants, from many causes, had increased. He had commenced to enter more generally into society, tried to win the affections of a very attractive girl, and to rival and even surpass his companions in the elegance of his attire. His mother, being unable any longer to satisfy his demands, appealed to his duty

and filial affection so as to induce him to restrain his expenses. He admitted the justice of her expostulations, but, being unable to follow her advice, was soon reduced to a state of the greatest mental embarrassment.

"Without forfeiting the object of his dearest wishes, he found it impossible to change his mode of life. From his boyhood he had been addicted to his present pursuits, and could alter no iota of his habits or practices without running the risk of losing an old friend, a desirable companion, or, what was worse, abandoning the society of his dearest love.

"His attachment became stronger; as the love which was bestowed upon him not only flattered his vanity, but complimented his understanding.

"It was something to be preferred to a host of suitors by a handsome and agreeable girl, who was acknowledged to be the richest heiress in the city. He boasted of the preference with which he was regarded, and she also seemed proud of the delightful bondage in which she was held. It now became indispensable that he should be in constant attendance upon her, that he should devote his time and money to her service, and afford perpetual proofs of the value he set upon her affection. All these inevitable results of his attachment occasioned Ferdinand more expense than he would otherwise have incurred. His ladylove (who was named Ottilia) had been entrusted by her parents to the care of an aunt, and no exertions had been spared to introduce her to society under the most favourable circumstances. Ferdinand exhausted every resource to furnish her with the enjoyments of society, into all of which she entered with the greatest delight, and of which she herself proved one of the greatest attractions.

"No situation could certainly be more wretched than that to which Ferdinand was now reduced. His

mother, whom he sincerely loved and respected, had pointed out to him the necessity of embarking in duties very different from those which he had hitherto practised: she could no longer assist him in a pecuniary way. He felt a horror at the debts which were daily becoming more burdensome to him, and he saw before him the difficult task of reconciling his impoverished condition with his anxiety to appear rich and practise generosity. No mind could be a prey to greater unhappiness.

"His mind was now forcibly impressed with thoughts which had formerly only indistinctly suggested themselves to his imagination. Certain unpleasant reflections became to him the source of great unhappiness. He had once looked upon his father as a model: he now began to regard him as a rival. What the son wished to enjoy, the parent actually possessed; and the latter felt none of the anxieties or grievances wherewith the former was tortured. Ferdinand, however, was in full possession of every comfort of life; but he envied his father the luxuries which he enjoyed, and with which he thought he might very well dispense. But the latter was of a different opinion. He was one of those beings whose desires are wholly insatiable, and who, for their own gratification, subject their family and dependants to the greatest privations. His son received from him a certain pecuniary allowance, but a regular account of his expenditure was strictly exacted.

"The eye of the envious is sharpened by restrictions, and dependants are never more censorious than when the commands of superiors are at variance with their practice. Thus Ferdinand came to watch strictly the conduct of his father, particularly upon points which concerned his expenditure. He listened attentively when it was rumoured that his father had lost heavily at the gambling-table, and expressed great dissatisfac-

tion at any unwonted extravagance which he might indulge. 'Is it not astonishing?' he would say to himself, 'that, whilst parents revel in every luxury that can spring from the possession of a property which they accidentally enjoy, they can debar their children of those reasonable pleasures which their season of youth most urgently requires? And by what right do they act thus? How have they acquired this privilege? Does it not arise from mere chance? and can that be a right which is the result of accident? If my grandfather, who loved me as his own son, were still alive, I should be better provided for. He would not see me in want of common necessaries, those things, I mean, which we have had from our birth. He would no more let me want, than he would approve my father's extravagance. Had he lived longer, had he known how worthy his grandchild would prove to inherit a fortune, he would have provided in his will for my earlier independence. I have heard that his death was unexpected, that he had intended to make a will; and I am probably indebted to mere chance for the postponement of my enjoying a fortune, which, if my father continue his present course, will probably be lost to me for ever.'

"With such discontented thoughts did Ferdinand often perplex himself in those hours of solitude and unhappiness, in which he was prevented, by the want of money, from joining his companions upon some agreeable party of pleasure. Then it was that he discussed those dangerous questions of right and property, and considered how far individuals are bound by laws to which they have given no consent, or whether they may lawfully burst through the restraints of society. But all these were mere pecuniary sophistries; for every article of value which he formerly possessed had gradually disappeared, and his daily wants had now far outgrown his allowance.

"He soon became silent and reserved; and, at such times, even his respect for his mother disappeared, as she could afford him no assistance: and he began to entertain a hatred for his father, who, according to his sentiments, was perpetually in his way.

"Just at this period he made a discovery which increased his discontent. He learned that his father was not only an irregular, but an improvident, manager of his household. He observed that he often took money hastily from his desk, without entering it in his account-book, and that he was afterward perplexed with private calculations, and annoyed at his inability to balance his accounts. More than once did Ferdinand notice this; and his father's carelessness was the more galling to him, as it often occurred at times when he himself was suffering severely from the want of money.

"Whilst he was in this state of mind, an unlucky accident happened, which afforded an opportunity for the commission of a crime, to which he had long felt himself impelled by a secret and ungovernable impulse.

"His father had desired him to examine and arrange a collection of old letters. One Sunday, when he was alone, he set to work in a room which contained his father's writing-desk, and in which his money was usually kept. The box of letters was heavy; and, in the act of lifting it from the ground, he pushed unintentionally against the desk, when the latter suddenly flew open. The rolls of money lay temptingly displayed before him. Without allowing time for a moment's reflection, he took a roll of gold from that part of the desk where he thought his father kept a supply of money for his own occasional wants. He shut the desk again, and repeated the experiment of opening it. He once more succeeded, and saw that he could now command the treasure as completely as if he had possessed the key.

"He soon plunged once more into all those dissipations which he had lately been obliged to renounce. He became more constant than ever in his attentions to Ottilia, and more passionate in the pursuit of pleasure. Even his former graceful animation was converted into a species of excitement, which, though it was far from unbecoming, was deficient in that kind attention to others which is so agreeable.

"Opportunity is to passion what a spark is to gunpowder, and those desires which we gratify contrary to the dictates of conscience always rule with the most ungovernable power. Ferdinand's own convictions loudly condemned his conduct, but he endeavoured to justify himself by specious arguments; and though his manner became in appearance more free and unrestrained than before, he was in reality a captive to the influence of his evil inclinations.

"Just at this time the wearing of extravagant trifles came into fashion. Ottilia was fond of personal ornaments, and Ferdinand endeavoured to discover a mode of gratifying her taste without apprising her where her supply of presents came from. Her suspicions fell upon an old uncle, and Ferdinand's gratification was indescribable at observing the satisfaction of his mistress and the course of her mistaken suspicions. But, unfortunately for his peace of mind, he was now obliged to have frequent recourse to his father's desk, in order to gratify Ottilia's fancy and his own inclinations; and he pursued this course now the more boldly, as he had lately observed that his father grew more and more careless about entering in his account-book the sums he himself required.

"The time now arrived for Ottilia's return to her parents. The young couple were overpowered with grief at the prospect of their separation, and one circumstance added to their sorrow. Ottilia had accidentally learned that the presents we have spoken of

had come from Ferdinand: she questioned him, and he confessed the truth with feelings of evident sorrow. She insisted upon returning them, and this occasioned him the bitterest anguish. He declared his determination not to live without her, prayed that she would preserve him her attachment, and implored that she would not refuse her hand as soon as he should have provided an establishment. She loved him, was moved at his entreaties, promised what he wished, and sealed her vow with the warmest embraces and a thousand passionate kisses.

"After her departure Ferdinand was reduced to sad solitude. The company in which he had found delight pleased him no more, she being absent. From the mere force of habit he mingled with his former associates, and had recourse to his father's desk to supply those expenses which in reality he felt but slight inclination to indulge. He was now frequently alone, and his natural good disposition began to obtain the mastery over him. In moments of calm reflection he felt astonished how he could have listened to that deceitful sophistry about justice and right, and his claim to the goods of others; and he wondered at his approval of those evil arguments by which he had been led to justify his dishonest conduct. But in the meantime, before these correct ideas of truth and uprightness produced a practical effect upon his conduct, he yielded more than once to the temptation of supplying his wants, in extreme cases, from his father's treasury. This plan, however, was now adopted with more reluctance; and he seemed to be under the irresistible impulse of an evil spirit.

"At length he took courage, and formed the resolution of rendering a repetition of the practice impossible, by informing his father of the facility with which his desk could be opened. He took his measures cautiously; and once, in the presence of his father, he car-

ried the box of letters we have mentioned into the room, pretended to stumble accidentally against the desk, and astonished his father by causing it to spring open. They examined the lock without delay, and found that it had become almost useless from age. It was at once repaired, and Ferdinand soon enjoyed a return of his peace of mind when he saw his father's rolls of money once more in safe custody.

"But he was not content with this. He formed the resolution of restoring the money which he had abstracted. He commenced the most economical course of life for this purpose, with a view of saving from his allowance all that could possibly be spared from the merest necessities. It is true that this was but little; but it appeared much, as it was the commencement of a system of restitution: and there will always be a wonderful difference between the last guinea borrowed and the first guinea saved. He had pursued this upright course for but a short time, when his father determined to settle him in business. His intention was to form a connection with a manufactory at some distance from his residence. The design was to establish a company in a part of the country where labour and provisions were cheap, to appoint an agent, and extend the business as widely as possible by means of money and credit. It was determined that Ferdinand should inquire into the practicability of the scheme, and forward a circumstantial report of his proceedings. His father furnished him with money for his journey, but placed a moderate limit upon his expenditure. The supply was, however, sufficient for his wants; and Ferdinand had no reason to complain of a deficiency.

"Ferdinand used the utmost economy also upon his journey, and found upon the closest calculation that he could live upon one-third of his allowance, by practising strict restraint. He was now anxious to find means of gradually saving a certain sum, and it soon

presented itself; for opportunity comes indifferently to the good and to the bad, and favours all parties alike. In the neighbourhood which he designed to visit, he found things more to his advantage than had been expected. No new habits of expense had as yet been introduced. A moderate capital alone had been invested in business, and the manufacturers were satisfied with small profits. Ferdinand soon saw, that with a large capital, and the advantages of a new system, by purchasing the raw material by wholesale, and erecting machinery under the guidance of experienced workmen, large and solid advantages might be secured.

"The prospect of a life of activity gave him the greatest delight. The image of his beloved Ottilia was ever before him; and the charming and picturesque character of the country made him anxiously wish that his father might be induced to establish him in this spot, commit the conduct of the new manufactory to him, and thus afford him the means of attaining independence. His attention to business was secured by the demands of his own personal interests. He now found an opportunity, for the first time in his life, for the exercise of his understanding and judgment, and for exerting his other mental powers. Not only the beautiful neighbourhood, but his business and occupation, were full of attractions for him: they acted as balm and cordial to his wounded heart, whenever he recalled the painful remembrance of his father's house, in which, influenced by a species of insanity, he had acted in a manner which now seemed to him in the highest degree criminal.

"His constant companion was a friend of his family, — a person of strong mind, but delicate health, who had first conceived the project of founding this establishment. He instructed Ferdinand in all his own views and projects, and seemed to take great pleasure in the thorough harmony of mind which existed be-

tween them. This latter personage led a simple and retired life, partly from choice, and partly because his health required it. He had no family of his own. His household establishment was conducted by a niece, who he intended should inherit his fortune; and it was his wish to see her united to a person of active and enterprising disposition, who, by means of capital and persevering industry, might carry on the business which his infirm health and want of means disqualified him from conducting. His first interview with Ferdinand suggested that he had found the man he wanted; and he was the more strongly confirmed in this opinion, upon observing his fondness for business, and his attachment to the place. His niece became aware of his intentions, and seemed to approve of them. She was a young and interesting girl, of sweet and engaging disposition. Her care of her uncle's establishment had imparted to her mind the valuable qualities of activity and decision, whilst her attention to his health had softened down these traits by a proper union of gentleness and affection. It would have been difficult to find a person better calculated to make a husband happy.

"But Ferdinand's mind was engrossed with the thoughts of Ottilia's love: he saw no attractions in the charms of this country beauty; or, at least, his admiration was circumscribed by the wish, that, if ever Ottilia settled down as his wife in this part of the country, she might have such a person for her assistant and housekeeper. But he was free and unrestrained in his intercourse with the young lady, he valued her more as he came to know her better, and his conduct became more respectful and attentive; and both she and her uncle soon put their own interpretations upon his behaviour.

"Ferdinand had in the meantime made all the requisite inquiries about his father's business. The

uncle's suggestions had enabled him to form certain projects which, with his usual thoughtlessness, he made the subject of conversation. He had more than once uttered certain gallant speeches when conversing with the niece, until her uncle and herself fancied that he actually indulged intentions which gave them both unfeigned satisfaction. To Ferdinand's great joy, he had learned that he could not only derive great advantage from his father's plan, but that another favourable project would enable him to make restitution of the money he had withdrawn, and the recollection of which pressed like a heavy burden upon his conscience. He communicated his intentions to his friend, who tendered, not only his cordial congratulations, but every possible assistance to carry out his views. He even proposed to furnish his young friend with the necessary merchandise upon credit, a part of which offer was thankfully accepted; some portion of the goods being paid for with what money Ferdinand had saved from his travelling expenses, and a short credit being taken for the remainder.

"It would be difficult to describe the joy with which Ferdinand prepared for his return home. There can be no greater delight than is experienced by a man who, by his own unaided resources, frees himself from the consequences of error. Heaven looks down with satisfaction upon such a spectacle; and we cannot deny the force of the seeming paradox which assures us that there is more joy before God over one returning sinner, than over ninety-nine just.

"But, unfortunately, neither the good resolutions nor the repentance and improvement of Ferdinand could remove the evil consequences of his crime, which were destined once more to disturb and agitate his mind with the most painful reflections. The storm had gathered during his absence, and it was destined to burst over his head upon his return.

"We have already had occasion to observe, that Ferdinand's father was most irregular in his habits; but his business was under the superintendence of a clever manager. He had not himself missed the money which had been abstracted by his son, with the exception of one roll of foreign money, which he had won from a stranger at play. This he had missed, and the circumstance seemed to him unaccountable. He was afterward somewhat surprised to perceive that several rolls of ducats could not be found, money which he had some time before lent to a friend, but which he knew had been repaid. He was aware of the previous insecurity of his desk, and felt, therefore, convinced that he had been robbed. This feeling rendered him extremely unhappy. His suspicions fell upon every one. In anger and exasperation, he related the circumstance to his wife. The entire household was thereupon strictly examined, and neither servants nor children were allowed to escape. The good wife exerted herself to tranquillise her husband: she represented the discredit which a mere report of this circumstance would bring upon the family; that no one would sympathise in their misfortune, further than to humiliate them with their compassion; that neither he nor she could expect to escape the tongue of scandal; that strange observations would be made if the thief should remain undiscovered; and she suggested, that perhaps, if they continued silent, they might recover their lost money without reducing the wretched criminal to a state of misery for life. In this manner she prevailed upon her husband to remain quiet, and to investigate the affair in silence.

"But the discovery was unfortunately soon made. Ottilia's aunt had, of course, been informed of the engagement of the young couple. She had heard of the presents her niece had received. The attachment was not approved by her, and she had only maintained

silence in consequence of her niece's absence. She would have consented to her marrying Ferdinand, but she did not like uncertainty on such a subject; and as she knew that he was shortly to return, and her niece was expected daily, she determined to inform the parents of the state of things, to inquire their opinion, to ask whether Ferdinand was to have a settlement, and if they would consent to the marriage.

"The mother was not a little astonished at this information, and she was shocked at hearing of the presents which Ferdinand had made to Ottilia. But she concealed her surprise; and, requesting the aunt to allow her some time to confer with her husband, she expressed her own concurrence in the intended marriage, and her expectation that her son would be advantageously provided for.

"The aunt took her leave, but Ferdinand's mother did not deem it advisable to communicate the circumstance to her husband. She now had to undertake the sad duty of discovering whether Ferdinand had purchased Ottilia's presents with the stolen money. She went straight to the shopkeeper who dealt in such goods, made some general inquiries, and said at last, 'that he ought not to overcharge her, particularly as her son, who had bought some similar articles, had procured them from him at a more reasonable charge.' This the tradesman denied, producing the account, and further observing that he had even added something for the exchange; as Ferdinand had paid for the goods partly in foreign money. He specified the exact nature of the coin; and, to her inexpressible grief, it was the very same which had been stolen from her husband. She left the shop with sorrowful heart. Ferdinand's crime was but too evident. The sum her husband had lost was large, and she saw in all its force the extent of the crime and its evil results. But she had prudence enough to conceal her discovery. She

waited for the return of her son, with feelings of mingled fear and anxiety. Although she wished for an explanation, she dreaded the consequences of a further inquiry.

"At length he arrived in the highest spirits. He expected the greatest praise from the manner in which he transacted his business, and was the bearer of a sum of money sufficient to make compensation for what he had criminally abstracted. His father heard his statement with pleasure, but did not manifest so much delight as the son expected. His late losses had irritated his temper; and he was the more distressed, because he had some large payments to make at the moment. Ferdinand felt hurt at his father's depression of mind, and his own peace was further disturbed by the sight of everything around him: the very room in which he was, the furniture, and the sight of the fatal desk, those silent witnesses of his crime, spoke loudly to his guilty conscience. His satisfaction was at an end. He shrunk within himself, and felt like a culprit.

"After a few days' delay he was about to distract his attention from these thoughts by examining the merchandise he had ordered, when his mother, finding him alone, reproached him with his fault in a tone of affectionate earnestness, which did not allow the smallest opportunity for prevarication. He was overcome with grief. He threw himself at her feet, imploring her forgiveness, acknowledging his crime, and protesting that nothing but his affection for Ottilia had misled him: he assured her, in conclusion, that it was the only offence of the kind of which he had ever been guilty. He related the circumstances of his bitter repentance, of his having acquainted his father with the insecurity of his desk, and finally informed her how, by personal privations and a fortunate speculation, he was in a condition to make restitution.

"His mother heard him calmly, but insisted on knowing how he had disposed of so much money; as the presents would account but for a small part of the sum that was missing. She produced, to his dismay, an account of what his father had missed; but he denied having taken, even so much silver: the missing gold he solemnly protested he had never touched. His mother became exasperated at this denial. She rebuked him his attempting to deceive her, and that at a moment when he laid claim to the virtue of repentance; asserting that if he could be guilty in one respect, she must doubt his innocence in another. She suggested that he might perhaps have accomplices amongst his dissipated companions, that perhaps the business he had carried on was transacted with the stolen money, and that probably he would have confessed nothing if his crime had not been accidentally discovered. She threatened him with the anger of his father, with judicial punishment, with her highest displeasure; but nothing affected him more than his learning that his projected marriage with Ottilia had been already spoken of. She left him in the most wretched condition. His real crime had been discovered, and he was suspected of even greater guilt. How could he ever persuade his parents that he had not stolen the gold? He dreaded the public exposure which was likely to result from his father's irritable temper, and he now had time to compare his present wretched condition with the happiness he might have attained. All his prospects of an active life and of a marriage with Ottilia were at an end. He saw his utter wretchedness, abandoned, a fugitive in foreign lands, exposed to every species of misfortune.

"But these reflections were not the worst evil he had to encounter; though they bewildered his mind, wounded his pride, and crushed his affections. His most severe pangs arose from the thought, that his honest resolution, his noble intention to repair the past,

was suspected, repudiated, and denied. And, even if these thoughts gave birth to a feeling resembling despair, he could not deny that he had deserved his fate; and to this conviction must be added his knowledge of the fatal truth, that one crime is sufficient to destroy the character for ever. Such meditations, and the apprehension that his firmest resolutions of amendment might be looked upon as insincere, made life itself a burden.

"In this moment of abandonment he appealed to Heaven for assistance. He sank upon his knees, and, moistening the ground with tears of contrition, implored help from his divine Maker. His prayer was worthy of being heard. Man, throwing off his load of crimes, has a claim upon Heaven. He who has exhausted every effort of his own may, as a last resource, appeal to God. He was for some time engaged in earnest prayer, when the door opened, and some one entered his apartment. It was his mother, who approached him with a cheerful look, saw his agitation, and addressed him with consoling words. 'How happy I am,' she said, 'to find that I may credit your assertions, and regard your sorrow as sincere! The missing sum of gold has been found: your father, when he received it from his friend, handed it to his secretary, who forgot the circumstance amid the numerous transactions of the day. And, with respect to the silver, you are also right; as the amount taken is less than I had supposed. Unable to conceal my joy, I promised your father to replace the missing sum if he would consent to forbear making any further inquiry.'

"Ferdinand's joy was indescribable. He completed at once his business arrangements, gave his mother the promised money, and in addition replaced the amount which his father had lost through his own irregularity. He became gradually more cheerful and happy, but

the whole circumstance produced a serious impression upon his mind. He became convinced that every man has power to accomplish good, and that our divine Maker will infallibly extend to him his assistance in the hour of trial, — a truth which he himself had learned from late experience. He now unfolded to his father his plan of establishing himself in the neighbourhood from which he had lately returned. He fully explained the nature of the intended business. His father consented to his proposals, and his mother at a proper time related to her husband the attachment of Ferdinand to Ottilia. He was delighted at the prospect of having so charming a daughter-in-law, and felt additional pleasure at the idea of being able to establish his son without the necessity of incurring much expense."

"I like this story," said Louisa, when the old clergyman had finished his tale; "and though the incidents are taken from low life, yet the tone is sufficiently elevated to prove agreeable. And it seems to me, that if we examine ourselves, or observe others, we shall find that men are seldom influenced by their own reflections, either to pursue or to abandon a certain course, but are generally impelled by extraneous circumstances."

"I wish for my part," said Charles, "that we were not obliged to deny ourselves anything, and that we had no knowledge of those blessings which we are not allowed to possess. But unfortunately we walk in an orchard where, though all the trees are loaded with fruit, we are compelled to leave them untouched, to satisfy ourselves with the enjoyment of the shade, and forego the greatest indulgence."

"Now," said Louisa to the clergyman, "let us hear the rest of the story."

Clergyman. It is finished.

Louisa. The *dénouement* may be finished, but we should like to hear the end.

Clergyman. Your distinction is just; and, since you seem interested in the fate of my friend, I will tell you briefly what happened to him.

"Relieved from the oppressive weight of so dreadful a crime, and enjoying some degree of satisfaction at his own conduct, his thoughts were now directed to his future happiness; and he expected with anxiety the return of Ottilia, that he might explain his position, and perform the promise he had given her. She came, accompanied by her parents. He hastened to meet her, and found her more beautiful than ever. He waited with impatience for an opportunity of speaking to her alone, and of unfolding all his future projects. The moment arrived; and with a heart full of tenderness and love he spoke of his hopes, of his expectations of happiness, and of his wish to share it with her. But what was his surprise and astonishment when he found that she heard his announcement with indifference and even with contempt, and indulged in unpleasant jokes about the hermitage prepared for their reception, and the interest they would excite by enacting the characters of shepherd and shepherdess in a pastoral abode.

"Her behaviour occasioned bitter reflections. He was hurt and grieved at her indifference. She had been unjust to him, and he now began to observe faults in her conduct which had previously escaped his attention. In addition, it required no very keen perception to remark that a cousin, who had accompanied her, had made an impression upon her, and won a large portion of her affections.

"But Ferdinand soon perceived the necessity of struggling with this new source of sorrow; and, as victory had attended his exertions in one instance, he hoped to be successful upon a second occasion. He

saw Ottilia frequently, and determined to observe her closely. His conduct toward her was attentive and affectionate, and her deportment was of a similar nature; but her attractions had become diminished for him: he soon found that her professions were not cordial or sincere, and that she could be affectionate and cold, attractive and repulsive, charming and disagreeable, according to the mere whim of the moment. He gradually became indifferent to her, and at length resolved to break the last link of their connection.

"But this was more difficult than he had anticipated. He found her one day alone, and took courage to remind her of their engagement, and of those happy moments in which, under the influence of the most delightful feelings, they had discoursed with joyful anticipations of their future happiness. She was in a tender mood, and he began to hope that he might perhaps have been deceived in the estimate he had lately formed of her. He thereupon began to describe his worldly prospects, and the probable success of his intended establishment. She expressed her satisfaction, accompanied, however, with regret that their union must on this account be postponed still longer. She gave him to understand that she had not the least wish to leave the pleasures of a city life, but expressed her hopes that he might be able, after some years' active industry in the country, to return home, and become a citizen of consequence. She gave him, moreover, to understand that she expected he would play a more respectable and honest part in life than his father.

"Ferdinand saw plainly that he could expect no happiness from such a union, and yet he felt the difficulty of wholly disengaging himself. In this state of mind he would probably have parted from her in uncertainty about the future, had he not been finally influenced by the conduct of Ottilia's cousin, toward

whom he thought she displayed too much tenderness. Ferdinand, thereupon, wrote a letter assuring her that it was still in her power to make him happy, but that it could not be advisable to encourage indefinite hopes, or to enter into engagements for an uncertain future.

"He trusted that this letter would produce a favourable answer; but he received a reply which his heart deplored, but which his judgment approved. She released him from his promise, without rejecting his love, and adverted to her own feelings in the same ambiguous manner. She was still bound by the sense of her letter, but free by its literal meaning. But why should I delay communicating the inevitable result? Ferdinand hastened back to the peaceful abode he had left, and formed his determination at once. He became attentive and diligent in business, and was encouraged in this course by the affections of the kind being of whom we have already spoken, and the exertions of her uncle to employ every means in his power to render them happy. I knew him afterward, when he was surrounded by a numerous and prosperous family. He related his own story to me himself; and, as it often happens with individuals whose early life has been marked by some uncommon accident, his own adventures had become so indelibly impressed upon his mind, that they exerted a deep influence on his conduct. Even as a man and as a father, he constantly denied himself the enjoyment of many gratifications in order not to forget the practice of self-restraint; and the whole course of his children's education was founded upon this principle, that they must accustom themselves to a frequent denial of their most ardent desires.

"I once had an opportunity of witnessing an instance of the system he adopted. One of his children was about to eat something at table, of which he was particularly fond. His father forbade it, apparently

without reason. To my astonishment, the child obeyed with the utmost cheerfulness; and dinner proceeded as if nothing had occurred. And, in this manner, even the eldest members of the family often allowed a tempting dish of fruit or some other dainty to pass them untasted. But, notwithstanding this, a general freedom reigned in his house; and there was at times a sufficient display, both of good and bad conduct. But Ferdinand was for the most part indifferent to what occurred, and allowed an almost unrestrained license. At times, however, when a certain week came about, orders were given for precise punctuality, the clocks were regulated to the second, every member of the family received his orders for the day, business and pleasure had their turn, and no one dared to be a single second in arrear. I could detain you for hours in describing his conversation and remarks on this extraordinary system of education. He was accustomed to jest with me upon my vows as a Catholic priest, and maintained that every man should make a vow to practise self-restraint, as well as to require obedience from others; but he observed that the exercise of these vows, in place of being perpetually demanded, was suitable only for certain occasions."

The baroness observed, that she thought Ferdinand was perfectly right; and she compared the authority of a parent to the executive power in a kingdom, which being weak, the legislative authority can be of little avail.

At this moment Louisa rushed hastily to the window, having heard Frederick ride past. She ran to meet him, and accompanied him into the parlour. He seemed cheerful, notwithstanding his just having come from a scene of trouble and distress. In place of entering into a detailed description of the fire which had seized the house of his aunt, he assured the company that he had established beyond doubt the fact

that the desk there had been burned at the very same time when theirs had been split asunder in so strange a manner.

He stated, that, when the fire approached the room where the desk was, one of the servants saved a clock which stood upon it; that, in carrying it out, some accident had happened to the works, and it had stopped at half-past eleven; and thus the coincidence of time was placed beyond all question. The baroness smiled; and the tutor observed, that, although two things might agree in some particulars, we were not therefore justified in inferring their mutual dependence. But Louisa took pleasure in believing the connection of these two circumstances, particularly as she had received intelligence that her intended was quite well; and, as to the rest of the company, they gave full scope to the flight of their imagination.

Charles inquired of the clergyman whether he knew a fairy tale. "The imagination," he observed, "is a divine gift; but I do not like to see it employed about the actualities of life. The airy forms to which it gives birth are delightful to contemplate, if we view them as beings of a peculiar order; but, connected with truth, they become prodigies, and are disapproved by our reason and judgment. The imagination," he continued, "should not deal in facts, nor be employed to establish facts. Its proper province is art; and there its influence should be like that of music, which awakens our emotions, and makes us forget the cause by which they are called forth."

"Continue," said the old clergyman, "and explain still further your view of the proper attributes of imaginative works. Another property is essential to their enjoyment, — that the exercise of imagination should be voluntary. It can effect nothing by compulsion: it must wait for the moment of inspiration. Without design, and without any settled course, it

soars aloft upon its own pinions, and, as it is borne forward, leaves a trace of its wonderful and devious course. But you must allow me to take my accustomed walk, that I may awaken in my soul the sweet fancies which, in former years, were accustomed to enchant me. I promise to relate a fairy tale this evening that will amuse you all."

They at once consented, particularly as they all hoped in the meantime to hear the news of which Frederick was the bearer.

A FAIRY TALE.

Wearied with the labours of the day, an old Ferryman lay asleep in his hut, on the bank of a wide river, which the late heavy rains had swollen to an unprecedented height. In the middle of the night he was awakened by a loud cry: he listened; it was the call of some travellers who wished to be ferried over.

Upon opening the door, he was surprised to see two Will-o'-the-wisps dancing round his boat, which was still secured to its moorings. Speaking with human voices, they assured him that they were in the greatest possible hurry, and wished to be carried instantly to the other side of the river. Without losing a moment, the old Ferryman pushed off, and rowed across with his usual dexterity. During the passage the strangers whispered together in an unknown language, and several times burst into loud laughter; whilst they amused themselves with dancing upon the sides and seats of the boat, and cutting fantastic capers at the bottom.

"The boat reels," cried the old man; "and, if you continue so restless, it may upset. Sit down, you Will-o'-the-wisps."

They burst into loud laughter at this command, ridiculed the boatman, and became more troublesome

than ever. But he bore their annoyance patiently, and they soon reached the opposite bank of the river.

"Here is something for your trouble," said the passengers, shaking themselves, when a number of glittering gold pieces fell into the boat. "What are you doing?" cried the old man: "some misfortune will happen should a single piece of gold fall into the water. The river, which has a strong antipathy to gold, would become fearfully agitated, and swallow both me and my boat. Who can say even what might happen to yourselves? I pray you take back your gold."

"We can take nothing back which we have once shaken from our persons," answered one of them.

"Then, I shall be compelled," replied the old boatman, as he stooped, and collected the gold in his cap, "to take it to the shore and bury it."

The Will-o'-the-wisps had in the meantime leaped out of the boat, upon which the old man cried, "Pay me my fare."

"The man who refuses gold must work for nothing," answered the Will-o'-the-wisps.

"My payment must consist of fruits of the earth," rejoined the Ferryman.

"Fruits of the earth? We despise them: they are not food for us."

"But you shall not depart," replied the Ferryman, "till you have given me three cauliflowers, three artichokes, and three large onions."

The Will-o'-the-wisps were in the act of running away, with a laugh, when they felt themselves in some inexplicable manner fixed to the earth: they had never experienced so strange a sensation. They then promised to pay the demand without delay, upon which the Ferryman released them, and instantly pushed off with his boat.

He was already far away, when they called after

him, "Old man! listen: we have forgotten something important;" but he heard them not, and continued his course. When he had reached a point lower down, on the same side of the river, he came to some rocks which the water was unable to reach, and proceeded to bury the dangerous gold. Observing a deep cleft which opened between two rocks, he threw the gold into it, and returned to his dwelling. This cleft was inhabited by a beautiful green Dragon, who was awakened from her sleep by the sound of the falling money. At the very first appearance of the glittering pieces, she devoured them greedily, then searched about carefully in hopes of finding such other coins as might have fallen accidentally amongst the briers, or between the fissures of the rocks.

The Dragon immediately felt overpowered with the most delightful sensations, and perceived with joy that she became suddenly shining and transparent. She had been long aware that this change was possible; but, entertaining some doubt whether the brilliance would continue, she felt impelled by curiosity to leave her dwelling, and ascertain, if possible, to whom she was indebted for the beautiful gold. She found no one; but she became lost in admiration of herself, and of the brilliant light which illumined her path through the thick underwood, and shed its rays over the surrounding green. The leaves of the trees glittered like emeralds, and the flowers shone with glorious hues. In vain did she penetrate the solitary wilderness; but hope dawned when she reached the plains, and observed at a distance a light resembling her own. "Have I at last discovered my fellow?" she exclaimed, and hastened to the spot. She found no obstacle from bog or morass; for though the dry meadow and the high rock were her dearest habitations, and though she loved to feed upon the spicy root, and to quench her thirst with the crystal dew, and with fresh water from the spring, yet, for

the sake of her beloved gold and of her glorious light, she was willing to encounter every privation.

Wearied and exhausted, she reached at length the confines of a wide morass, where our two Will-o'-the-wisps were amusing themselves in playing fantastic antics. She made toward them, and, saluting them, expressed her delight at being able to claim relationship with such charming personages. The lights played around her, skipped from side to side, and laughed about in their own peculiar fashion. "Dear aunt!" they exclaimed, "what does it signify, even though you are of horizontal form? we are related at least through brilliancy. But look how well a tall, slender figure becomes us gentry of the vertical shape;" and, so saying, both the lights compressed their breadth together, and shot up into a thin and pointed line. "Do not be offended, dear friend," they continued; "but what family can boast of a privilege like ours? Since the first Will-o'-the-wisp was created, none of our race have ever been obliged to sit down or to take repose."

But all this time the feelings of the Dragon in the presence of her relations were anything but pleasant: for, exalt her head as high as she would, she was compelled to stoop to earth again when she wished to advance; and, though she was proud of the brilliancy which she shed round her own dark abode, she felt her light gradually diminish in the presence of her relatives, and began to fear that it might finally be extinguished.

In her perplexity she hastily inquired whether the gentlemen could inform her whence the shining gold had come, which had lately fallen into the cleft of the rocks hard by; as in her opinion it was a precious shower from heaven. The Will-o'-the-wisps immediately shook themselves (at the same time laughing loudly), and a deluge of gold pieces at once flowed around. The Dragon devoured them greedily. "We

hope you like them, dear aunt," shouted the shining Will-o'-the-wisps; "we can supply you with any quantity:" and they shook themselves with such copious effect, that the Dragon found it difficult to swallow the bright dainties with sufficient speed. Her brilliancy increased as the gold disappeared, till at length she shone with inconceivable radiance; while in the same proportion the Will-o'-the-wisps grew thin and tapering, without, however, losing the smallest iota of their cheerful humour.

"I am under eternal obligations to you," said the Dragon, pausing to breathe from her voracious meal: "ask of me what you please; I will give you anything you demand."

"A bargain!" answered the Will-o'-the-wisps: "tell us, then, where the beautiful Lily dwells. Lead us to her palace and gardens without delay: we die of impatience to cast ourselves at her feet."

"You ask a favour," replied the Dragon, with a deep sigh, "which it is not in my power so quickly to bestow. The beautiful Lily lives, unfortunately, on the opposite bank of the river. We cannot cross over on this stormy night."

"Cruel river, which separates us from the object of our desires! But cannot we call back the old Ferryman?" said they.

"Your wish is vain," answered the Dragon: "for, even were you to meet him on this bank, he would refuse to take you; as, though he can convey passengers to this side of the stream, he can carry no one back."

"Bad news, indeed! but are there no other means of crossing the river?"

"There are, but not at this moment: I myself can take you over at mid-day."

"That is an hour," replied the Will-o'-the-wisps, "when we do not usually travel."

"Then, you had better postpone your intention till evening, when you may cross in the Giant's shadow."

"How is that managed?" they inquired.

"The Giant," replied the Dragon, "who lives hard by, is powerless with his body: his hands are incapable of raising even a straw, his shoulders can bear no burden; but his shadow accomplishes all for him. For this reason he is most powerful at sunrise and at sunset. At the hour of evening the Giant will approach the river softly; and, if you place yourself upon his shadow, it will carry you over. Meet me at mid-day, at the corner of the wood, where the trees hang over the river, when I myself will take you across, and introduce you to the beautiful Lily. Should you, however, shrink from the noonday heat, your only alternative is to apply to the Giant, when evening casts its shadows around; and he will no doubt prove obliging."

With a graceful salutation the young gentlemen took their leave; and the Dragon rejoiced at their departure, partly that she might indulge her feelings of pleasure at her own light, and partly that she might satisfy a curiosity by which she had long been tormented.

In the clefts of the rocks where she dwelt, she had lately made a wonderful discovery; for, although she had been obliged to crawl through these chasms in darkness, she had learned to distinguish every object by feeling. The productions of Nature, which she was accustomed everywhere to encounter, were all of an irregular kind. At one time she wound her way amongst the points of enormous crystals, at another she was for a moment impeded by the veins of solid silver, and many were the precious stones which her light discovered to her. But, to her great astonishment, she had encountered in a rock, which was securely closed on all sides, objects which betrayed the plastic hand of

man. Smooth walls, which she was unable to ascend; sharp, regular angles, tapering columns; and, what was even more wonderful, human figures, round which she had often entwined herself, and which appeared to her to be formed of brass or of polished marble. She was now anxious to behold all these objects with her eyes, and to confirm, by her own observation, what she had hitherto but suspected. She now thought herself capable of illumining with her own light these wonderful subterranean caverns, and indulged the hope of becoming thoroughly acquainted with these astonishing mysteries. She delayed not, and quickly found the opening through which she was accustomed to penetrate into the sanctuary.

Arrived at the place, she looked round with wonder; and though her brilliancy was unable to light the entire cavern, yet many of the objects were sufficiently distinct. With astonishment and awe, she raised her eyes to an illumined niche, in which stood the statue of a venerable King, of pure gold. In size the statue was colossal, but the figure was rather that of a little than of a great man. His well-turned limbs were covered with a simple robe, and his head was encircled by an oaken garland.

Scarcely had the Dragon beheld this venerable form, when the King found utterance, and said, "How comest thou hither?"

"Through the cleft," answered the Dragon, "in which the gold abides."

"What is nobler than gold?" asked the King.

"Light," replied the Dragon.

"And what is more vivid than light?" continued the Monarch.

"Speech," said the Serpent.

During this conversation the Dragon had looked stealthily around, and observed another noble statue in an adjoining niche. A silver King sat there en-

throned, of figure tall and slender: his limbs were enveloped in an embroidered mantle; his crown and sceptre were adorned with precious stones; his countenance wore the serene dignity of pride; and he seemed about to speak, when a dark vein, which ran through the marble of the wall, suddenly became brilliant, and cast a soft light through the whole temple. This light discovered a third King, whose mighty form was cast in brass: he leaned upon a massive club, his head was crowned with laurels; and his proportions resembled a rock rather than a human being.

The Dragon felt a desire to approach a fourth King, who stood before her at a distance; but the wall suddenly opened, the illumined vein flashed like lightning, and became as suddenly extinguished.

A man of middle stature now approached. He was clad in the garb of a peasant: in his hand he bore a lamp, the flame of which it was delightful to behold, and which lightened the entire dwelling, without leaving the trace of a shadow.

"Why dost thou come, since we have already light?" asked the Golden King.

"You know that I can shed no ray on what is dark," replied the old man.

"Will my kingdom end?" inquired the Silver Monarch.

"Late or never," answered the other.

The Brazen King then asked, with voice of thunder, "When shall I arise?"

"Soon," was the reply.

"With whom shall I be united?" continued the former.

"With thine elder brother," answered the latter.

"And what will become of the youngest?"

"He will repose."

"I am not weary," interrupted the fourth King, with a deep but faltering voice.

During this conversation the Dragon had wound her way softly through the temple, surveyed everything which it contained, and approached the niche in which the fourth King stood. He leaned against a pillar, and his handsome countenance bore traces of melancholy. It was difficult to distinguish the metal of which the statue was composed. It resembled a mixture of the three metals of which his brothers were formed, but it seemed as if the materials had not thoroughly blended; as the veins of gold and silver crossed each other irregularly through the brazen mass, and destroyed the effect of the whole.

The Golden King now asked, "How many secrets dost thou know?"

"Three," was the reply.

"And which is the most important?" inquired the Silver King.

"The revealed," answered the old man.

"Wilt thou explain it to us?" asked the Brazen King.

"When I have learned the fourth," was the response.

"I care not," murmured he of the strange compound.

"I know the fourth," interrupted the Dragon, approaching the old man, and whispering in his ear.

"The time is come," exclaimed the latter, with tremendous voice. The sounds echoed through the temple; the statues rang again: and in the same instant the old man disappeared toward the west, and the Dragon toward the east; and both pierced instantly through the impediments of the rock.

Every passage through which the old man bent his course became immediately filled with gold; for the lamp which he carried possessed the wonderful property of converting stones into gold, wood into silver, and dead animals into jewels. But, in order to produce this effect, it was necessary that no other light should be near. In the presence of another light the

lamp merely emitted a soft illumination, which, however, gave joy to every living thing.

The old man returned to his hut on the brow of the hill, and found his wife in the greatest sorrow. She was seated at the fire, her eyes filled with tears; and she refused all consolation.

"What a misfortune," she exclaimed, "that I allowed you to leave home to-day!"

"What has happened?" answered the old man, very quietly.

"You were scarcely gone," replied she with sobs, "before two rude travellers came to the door: unfortunately I admitted them; as they seemed good, worthy people. They were attired like flames, and might have passed for Will-o'-the-wisps; but they had scarcely entered the house before they commenced their flatteries, and became at length so importunate that I blush to recollect their conduct."

"Well," said the old man, smiling, "the gentlemen were only amusing themselves; and, at your age, you should have considered it as the display of ordinary politeness."

"My age!" rejoined the old woman. "Will you for ever remind me of my age? how old am I, then? And ordinary politeness! But I can tell you something: look round at the walls of our hut: you will now be able to see the old stones, which have been concealed for more than a hundred years. These visitors extracted all the gold more quickly than I can tell you, and they assured me that it was of capital flavour. When they had completely cleared the walls, they grew cheerful; and, in a few minutes, their persons became tall, broad, and shining. They thereupon again commenced their tricks, and repeated their flatteries, calling me a queen. They shook themselves, and immediately a profusion of gold pieces fell on all sides. You may see some of them still glittering on the floor

but a calamity soon occurred. Our dog Mops swallowed some of them; and, see! he lies dead in the chimney-corner. Poor animal! his death afflicts me. I did not observe it till they had departed, otherwise I should not have promised to pay the Ferryman the debt they owed him."

"How much do they owe?" inquired the old man.

"Three cauliflowers," answered his wife, "three artichokes, and three onions. I have promised to take them to the river at break of day."

"You had better oblige them," said the old man, "and they may perhaps serve us in time of need."

"I know not if they will keep their word," said she, "but they promised and vowed to serve us."

The fire had, in the meantime, died away; but the old man covered the cinders with ashes, put away the shining gold pieces, and lighted his lamp afresh. In the glorious illumination the walls became covered with gold, and Mops was transformed into the most beautiful onyx that was ever beheld. The variety of colour which glittered through the costly gem produced a splendid effect.

"Take your basket," said the old man, "and place the onyx in it. Then collect the three cauliflowers, the three artichokes, and the three onions, lay them together, and carry them to the river. The Dragon will bear you across at mid-day: then visit the beautiful Lily; her touch will give life to the onyx, as her touch gives death to every living thing; and it will be to her an affectionate friend. Tell her not to mourn; that her deliverance is nigh; that she must consider a great misfortune as her greatest blessing, for the time is come."

The old woman prepared her basket, and set forth at break of day. The rising sun shone brightly over the river, which gleamed in the far distance. The old woman journeyed slowly on, for the weight of the

basket oppressed her; but it did not arise from the onyx. Nothing lifeless proved a burden; for, when the basket contained dead things, it rose aloft, and floated over her head. But a fresh vegetable, or the smallest living creature, induced fatigue. She had toiled along for some distance, when she started, and suddenly stood still; for she had nearly placed her foot upon the shadow of the Giant, which was advancing toward her from the plain. Her eye now perceived his monstrous bulk: he had just bathed in the river, and was coming out of the water. She knew not how to avoid him. He saw her, saluted her jestingly, and thrust the hand of his shadow into her basket. With dexterity he stole a cauliflower, an artichoke, and an onion, and raised them to his mouth. He then proceeded on his course up the stream, and left the woman alone.

She considered whether it would not be better to return, and supply the missing vegetables from her own garden; and, lost in these reflections, she went on her way until she arrived at the bank of the river She sat down, and awaited for a long time the arrival of the Ferryman. He appeared at length, having in his boat a traveller whose air was mysterious. A handsome youth, of noble aspect, stepped on shore.

"What have you brought with you?" said the old man.

"The vegetables," replied the woman, "which the Will-o'-the-wisps owe you;" pointing to the contents of her basket.

But when he found that there were but two of each kind, he became angry, and refused to take them.

The woman implored him to relent, assuring him that she could not then return home; as she had found her burden heavy, and she had still a long way to go. But he was obstinate, maintaining that the decision did not depend upon him.

"I am obliged to collect my gains for nine hours," said he, "and I can keep nothing for myself till I have paid a third part to the river."

At length, after much contention, he told her there was still a remedy.

"If you give security to the river, and acknowledge your debt, I will take the six articles; though such a course is not devoid of danger."

"But, if I keep my word, I incur no risk," she said earnestly.

"Not the least," he replied. "Thrust your hand into the river, and promise that within four and twenty hours you will pay the debt."

The old woman complied, but shuddered as she observed that her hand, on drawing it out of the water, had become as black as a coal. She scolded angrily, exclaiming that her hands had always been most beautiful, and that, notwithstanding her hard work, she had ever kept them white and delicate. She gazed at her hand with the greatest alarm, and exclaimed, "This is still worse: it has shrunk, and is already much smaller than the other!"

"It only appears so now," said the Ferryman; "but, if you break your word, it will be so in reality. Your hand will in that case grow smaller, and finally disappear; though you will still preserve the use of it."

"I would rather," she replied, "lose it altogether, and that my misfortune should be concealed. But no matter, I will keep my word, to escape this black disgrace, and avoid so much anxiety." Whereupon she took her basket, which rose aloft, and floated freely over her head. She hastened after the youth, who was walking thoughtfully along the bank. His noble figure and peculiar attire had made a deep impression upon her mind.

His breast was covered with a shining cuirass, whose transparency permitted the motions of his graceful

form to be seen. From his shoulders hung a purple mantle, and his auburn locks waved in beautiful curls round his uncovered head. His noble countenance and his well-turned feet were exposed to the burning rays of the sun. Thus did he journey patiently over the hot sand, which, "true to one sorrow, he trod without feeling."

The garrulous old woman sought to engage him in conversation; but he heeded her not, or answered briefly, until, notwithstanding his beauty, she became weary, and took leave of him, saying, "You are too slow for me, sir; and I cannot lose my time, as I am anxious to cross the river, with the assistance of the Green Dragon, and to present the beautiful Lily with my husband's handsome present." So saying, she left him speedily, upon which the youth took heart, and followed her without delay.

"You are going to the beautiful Lily!" he exclaimed: "if so, our way lies together. What present are you taking her?"

"Sir," answered the woman, "it is not fair that you should so earnestly inquire after my secrets, when you paid so little attention to my questions. But, if you will relate your history to me, I will tell you all about my present."

They made the bargain: the woman told her story, including the account of the dog, and allowed him to view the beautiful onyx.

He lifted the beautiful precious stone from the basket, and took Mops, who seemed to slumber softly, in his arms.

"Fortunate animal!" he exclaimed: "you will be touched by her soft hands, and restored to life, in place of fleeing from her contact, like all other living things, to escape an evil doom. But, alas! what words are these? Is it not a sadder and more fearful fate to be annihilated by her presence than to die by her hand?

Behold me, thus young, what a melancholy destiny is mine! This armour, which I have borne with glory in the battle-broil; this purple, which I have earned by the wisdom of my government, — have been converted by Fate, the one into an unceasing burden, the other into an empty honour. Crown, sceptre, and sword are worthless. I am now as naked and destitute as every other son of clay. For such is the spell of her beautiful blue eyes, that they waste the vigour of every living creature; and those whom the contact of her hand does not destroy are reduced to the condition of breathing shadows."

Thus he lamented long, but without satisfying the curiosity of the old woman, who sought information respecting both his mental and his bodily sufferings. She learned neither the name of his father nor his kingdom. He stroked the rigid Mops, to whom the beams of the sun and the caresses of the youth had imparted warmth. He inquired earnestly about the man with the lamp, about the effect of the mysterious light, and seemed to expect thence great relief from his deep sorrow.

So discoursing, they observed at a distance the majestic arch of the bridge, which stretched from one bank of the river to the other, and shone splendidly in the beams of the sun. Both were astonished at the sight, as they had never before seen it so resplendent.

"What!" cried the Prince, "was it not sufficiently beautiful before, with its decorations of jasper and opal? Can we now dare to pass over it, constructed as it is of emerald and chrysolite of varied beauty?"

Neither had any idea of the change which the Dragon had undergone; for in truth it was the Dragon, whose custom it was at mid-day to arch her form across the stream, and assume the appearance of a beauteous bridge, which travellers crossed with silent reverence.

Scarcely had they reached the opposite bank, when the bridge began to sway from side to side, and gradually sank to the level of the water; while the Green Dragon assumed her accustomed shape, and followed the travellers to the shore. The latter thanked her for her condescension in allowing them a passage across the stream; observing, at the same time, that there were evidently more persons present than were actually visible. They heard a light whispering, which the Dragon answered with a similar sound. They listened, and heard the following words: "We will first make our observations unperceived in the park of the beautiful Lily, and look for you, when the shadows of evening fall, to introduce us to such perfect beauty. You will find us on the bank of the great lake."

"Agreed," answered the Dragon; and a hissing sound died away in the air.

Our three travellers further consulted with what regard to precedence they should appear before the beautiful Lily; for, let her visitors be never so numerous, they must enter and depart singly if they wished to escape bitter suffering.

The woman, carrying in the basket the transformed dog, came first to the garden, and sought an interview with her benefactress. She was easily found, as she was then singing to the accompaniment of her harp. The sweet tones showed themselves first in the form of circles upon the bosom of the calm lake; and then, like a soft breeze, they imparted motion to the grass and to the tremulous leaves. She was seated in a secluded nook beneath the shade of trees, and at the first glance enchanted the eyes, the ear, and the heart of the old woman, who advanced toward her with rapture, and protested that since their last meeting she had become more beautiful than ever. Even from a distance she saluted the charming maiden in these words: "What joy to be in your presence! What a

heaven surrounds you! What a spell proceeds from your lyre, which, encircled by your soft arms, and influenced by the pressure of your gentle bosom and slender fingers, utters such entrancing melody! Thrice happy the blessed youth who could claim so great a favour!"

So saying, she approached nearer. The beautiful Lily raised her eyes, let her hands drop, and said, "Do not distress me with your untimely praise: it makes me feel even more unhappy. And see! here is my beautiful canary dead at my feet, which used to accompany my songs so sweetly: he was accustomed to sit upon my harp, and was carefully instructed to avoid my touch. This morning, when, refreshed by sleep, I tuned a pleasant melody, the little warbler sang with increased harmony, when suddenly a hawk soared above us. My little bird sought refuge in my bosom, and at that instant I felt the last gasp of his expiring breath. It is true that the hawk, struck by my instantaneous glance, fell lifeless into the stream; but what avails this penalty to me? — my darling is dead, and his grave will but add to the number of the weeping willows in my garden."

"Take courage, beautiful Lily," interrupted the old woman, whilst at the same moment she wiped away a tear which the narration of the sorrowful maiden had brought to her eye, — "take courage, and learn from my experience to moderate your grief. Great misfortune is often the harbinger of intense joy. For the time approaches: but in truth," continued she, "'the web of life is of a mingled yarn.' See my hand, how black it has grown; and, in truth, it has become much diminished in size: I must be speedy, before it be reduced to nothing. Why did I promise favours to the Will-o'-the-wisps, or meet the Giant, or dip my hand into the river? Can you oblige me with a cauliflower, an artichoke, or an onion? I shall take them to the river,

and then my hand will become so white that it will almost equal the lustre of your own."

"Cauliflowers and onions abound, but artichokes cannot be procured. My garden produces neither flowers nor fruit; but every twig I plant upon the grave of anything I love bursts into leaf at once, and grows a goodly tree. Thus, beneath my eye, alas! have grown these clustering trees and copses. These tall pines, these shadowing cypresses, these mighty oaks, these overhanging beeches, were once small twigs planted by my hand, as sad memorials, in an ungenial soil."

The old woman paid but little attention to this speech, but was employed in watching her hand, which in the presence of the beautiful Lily became every instant of a darker hue, and grew gradually less. She was about to take her basket and depart, when she felt that she had forgotten the most important of her duties. She took the transformed dog in her arms, and laid him upon the grass, not far from the beautiful Lily. "My husband," she said, "sends you this present. You know that your touch can impart life to this precious stone. The good and faithful animal will be a joy to you, and the grief his loss causes me will be alleviated by the thought that he is yours."

The beautiful Lily looked at the pretty creature with delight, and rapture beamed from her eyes. "Many things combine to inspire me with hope; but, alas! is it not a delusion of our nature to expect that joy is near when grief is at the worst?

"Ah! what avail these omens all so fair?
My sweet bird's death, my friend's hands blackly dyed,
And Mops transformed into a jewel rare,
Sent by the Lamp our faltering steps to guide.

"Far from mankind and every joy I prize,
To grief and sorrow I am still allied:
When from the river will the temple rise?
When will the bridge span it from side to side?"

The old woman waited with impatience for the conclusion of the song, which the beautiful Lily had accompanied with her harp, entrancing the ears of every listener. She was about to say farewell, when the arrival of the Dragon compelled her to remain. She had heard the last words of the song, and on this account spoke words of encouragement to the beautiful Lily. "The prophecy of the bridge is fulfilled!" she exclaimed: "this good woman will bear witness how splendidly the arch now appears. Formerly of untransparent jasper, which only reflected the light upon the sides, it is now converted into precious jewels of transparent hue. No beryl is so bright, and no emerald so splendid."

"I congratulate you thereupon," said the Lily, "but pardon me if I doubt whether the prediction is fulfilled. Only foot-passengers can as yet cross the arch of your bridge: and it has been foretold that horses and carriages, travellers of all descriptions, shall pass and repass in mingled multitudes. Is prediction silent with respect to the mighty pillars which are to ascend from the river?"

The old woman, whose eyes were fixed immovably upon her hand, interrupted this speech, and bade farewell.

"Wait for one moment," said the beautiful Lily, "and take my poor canary-bird with you. Implore the Lamp to convert him into a topaz; and I will then reanimate him with my touch, and he and your good Mops will then be my greatest consolation. But make what speed you can; for with sunset decay will have commenced its withering influence, marring the beauty of its delicate form."

The old woman enveloped the little corpse in some soft young leaves, placed it in the basket, and hastened from the spot.

"Notwithstanding what you say," continued the

Dragon, resuming the interrupted conversation, "the temple is built."

"But it does not yet stand upon the river," replied the beautiful Lily.

"It rests still in the bowels of the earth," continued the Dragon. "I have seen the Kings, and spoken to them."

"And when will they awake?" inquired the Lily.

The Dragon answered, "I heard the mighty voice resound through the temple, announcing that the hour was come."

A ray of joy beamed from the countenance of the beautiful Lily as she exclaimed, "Do I hear those words for the second time to-day? When will the hour arrive in which I shall hear them for the third time?"

She rose, and immediately a beautiful maiden came from the wood, and relieved her of her harp. She was followed by another, who took the ivory chair upon which the beautiful Lily had been seated, folded it together, and carried it away, together with the silver-tissued cushion. The third maiden, who bore in her hand a fan inlaid with pearls, approached to tender her services if they should be needed. These three maidens were lovely beyond description, though they were compelled to acknowledge that their charms fell far short of those of their beautiful mistress.

The beautiful Lily had, in the meantime, surveyed the marvellous Mops with a look of pleasure. She leaned over him, and touched him. He instantly leaped up, looked round joyously, bounded with delight, hastened to his benefactress, and caressed her tenderly. She took him in her arms, and pressed him to her bosom. "Cold though thou art," she said, "and endued with only half a life, yet art thou welcome to me. I will love thee fondly, play with thee sportively,

kiss thee softly, and press thee to my heart." She let him go a little from her, called him back, chased him away again, and played with him so joyously and innocently, that no one could help sympathising in her delight and taking part in her pleasure, as they had before shared her sorrow and her woe.

But this happiness and this pleasant pastime were interrupted by the arrival of the melancholy youth. His walk and appearance were as we have before described; but he seemed overcome by the heat of the day, and the presence of his beloved had rendered him perceptibly paler. He bore the hawk upon his wrist, where it sat with drooping wing as tranquil as a dove.

"It is not well," exclaimed the Lily, "that you should vex my eyes with that odious bird, which has only this day murdered my little favourite."

"Blame not the luckless bird," exclaimed the youth: "rather condemn yourself and fate, and let me find an associate in this companion of my grief."

Mops, in the meantime, was incessant in his caresses; and the Lily responded to his affection with the most gentle tokens of love. She clapped her hands to drive him away, and then sportively pursued to win him back. She caught him in her arms as he tried to escape, and chased him from her when he sought to nestle in her lap. The youth looked on in silence and in sorrow; but when at length she took him in her arms, and pressed him to her snowy breast, and kissed him with her heavenly lips, he lost all patience, and exclaimed in the depth of his despair, "And must I, whom a sad destiny compels to live in your presence, and yet to be separated from you, perhaps for ever,—must I, who for you have forfeited everything, even my own being,—must I look on and behold this 'defect of nature' gain your notice, win your love, and enjoy the paradise of your embrace? Must I

continue to wander and measure my solitary way along the banks of this stream? No! a spark of my former spirit still burns within my bosom. Oh that it would for the last time mount into a flame! If stones may repose within your bosom, then let me be converted to a stone; and, if your touch can kill, I am content to receive my death at your hands."

He became violently excited; the hawk flew from his wrist; he rushed toward the beautiful Lily; she extended her arms to forbid his approach, and touched him undesignedly. His consciousness immediately forsook him, and with dismay she felt the beautiful burden lean for support upon her breast. She started back with a scream, and the fair youth sank lifeless from her arms to the earth.

The deed was done. The sweet Lily stood motionless, and gazed intently on the breathless corpse. Her heart ceased to beat, and her eyes were bedewed with tears. In vain did Mops seek to win her attention: the whole world had died out with her lost friend. Her dumb despair sought no help, for help was now in vain.

But the Dragon became immediately more active. Her mind seemed occupied with thoughts of rescue; and, in truth, her mysterious movements prevented the immediate consequence of this dire misfortune. She wound her serpentine form in a wide circle round the spot where the body lay, seized the end of her tail between her teeth, and remained motionless.

In a few moments one of the servants of the beautiful Lily approached, carrying the ivory chair, and with friendly entreaties compelled her mistress to be seated. Then came a second, bearing a flame-coloured veil, with which she rather adorned than covered the head of the Lily. A third maiden offered her the harp; and scarcely had she struck the chords, and awakened their delicious tones, when the first maiden returned, having

in her hands a circular mirror of lustrous brightness, placed herself opposite the Lily, intercepted her looks, and reflected the most enchanting countenance which nature could fashion. Her sorrow added lustre to her beauty, the veil heightened her charms, the harp lent her a new grace; and, though it was impossible not to hope that her sad fate might soon undergo a change, one could almost wish that that lovely and enchanting vision might last for ever.

Silently gazing upon the mirror, she drew melting tones of music from her harp; but her sorrow appeared to increase, and the chords responded to her melancholy mood. Once or twice she opened her lips to sing, but her voice refused utterance; whereupon her grief found refuge in tears. Her two attendants supported her in their arms, and the harp fell from her hands; but the watchful attention of her handmaid caught it, and laid it aside.

"Who will fetch the man with the lamp?" whispered the Dragon in low but audible voice. The maidens looked at each other, and the Lily's tears fell faster.

At this instant the old woman with the basket returned breathless with agitation. "I am lost and crippled for life!" she exclaimed. "Look! my hand is nearly withered. Neither the Ferryman nor the Giant would set me across the river, because I am indebted to the stream. In vain did I tempt them with a hundred cauliflowers and a hundred onions: they insist upon the stipulated three, and not an artichoke can be found in this neighbourhood."

"Forget your distress," said the Dragon, "and give your assistance here: perhaps you will be relieved at the same time. Hasten, and find out the Will-o'-the-wisps; for, though you cannot see them by daylight, you may, perhaps, hear their laughter and their motions. If you make good speed, the Giant may

yet transport you across the river, and you may find the man with the lamp and send him hither."

The old woman made as much haste as possible, and the Dragon showed as much impatience for her return as the Lily. But, sad to say, the golden rays of the setting sun were shedding their last beams upon the highest tops of the trees, and lengthening the mountain shadows over lake and meadow. The motions of the Dragon showed increased impatience, and the Lily was dissolved in tears.

In this moment of distress the Dragon looked anxiously round: she feared every instant that the sun would set, and that decay would penetrate within the magic circle, and exert its fell influence upon the corpse of the beautiful youth. She looked into the heavens, and caught sight of the purple wings and breast of the hawk, which were illumined by the last rays of the sun. Her restlessness betrayed her joy at the good omen; and she was not deceived, for instantly afterward she saw the man with the lamp sliding across the lake as if he had skates on his feet.

The Dragon did not alter her position; but the Lily, rising from her seat, exclaimed, "What good spirit has sent you thus opportunely when you are so much longed for and required?"

"The Spirit of my Lamp impels me," replied the old man, "and the hawk conducts me hither. The lamp flickers when I am needed; and I immediately look to the heavens for a sign, when some bird or meteor points the way I should go. Be tranquil, beautiful maiden: I know not if I can help you; one alone can do but little, but he can avail who in the proper hour unites his strength with others. We must wait and hope." Then turning to the Dragon, he said, "Keep your circle closed;" and, seating himself upon a hillock at his side, he shed a light upon the corpse

of the youth. "Now bring the little canary-bird," he continued, "and lay it also within the circle."

The maiden took the little creature from the basket, and followed the directions of the old man.

The sun had set in the meantime; and, as the shades of evening closed around, not only the Dragon and the Lamp cast their customary light, but the veil of the Lily was illumined with a soft brilliancy, and caused her pale cheeks and her white robe to beam like the dawn of morning, and clothed her with inexpressible grace. They gazed at each other with silent emotions: anxiety and sorrow were softened by hope of approaching happiness.

To the delight of all, the old woman appeared with the lively Will-o'-the-wisps, who must have led a prodigal life of late, for they looked wonderfully thin, but behaved all the more politely to the princess and the other young ladies. With an air of confidence, and much force of expression, they discoursed upon ordinary topics, and were much struck by the charm which the shining veil shed over the beautiful Lily and her companions. The young ladies cast down their eyes with modest looks, and their beauty was heightened by the praise it called forth. Every one was happy and contented, not excepting even the old woman. Notwithstanding the assurance of her husband that her hand would not continue to wither whilst the Lamp shone upon it, she continued to assert, that, if things went on thus, it would disappear entirely before midnight.

The old man with the lamp had listened attentively to the speech of the Will-o'-the-wisps, and was charmed to observe that the beautiful Lily was pleased and flattered with their compliments. Midnight had actually come before they were aware. The old man looked up to the stars, and spoke thus: "We are met at a fortunate hour: let each fulfil his office, let each

discharge his duty; and a general happiness will alleviate one individual trouble, as a universal sorrow destroys particular joys."

After these observations a mysterious murmur arose; for every one present spoke for himself, and mentioned what he had to do: the three maidens alone were silent. One had fallen asleep near the harp, the other beside the fan, and the third leaning against the ivory chair: and no one could blame them; for, in truth, it was late. The Will-o'-the-wisps, after paying some trivial compliments to the other ladies, including even the attendants, attached themselves finally to the Lily, by whose beauty they were attracted.

"Take the mirror," said the old man to the hawk, "and illumine the fair sleepers with the first beams of the sun, and rouse them from their slumbers by the light reflected from heaven."

The Dragon now began to move: she broke up the circle, and in long windings moved slowly to the river. The Will-o'-the-wisps followed her in solemn procession, and they might have been mistaken for the most serious personages. The old woman and her husband took up the basket, the soft light of which had hitherto been scarcely observed; but it now became clearer and more brilliant. They laid the body of the youth within it, with the canary-bird reposing upon his breast, upon which the basket raised itself into the air, and floated over the head of the old woman; and she followed the steps of the Will-o'-the-wisps. The beautiful Lily, taking Mops in her arms, walked after the old woman; and the man with the lamp closed the procession.

The whole neighbourhood was brilliantly illuminated with all these various lights. They all observed with astonishment, on approaching the river, that it was spanned by a majestic arch, whereby the benevolent Dragon had prepared them a lustrous passage across. The transparent jewels of which the bridge

was composed were objects of no less astonishment by day than was their wondrous brilliancy by night. The clear arch above cut sharply against the dark sky; whilst vivid rays of light beneath shone against the key-stone, revealing the firm pliability of the structure. The procession moved slowly over; and the Ferryman, who witnessed the proceeding from his hut, surveyed the brilliant arch with awe, no less than the wondrous lights as they journeyed across it.

As soon as they had reached the opposite bank, the bridge began to contract as usual, and sink to the surface of the water. The Dragon made her way to the shore, and the basket descended to the ground. The Dragon now once more assumed a circular shape; and the old man, bowing before her, asked what she had determined to do.

"To sacrifice myself before I am made a sacrifice: only promise me that you will leave no stone on the land."

The old man promised, and then addressed the beautiful Lily thus: "Touch the Dragon with your left hand, and your lover with your right."

The beautiful Lily knelt down, and laid her hands upon the Dragon and the corpse. In an instant the latter became endued with life: he moved, and then sat upright. The Lily wished to embrace him; but the old man held her back, and assisted the youth whilst he led him beyond the limits of the circle.

The youth stood erect, the little canary fluttered upon his shoulder, but his mind was not yet restored. His eyes were open; but he saw, at least he appeared to look on, everything with indifference. Scarcely was the wonder at this circumstance appeased, when the change which the Dragon had undergone excited attention. Her beautiful and slender form was converted into thousands and thousands of precious stones. The old woman, in the effort to seize her basket, had

struck unintentionally against her, after which nothing more was seen of the figure of the Dragon. Only a heap of brilliant jewels lay in the grass. The old man immediately set to work to collect them into his basket, a task in which he was assisted by his wife. They both then carried the basket to an elevated spot on the bank, when he cast the entire contents into the stream, not, however, without the opposition of his wife and of the beautiful Lily, who would willingly have appropriated a portion of the treasure to themselves. The jewels gleamed in the rippling waters like brilliant stars, and were carried away by the stream; and none can say whether they disappeared in the distance or sank to the bottom.

"Young gentlemen," then said the old man respectfully to the Will-o'-the-wisps, "I will now point out your path, and lead the way; and you will render us the greatest service by opening the doors of the temple through which we must enter, and which you alone can unlock."

The Will-o'-the-wisps bowed politely, and took their post in the rear. The man with the lamp advanced first into the rocks, which opened of their own accord; the youth followed with apparent indifference; with silent uncertainty the beautiful Lily lingered slowly behind; the old woman, unwilling to be left alone, followed after, stretching out her hand that it might receive the rays of her husband's lamp; the procession was closed by the Will-o'-the-wisps, and their bright flames nodded and blended with each other as if they were engaged in active conversation. They had not gone far before they came to a large brazen gate which was fastened by a golden lock. The old man thereupon sought the assistance of the Will-o'-the-wisps, who did not want to be entreated, but at once introduced their pointed flames into the lock, when the wards yielded to their influence. The brass resounded

as the doors flew wide asunder, and displayed the venerable statues of the kings illuminated by the advancing lights. Each individual in turn bowed to the reverend potentates with respect, and the Will-o'-the-wisps were prodigal of their lambent salutations.

After a short pause the Golden King asked, "Whence do you come?"

"From the world," answered the old man.

"And whither are you going?" inquired the Silver King.

"Back to the world," was the answer.

"And what do you wish with us?" asked the Brazen King.

"To accompany you," responded the old man.

The fourth king was about to speak, when the golden statue thus addressed the Will-o'-the-wisps, who had advanced toward him: "Depart from me. My gold is not for you."

They then turned toward the Silver King, and his apparel assumed the golden hue of their yellow flames. "You are welcome," he said, "but I cannot feed you. Satisfy yourselves elsewhere, and then bring me your light."

They departed; and, stealing unobserved past the Brazen King, they attached themselves to the King composed of various metals.

"Who will rule the world?" inquired the latter in inarticulate tones.

"He who stands erect," answered the old man.

"That is I," replied the King.

"Then it will be revealed," said the old man, "for the time is come."

The beautiful Lily fell upon his neck, and kissed him tenderly. "Kind father," she said, "a thousand thanks for allowing me to hear this comforting word for the third time:" and, so saying, she felt compelled to grasp the old man's arm; for the earth began to

tremble beneath them: the old woman and the youth clung to each other, whilst the pliant Will-o'-the-wisps felt not the slightest inconvenience.

It was evident that the whole temple was in motion; and, like a ship which pursues its quiet way from the harbour when the anchor is raised, the depths of the earth seemed to open before it, whilst it clove its way through. It encountered no obstacle, no rock opposed its progress. Presently a very fine rain penetrated through the cupola. The old man continued to support the beautiful Lily, and whispered, "We are now under the river, and shall soon attain the goal." Presently they thought the motion ceased; but they were deceived, the temple still moved onwards. A strange sound was now heard above them: beams and broken rafters burst in disjointed fragments through the opening of the cupola. The Lily and the old woman retreated in alarm: the man with the lamp stood by the youth, and encouraged him to remain. The Ferryman's little hut had been ploughed from the ground by the advance of the temple, and, in its gradual fall, buried the youth and the old man.

The women screamed in alarm, and the temple shook like a vessel which strikes upon a hidden rock. Anxiously the women wandered round the hut in darkness: the doors were shut, and no one answered their knocking. They continued to knock more loudly, when at last the wood began to ring with sounds: the magic power of the lamp, which was enclosed within the hut, changed it into silver, and presently its very form was altered; for the noble metal, refusing to assume the form of planks, posts, and rafters, was converted into a glorious building of artistic workmanship: it seemed as if a smaller temple had grown up within the large one or at least an altar worthy of its beauty.

The noble youth ascended a staircase in the interior, whilst the man with the lamp shed light upon his way;

and another figure lent him support, clad in a short white garment, and holding in his hand a silver rudder: it was easy to recognise the Ferryman, the former inhabitant of the transformed hut.

The beautiful Lily ascended the outward steps which led from the temple to the altar, but was compelled to remain separated from her lover. The old woman, whose hand continued to grow smaller whilst the light of the lamp was obscured, exclaimed, "Am I still doomed to be unhappy amid so many miracles? will no miracle restore my hand?".

Her husband pointed to the open door, exclaiming, "See, the day dawns! hasten, and bathe in the river!"

"What advice!" she answered: "shall I not become wholly black, and dissolve into nothing? for I have not yet discharged my debt."

"Be silent," said the old man, "and follow me: all debts are wiped away."

The old woman obeyed, and in the same instant the light of the rising sun shone upon the circle of the cupola. Then the old man, advancing between the youth and the maiden, exclaimed with a loud voice, "Three things have sway upon the earth,— Wisdom, Appearance, and Power."

At the sound of the first word the Golden King arose; at the sound of the second, the Silver King; and the Brazen King had risen at the sound of the third, when the fourth suddenly sunk awkwardly to the earth. The Will-o'-the-wisps, who had been busily employed upon him till this moment, now retreated: though paled by the light of the morning, they seemed in good condition, and sufficiently brilliant; for they had with much dexterity extracted the gold from the veins of the colossal statue with their sharp-pointed tongues. The irregular spaces which were thus displayed remained for some time exposed.

and the figure preserved its previous form; but when at length the most secret veins of gold had been extracted, the statue suddenly fell with a crash, and formed a mass of shapeless ruins.

The man with the lamp conducted the youth, whose eye was still fixed upon vacancy, from the altar toward the Brazen King. At the foot of the mighty monarch lay a sword in a brazen sheath. The youth bound it to his side. "Take the weapon in your left hand, and keep the right hand free," exclaimed the King.

They then advanced to the Silver Monarch, who bent his sceptre toward the youth; the latter seized it with his left hand: and the King addressed him in soft accents, "Feed my sheep."

When they reached the statue of the Golden King, with paternal benediction the latter pressed the oaken garland on the head of the youth, and said, "Acknowledge the highest."

The old man had, during this proceeding, watched the youth attentively. After he had girded on the sword, his breast heaved, his arm was firmer, and his step more erect; and, after he had touched the sceptre, his sense of power appeared to soften, and at the same time, by an inexpressible charm, to become more mighty; but, when his waving locks were adorned with the oaken garland, his countenance became animated, his soul beamed from his eye; and the first word he uttered was "Lily!"

"Dear Lily!" he exclaimed, as he hastened to ascend the silver stairs, for she had observed his progress from the altar where she stood, — "dear Lily, what can man desire more blessed than the innocence and the sweet affection which your love brings me? O my friend!" he continued, turning to the old man, and pointing to the three sacred statues, "secure and glorious is the kingdom of our fathers; but you have

forgotten to enumerate that fourth power, which exercises an earlier, more universal, and certain rule over the world, — the power of love."

With these words he flung his arms round the neck of the beautiful maiden: she had cast aside her veil, and her cheeks were tinged with a blush of the sweetest and most inexpressible beauty.

The old man now observed, with a smile, "Love does not rule, but controls; and that is better."

During all this delight and enchantment, no one had observed that the sun was now high in heaven; and through the open gates of the temple most unexpected objects were perceived. An empty space, of large dimensions, was surrounded by pillars, and terminated by a long and splendid bridge, whose many arches stretched across the river. On each side was a footpath, wide and convenient for passengers, of whom many thousands were busily employed in crossing over: the wide road in the centre was crowded with flocks and herds, and horsemen and carriages; and all streamed over without impeding each other's progress. All were in raptures at the union of convenience and beauty; and the new king and his spouse were as much charmed with the animation and activity of this great concourse as they were with their own reciprocal love.

"Honour the Dragon," said the man with the lamp: "to her you are indebted for life, and your people for the bridge whereby these neighbouring shores are animated and connected. Those shining precious stones which still float by are the remains of her self-sacrifice, and form the foundation-stones of this glorious bridge, upon which she has erected herself to subsist for ever."

The approach of four beautiful maidens, who advanced to the door of the temple, prevented any inquiry into this wonderful mystery. Three of them

were recognised as the attendants of the beautiful Lily, by the harp, the fan, and the ivory chair; but the fourth, though more beautiful than the other three, was a stranger. She, however, played with the others with sisterly sportiveness, ran with them through the temple, and ascended the silver stairs.

"Thou dearest of creatures," said the man with the lamp, addressing the beautiful Lily, "you will surely believe me for the future. Happy for thee, and every other creature, who shall bathe this morning in the waters of the river!"

The old woman, who had been transformed into a beautiful young girl, and of whose former appearance no trace remained, embraced the man with the lamp with tender caresses, which he returned with affection.

"If I am too old for you," he said with a smile, "you may select another bridegroom; for no tie can henceforth be considered binding which is not this day renewed."

"But are you not aware that you also have become young?" she inquired.

"I am delighted to hear it," he replied. "If I appear to you to be a gallant youth, I take your hand anew, and hope for a thousand years of happiness."

The Queen welcomed her new friend, and advanced with her and the rest of her companions to the altar: whilst the King, supported by the two men, pointed to the bridge, and surveyed with wonder the crowd of passengers; but his joy was soon overshadowed by observing an object which gave him pain. The Giant, who had just awakened from his morning sleep, stumbled over the bridge, and gave rise to the greatest confusion. He was, as usual, but half awake, and had risen with the intention of bathing in the neighbouring cove; but he stumbled instead upon firm land, and found himself feeling his way upon the broad highway

of the bridge. And, whilst he went clumsily along in the midst of men and animals, his presence, though a matter of astonishment to all, was felt by none; but when the sun shone in his eyes, and he raised his hand to shade them, the shadow of his enormous fist fell amongst the crowd with such careless violence, that both men and animals huddled together in promiscuous confusion, and either sustained personal injury, or ran the risk of being driven into the water.

The King, observing this calamity, with an involuntary movement placed his hand upon his sword, but, upon reflection, turned his eyes on his sceptre, and then on the lamp and the rudder of his companions.

"I guess your thought," said the man with the lamp, "but we are powerless against this monster: be tranquil; he injures for the last time, and happily his shadow is turned from us."

In the meantime the Giant had approached, and, overpowered with astonishment at what he saw, let his hands sink down: he became powerless for injury, and, gazing with surprise, entered the courtyard.

He was moving straight toward the door of the temple, when he felt himself suddenly held fast to the earth. He stood like a colossal pillar constructed of red, shining stones; and his shadow indicated the hours, which were marked in a circle on the ground, not, however, in figures, but in noble and significant effigies.

The King was not a little delighted to see the shadow of the monster rendered harmless; and the Queen was not less astonished, as she advanced from the altar with her maidens, all adorned with the greatest magnificence, to observe the strange wonder which almost covered the whole prospect from the temple to the bridge.

In the meantime the people had crowded after the Giant, and, surrounding him as he stood still, had

observed his transformation with the utmost awe. They thence bent their steps toward the temple, of the existence of which they now seemed to be for the first time aware, and thronged the doorways.

The hawk was now observed aloft, towering over the building, and carrying the mirror, with which he caught the light of the sun, and turned the rays upon the multifarious group which stood around the altar. The King, the Queen, and their attendants, illumined by heavenly light, appeared beneath the dim arches of the temple: their subjects fell prostrate before them. When they had recovered, and risen again, the King and his attendants had descended to the altar, in order to reach his palace by a less obstructed path; and the people dispersed through the temple to satisfy their curiosity. They beheld with astonishment the three kings, who stood erect, and were all the more anxious to know what could be concealed behind the curtain in the fourth niche; since, whatever kindness might have prompted the deed, a thoughtful discretion had extended a costly covering over the ruins of the fallen king, which no eye cared to penetrate, and no profane hand dared to uplift.

There was no end to the astonishment and wonder of the people, and the dense throng would have been crushed in the temple if their attention had not been attracted once more to the court without.

To their great surprise, a shower of gold pieces fell as if from the air, resounding upon the marble pavement, and caused a contest and commotion amongst the passers-by. Several times this wonder was repeated in different places, at some distance from each other. It is not difficult to infer that this feat was the work of the retreating Will-o'-the-wisps, who, having extracted the gold from the limbs of the mutilated king, dispersed it abroad in this joyous manner. The covetous crowd continued their contentions for

some time longer, pressing hither and thither, and inflicting wounds upon each other, till the shower of gold pieces ceased to fall. The multitude at length dispersed gradually, each one pursuing his own course; and the bridge, to this day, continues to swarm with travellers; and the temple is the most frequented in the world.

THE END.

THE SORROWS OF YOUNG WERTHER

ELECTIVE AFFINITIES

THE GOOD WOMEN

A TALE

Preface

Preface

I HAVE carefully collected whatever I have been able to learn of the story of poor Werther, and here present it to you, knowing that you will thank me for it. To his spirit and character you cannot refuse your admiration and love: to his fate you will not deny your tears.

And thou, good soul, who sufferest the same distress as he endured once, draw comfort from his sorrows; and let this little book be thy friend, if, owing to fortune or through thine own fault, thou canst not find a dearer companion.

The Sorrows of Young Werther

BOOK I

MAY 4.

How happy I am that I am gone! My dear friend, what a thing is the heart of man! To leave you, from whom I have been inseparable, whom I love so dearly, and yet to feel happy! I know you will forgive me. Have not other attachments been specially appointed by fate to torment a head like mine? Poor Leonora! and yet I was not to blame. Was it my fault, that, whilst the peculiar charms of her sister afforded me an agreeable entertainment, a passion for me was engendered in her feeble heart? And yet am I wholly blameless? Did I not encourage her emotions? Did I not feel charmed at those truly genuine expressions of nature, which, though but little mirthful in reality, so often amused us? Did I not — but oh! what is man, that he dares so to accuse himself? My dear friend, I promise you I will improve; I will no longer, as has ever been my habit, continue to ruminate on every petty vexation which fortune may dispense; I will enjoy the present, and the past shall be for me the past. No doubt you are right, my best of friends, there would be far less suffering amongst mankind, if men — and God knows why they are so fashioned — did not employ their imaginations so assiduously in

recalling the memory of past sorrow, instead of bearing their present lot with equanimity.

Be kind enough to inform my mother that I shall attend to her business to the best of my ability, and shall give her the earliest information about it. I have seen my aunt, and find that she is very far from being the disagreeable person our friends allege her to be. She is a lively, cheerful woman, with the best of hearts. I explained to her my mother's wrongs with regard to that part of her portion which has been withheld from her. She told me the motives and reasons of her own conduct, and the terms on which she is willing to give up the whole, and to do more than we have asked. In short, I cannot write further upon this subject at present; only assure my mother that all will go on well. And I have again observed, my dear friend, in this trifling affair, that misunderstandings and neglect occasion more mischief in the world than even malice and wickedness. At all events, the two latter are of less frequent occurrence.

In other respects I am very well off here. Solitude in this terrestrial paradise is a genial balm to my mind, and the young spring cheers with its bounteous promises my oftentimes misgiving heart. Every tree, every bush, is full of flowers; and one might wish himself transformed into a butterfly, to float about in this ocean of perfume, and find his whole existence in it.

The town itself is disagreeable; but then, all around, you find an inexpressible beauty of nature. This induced the late Count M—— to lay out a garden on one of the sloping hills which here intersect each other with the most charming variety, and form the most lovely valleys. The garden is simple; and it is easy to perceive, even upon your first entrance, that the plan was not designed by a scientific gardener, but by a man who wished to give himself up here to the enjoyment of his own sensitive heart. Many a tear have

I already shed to the memory of its departed master in a summer-house which is now reduced to ruins, but was his favourite resort, and now is mine. I shall soon be master of the place. The gardener has become attached to me within the last few days, and he will lose nothing thereby.

MAY 10.

A wonderful serenity has taken possession of my entire soul, like these sweet mornings of spring which I enjoy with my whole heart. I am alone, and feel the charm of existence in this spot, which was created for the bliss of souls like mine. I am so happy, my dear friend, so absorbed in the exquisite sense of mere tranquil existence, that I neglect my talents. I should be incapable of drawing a single stroke at the present moment; and yet I feel that I never was a greater artist than now. When, while the lovely valley teems with vapour around me, and the meridian sun strikes the upper surface of the impenetrable foliage of my trees, and but a few stray gleams steal into the inner sanctuary, I throw myself down among the tall grass by the trickling stream; and, as I lie close to the earth, a thousand unknown plants are noticed by me: when I hear the buzz of the little world among the stalks, and grow familiar with the countless indescribable forms of the insects and flies, then I feel the presence of the Almighty, who formed us in his own image, and the breath of that universal love which bears and sustains us, as it floats around us in an eternity of bliss; and then, my friend, when darkness overspreads my eyes, and heaven and earth seem to dwell in my soul and absorb its power, like the form of a beloved mistress, — then I often think with longing, Oh, would I could describe these conceptions, could impress upon paper all that is living so full and warm within me, that it might be the mirror of my soul, as my soul is the

mirror of the infinite God! O my friend — but it is too much for my strength — I sink under the weight of the splendour of these visions!

MAY 12.

I know not whether some deceitful spirits haunt this spot, or whether it be the warm, celestial fancy in my own heart which makes everything around me seem like paradise. In front of the house is a fountain, — a fountain to which I am bound by a charm like Melusina and her sisters. Descending a gentle slope, you come to an arch, where, some twenty steps lower down, water of the clearest crystal gushes from the marble rock. The narrow wall which encloses it above, the tall trees which encircle the spot, and the coolness of the place itself, — everything imparts a pleasant but sublime impression. Not a day passes on which I do not spend an hour there. The young maidens come from the town to fetch water, — innocent and necessary employment, and formerly the occupation of the daughters of kings. As I take my rest there, the idea of the old patriarchal life is awakened around me. I see them, our old ancestors, how they formed their friendships and contracted alliances at the fountain-side; and I feel how fountains and streams were guarded by beneficent spirits. He who is a stranger to these sensations has never really enjoyed cool repose at the side of a fountain after the fatigue of a weary summer day.

MAY 13.

You ask if you shall send me books. My dear friend, I beseech you, for the love of God, relieve me from such a yoke! I need no more to be guided, agitated, heated. My heart ferments sufficiently of itself. I want strains to lull me, and I find them to perfection in my Homer. Often do I strive to allay the burning

fever of my blood; and you have never witnessed anything so unsteady, so uncertain, as my heart. But need I confess this to you, my dear friend, who have so often endured the anguish of witnessing my sudden transitions from sorrow to immoderate joy, and from sweet melancholy to violent passions? I treat my poor heart like a sick child, and gratify its every fancy. Do not mention this again: there are people who would censure me for it.

MAY 15.

The common people of the place know me already, and love me, particularly the children. When at first I associated with them, and inquired in a friendly tone about their various trifles, some fancied that I wished to ridicule them, and turned from me in exceeding ill-humour. I did not allow that circumstance to grieve me: I only felt most keenly what I have often before observed. Persons who can claim a certain rank keep themselves coldly aloof from the common people, as though they feared to lose their importance by the contact; whilst wanton idlers, and such as are prone to bad joking, affect to descend to their level, only to make the poor people feel their impertinence all the more keenly.

I know very well that we are not all equal, nor can be so; but it is my opinion that he who avoids the common people, in order not to lose their respect, is as much to blame as a coward who hides himself from his enemy because he fears defeat.

The other day I went to the fountain, and found a young servant-girl, who had set her pitcher on the lowest step, and looked around to see if one of her companions was approaching to place it on her head. I ran down, and looked at her. "Shall I help you, pretty lass?" said I. She blushed deeply. "Oh, sir!" she exclaimed. "No ceremony!" I replied. She ad-

justed her head-gear, and I helped her. She thanked me, and ascended the steps.

MAY 17.

I have made all sorts of acquaintances, but have as yet found no society. I know not what attraction I possess for the people, so many of them like me, and attach themselves to me; and then I feel sorry when the road we pursue together goes only a short distance. If you inquire what the people are like here, I must answer, "The same as everywhere." The human race is but a monotonous affair. Most of them labour the greater part of their time for mere subsistence; and the scanty portion of freedom which remains to them so troubles them that they use every exertion to get rid of it. Oh, the destiny of man!

But they are a right good sort of people. If I occasionally forget myself, and take part in the innocent pleasures which are not yet forbidden to the peasantry, and enjoy myself, for instance, with genuine freedom and sincerity, round a well-covered table, or arrange an excursion or a dance opportunely, and so forth, all this produces a good effect upon my disposition; only I must forget that there lie dormant within me so many other qualities which moulder uselessly, and which I am obliged to keep carefully concealed. Ah! this thought affects my spirits fearfully. And yet to be misunderstood is the fate of the like of us.

Alas, that the friend of my youth is gone! Alas, that I ever knew her! I might say to myself, "You are a dreamer to seek what is not to be found here below." But she has been mine. I have possessed that heart, that noble soul, in whose presence I seemed to be more than I really was, because I was all that I could be. Good heavens! did then a single power of my soul remain unexercised? In her presence could I

not display, to its full extent, that mysterious feeling with which my heart embraces nature? Was not our intercourse a perpetual web of the finest emotions, of the keenest wit, the varieties of which, even in their very eccentricity, bore the stamp of genius? Alas! the few years by which she was my senior brought her to the grave before me. Never can I forget her firm mind or her heavenly patience.

A few days ago I met a certain young V——, a frank, open fellow, with a most pleasing countenance. He has just left the university, does not deem himself overwise, but believes he knows more than other people. He has worked hard, as I can perceive from many circumstances, and, in short, possesses a large stock of information. When he heard that I am drawing a good deal, and that I know Greek (two wonderful things for this part of the country), he came to see me, and displayed his whole store of learning, from Batteaux to Wood, from De Piles to Winkelmann: he assured me he had read through the first part of Sultzer's theory, and also possessed a manuscript of Heyne's work on the study of the antique. I allowed it all to pass.

I have become acquainted, also, with a very worthy person, the district judge, a frank and open-hearted man. I am told it is a most delightful thing to see him in the midst of his children, of whom he has nine. His eldest daughter especially is highly spoken of. He has invited me to go and see him, and I intend to do so on the first opportunity. He lives at one of the royal hunting-lodges, which can be reached from here in an hour and a half by walking, and which he obtained leave to inhabit after the loss of his wife, as it is so painful to him to reside in town and at the court.

There have also come in my way a few other originals of a questionable sort, who are in all respects un-

desirable, and most intolerable in their demonstrations of friendship. Good-bye. This letter will please you: it is quite historical.

MAY 22.

That the life of man is but a dream, many a man has surmised heretofore; and I, too, am everywhere pursued by this feeling. When I consider the narrow limits within which our active and inquiring faculties are confined; when I see how all our energies are wasted in providing for mere necessities, which again have no further end than to prolong a wretched existence; and then that all our satisfaction concerning certain subjects of investigation ends in nothing better than a passive resignation, whilst we amuse ourselves painting our prison-walls with bright figures and brilliant landscapes, — when I consider all this, Wilhelm, I am silent. I examine my own being, and find there a world, but a world rather of imagination and dim desires, than of distinctness and living power. Then everything swims before my senses, and I smile and dream while pursuing my way through the world.

All learned professors and doctors are agreed that children do not comprehend the cause of their desires; but that the grown-up should wander about this earth like children, without knowing whence they come, or whither they go, influenced as little by fixed motives, but guided like them by biscuits, sugar-plums, and the rod, — this is what nobody is willing to acknowledge; and yet I think it is palpable.

I know what you will say in reply; for I am ready to admit that they are happiest, who, like children, amuse themselves with their playthings, dress and undress their dolls, and attentively watch the cupboard, where mamma has locked up her sweet things, and, when at last they get a delicious morsel, eat it greedily, and exclaim, "More!" These are certainly happy be-

ings; but others also are objects of envy, who dignify their paltry employments, and sometimes even their passions, with pompous titles, representing them to mankind as gigantic achievements performed for their welfare and glory. But the man who humbly acknowledges the vanity of all this, who observes with what pleasure the thriving citizen converts his little garden into a paradise, and how patiently even the poor man pursues his weary way under his burden, and how all wish equally to behold the light of the sun a little longer, — yes, such a man is at peace, and creates his own world within himself; and he is also happy, because he is a man. And then, however limited his sphere, he still preserves in his bosom the sweet feeling of liberty, and knows that he can quit his prison whenever he likes.

MAY 26.

You know of old my ways of settling anywhere, of selecting a little cottage in some cosy spot, and of putting up in it with every inconvenience. Here, too, I have discovered such a snug, comfortable place, which possesses peculiar charms for me.

About a league from the town is a place called Walheim.[1] It is delightfully situated on the side of a hill; and, by proceeding along one of the footpaths which lead out of the village, you can have a view of the whole valley. A good old woman lives there, who keeps a small inn. She sells wine, beer, and coffee, and is cheerful and pleasant notwithstanding her age. The chief charm of this spot consists in two linden-trees, spreading their enormous branches over the little green before the church, which is entirely surrounded by peasants' cottages, barns, and homesteads.

[1] The reader need not take the trouble to look for the place thus designated. We have found it necessary to change the names given in the original.

I have seldom seen a place so retired and peaceable; and there often have my table and chair brought out from the little inn, and drink my coffee there, and read my Homer. Accident brought me to the spot one fine afternoon, and I found it perfectly deserted. Everybody was in the fields except a little boy about four years of age, who was sitting on the ground, and held between his knees a child about six months old: he pressed it to his bosom with both arms, which thus formed a sort of arm-chair; and, notwithstanding the liveliness which sparkled in its black eyes, it remained perfectly still. The sight charmed me. I sat down upon a plough opposite, and sketched with great delight this little picture of brotherly tenderness. I added the neighbouring hedge, the barn-door, and some broken cart-wheels, just as they happened to lie; and I found in about an hour that I had made a very correct and interesting drawing, without putting in the slightest thing of my own. This confirmed me in my resolution of adhering, for the future, entirely to nature. She alone is inexhaustible, and capable of forming the greatest masters. Much may be alleged in favour of rules, as much may be likewise advanced in favour of the laws of society: an artist formed upon them will never produce anything absolutely bad or disgusting; as a man who observes the laws, and obeys decorum, can never be an absolutely intolerable neighbour, nor a decided villain: but yet, say what you will of rules, they destroy the genuine feeling of nature, as well as its true expression. Do not tell me "that this is too hard, that they only restrain and prune superfluous branches, etc." My good friend, I will illustrate this by an analogy. These things resemble love. A warm-hearted youth becomes strongly attached to a maiden: he spends every hour of the day in her company, wears out his health, and lavishes his fortune, to afford continual proof that he is wholly devoted to her. Then

comes a man of the world, a man of place and respectability, and addresses him thus: "My good young friend, love is natural; but you must love within bounds. Divide your time: devote a portion to business, and give the hours of recreation to your mistress. Calculate your fortune; and out of the superfluity you may make her a present, only not too often, — on her birthday, and such occasions." Pursuing this advice, he may become a useful member of society, and I should advise every prince to give him an appointment; but it is all up with his love, and with his genius if he be an artist. O my friend! why is it that the torrent of genius so seldom bursts forth, so seldom rolls in full-flowing stream, overwhelming your astounded soul? Because, on either side of this stream, cold and respectable persons have taken up their abodes, and, forsooth, their summer-houses and tulip-beds would suffer from the torrent; wherefore they dig trenches, and raise embankments betimes, in order to avert the impending danger.

MAY 27.

I find I have fallen into raptures, declamation, and similes, and have forgotten, in consequence, to tell you what became of the children. Absorbed in my artistic contemplations, which I briefly described in my letter of yesterday, I continued sitting on the plough for two hours. Toward evening a young woman, with a basket on her arm, came running toward the children, who had not moved all that time. She exclaimed from a distance, "You are a good boy, Philip!" She gave me greeting: I returned it, rose, and approached her. I inquired if she were the mother of those pretty children. "Yes," she said; and, giving the eldest a piece of bread, she took the little one in her arms and kissed it with a mother's tenderness. "I left my child in Philip's care," she said, "whilst I went into the town

with my eldest boy to buy some wheaten bread, some sugar, and an earthen pot." I saw the various articles in the basket, from which the cover had fallen. "I shall make some broth to-night for my little Hans (which was the name of the youngest): that wild fellow, the big one, broke my pot yesterday, whilst he was scrambling with Philip for what remained of the contents." I inquired for the eldest; and she had scarcely time to tell me that he was driving a couple of geese home from the meadow, when he ran up, and handed Philip an osier-twig. I talked a little longer with the woman, and found that she was the daughter of the schoolmaster, and that her husband was gone on a journey into Switzerland for some money a relation had left him. "They wanted to cheat him," she said, "and would not answer his letters; so he is gone there himself. I hope he has met with no accident, as I have heard nothing of him since his departure." I left the woman with regret, giving each of the children a kreutzer, with an additional one for the youngest, to buy some wheaten bread for his broth when she went to town next; and so we parted.

I assure you, my dear friend, when my thoughts are all in tumult, the sight of such a creature as this tranquillises my disturbed mind. She moves in a happy thoughtlessness within the confined circle of her existence; she supplies her wants from day to day; and, when she sees the leaves fall, they raise no other idea in her mind than that winter is approaching.

Since that time I have gone out there frequently. The children have become quite familiar with me; and each gets a lump of sugar when I drink my coffee, and they share my milk and bread and butter in the evening. They always receive their kreutzer on Sundays, for the good woman has orders to give it to them when I do not go there after evening service.

They are quite at home with me, tell me everything;

and I am particularly amused with observing their tempers, and the simplicity of their behaviour, when some of the other village children are assembled with them.

It has given me a deal of trouble to satisfy the anxiety of the mother, lest (as she says) "they should inconvenience the gentleman."

MAY 30.

What I have lately said of painting is equally true with respect to poetry. It is only necessary for us to know what is really excellent, and venture to give it expression; and that is saying much in few words. To-day I have had a scene, which, if literally related, would make the most beautiful idyl in the world. But why should I talk of poetry and scenes and idyls? Can we never take pleasure in nature without having recourse to art?

If you expect anything grand or magnificent from this introduction, you will be sadly mistaken. It relates merely to a peasant-lad, who has excited in me the warmest interest. As usual, I shall tell my story badly; and you, as usual, will think me extravagant. It is Walheim once more — always Walheim — which produces these wonderful phenomena.

A party had assembled outside the house under the linden-trees, to drink coffee. The company did not exactly please me; and, under one pretext or another, I lingered behind.

A peasant came from an adjoining house, and set to work arranging some part of the same plough which I had lately sketched. His appearance pleased me; and I spoke to him, inquired about his circumstances, made his acquaintance, and, as is my wont with persons of that class, was soon admitted into his confidence. He said he was in the service of a young widow, who set great store by him. He spoke so much of his mistress,

and praised her so extravagantly, that I could soon see he was desperately in love with her. "She is no longer young," he said: "and she was treated so badly by her former husband that she does not mean to marry again." From his account it was so evident what incomparable charms she possessed for him, and how ardently he wished she would select him to extinguish the recollection of her first husband's misconduct, that I should have to repeat his own words in order to describe the depth of the poor fellow's attachment, truth, and devotion. It would, in fact, require the gifts of a great poet to convey the expression of his features, the harmony of his voice, and the heavenly fire of his eye. No words can portray the tenderness of his every movement and of every feature: no effort of mine could do justice to the scene. His alarm lest I should misconceive his position with regard to his mistress, or question the propriety of her conduct, touched me particularly. The charming manner with which he described her form and person, which, without possessing the graces of youth, won and attached him to her, is inexpressible, and must be left to the imagination. I have never in my life witnessed or fancied or conceived the possibility of such intense devotion, such ardent affections, united with so much purity. Do not blame me if I say that the recollection of this innocence and truth is deeply impressed upon my very soul; that this picture of fidelity and tenderness haunts me everywhere; and that my own heart, as though enkindled by the flame, glows and burns within me.

I mean now to try and see her as soon as I can: or perhaps, on second thoughts, I had better not; it is better I should behold her through the eyes of her lover. To my sight, perhaps, she would not appear as she now stands before me; and why should I destroy so sweet a picture?

JUNE 16.

"Why do I not write to you?" You lay claim to learning, and ask such a question. You should have guessed that I am well — that is to say — in a word, I nave made an acquaintance who has won my heart: I have — I know not.

To give you a regular account of the manner in which I have become acquainted with the most amiable of women would be a difficult task. I am a happy and contented mortal, but a poor historian.

An angel! Nonsense! Everybody so describes his mistress; and yet I find it impossible to tell you how perfect she is, or why she is so perfect: suffice it to say she has captivated all my senses.

So much simplicity with so much understanding — so mild, and yet so resolute — a mind so placid, and a life so active.

But all this is ugly balderdash, which expresses not a single character nor feature. Some other time — but no, not some other time, now, this very instant, will I tell you all about it. Now or never. Well, between ourselves, since I commenced my letter, I have been three times on the point of throwing down my pen, of ordering my horse, and riding out. And yet I vowed this morning that I would not ride to-day, and yet every moment I am rushing to the window to see how high the sun is.

I could not restrain myself — go to her I must. I have just returned, Wilhelm; and whilst I am taking supper I will write to you. What a delight it was for my soul to see her in the midst of her dear, beautiful children, — eight brothers and sisters!

But, if I proceed thus, you will be no wiser at the end of my letter than you were at the beginning. Attend, then, and I will compel myself to give you the details.

I mentioned to you the other day that I had become acquainted with S——, the district judge, and that he had invited me to go and visit him in his retirement, or rather in his little kingdom. But I neglected going, and perhaps should never have gone, if chance had not discovered to me the treasure which lay concealed in that retired spot. Some of our young people had proposed giving a ball in the country, at which I consented to be present. I offered my hand for the evening to a pretty and agreeable, but rather commonplace, sort of girl from the immediate neighbourhood; and it was agreed that I should engage a carriage, and call upon Charlotte, with my partner and her aunt, to convey them to the ball. My companion informed me, as we drove along through the park to the hunting-lodge, that I should make the acquaintance of a very charming young lady. "Take care," added the aunt, "that you do not lose your heart." "Why?" said I. "Because she is already engaged to a very worthy man," she replied, "who is gone to settle his affairs upon the death of his father, and will succeed to a very considerable inheritance." This information possessed no interest for me. When we arrived at the gate, the sun was setting behind the tops of the mountains. The atmosphere was heavy; and the ladies expressed their fears of an approaching storm, as masses of low black clouds were gathering in the horizon. I relieved their anxieties by pretending to be weather-wise, although I myself had some apprehensions lest our pleasure should be interrupted.

I alighted; and a maid came to the door, and requested us to wait a moment for her mistress. I walked across the court to a well-built house, and, ascending the flight of steps in front, opened the door, and saw before me the most charming spectacle I had ever witnessed. Six children, from eleven to two years old, were running about the hall, and surround-

ing a lady of middle height, with a lovely figure, dressed in a robe of simple white, trimmed with pink ribbons. She was holding a rye loaf in her hand, and was cutting slices for the little ones all around, in proportion to their age and appetite. She performed her task in a graceful and affectionate manner; each claimant awaiting his turn with outstretched hands, and boisterously shouting his thanks. Some of them ran away at once, to enjoy their evening meal; whilst others, of a gentler disposition, retired to the courtyard to see the strangers, and to survey the carriage in which their Charlotte was to drive away. "Pray forgive me for giving you the trouble to come for me, and for keeping the ladies waiting: but dressing, and arranging some household duties before I leave, had made me forget my children's supper; and they do not like to take it from any one but me." I uttered some indifferent compliment: but my whole soul was absorbed by her air, her voice, her manner; and I had scarcely recovered myself when she ran into her room to fetch her gloves and fan. The young ones threw inquiring glances at me from a distance; whilst I approached the youngest, a most delicious little creature. He drew back; and Charlotte, entering at the very moment, said, "Louis, shake hands with your cousin." The little fellow obeyed willingly; and I could not resist giving him a hearty kiss, notwithstanding his rather dirty face. "Cousin," said I to Charlotte, as I handed her down, "do you think I deserve the happiness of being related to you?" She replied, with a ready smile, "Oh! I have such a number of cousins, that I should be sorry if you were the most undeserving of them." In taking leave, she desired her next sister, Sophy, a girl about eleven years old, to take great care of the children, and to say good-bye to papa for her when he came home from his ride. She enjoined to the little ones to obey their

sister Sophy as they would herself, upon which some promised that they would; but a little fair-haired girl, about six years old, looked discontented, and said, "But Sophy is not you, Charlotte; and we like you best." The two eldest boys had clambered up the carriage; and, at my request, she permitted them to accompany us a little way through the forest, upon their promising to sit very still, and hold fast.

We were hardly seated, and the ladies had scarcely exchanged compliments, making the usual remarks upon each other's dress, and upon the company they expected to meet, when Charlotte stopped the carriage, and made her brothers get down. They insisted upon kissing her hands once more; which the eldest did with all the tenderness of a youth of fifteen, but the other in a lighter and more careless manner. She desired them again to give her love to the children, and we drove off.

The aunt inquired of Charlotte whether she had finished the book she had last sent her. "No," said Charlotte; "I did not like it: you can have it again. And the one before was not much better." I was surprised, upon asking the title, to hear that it was[1] ——. I found penetration and character in everything she said: every expression seemed to brighten her features with new charms, — with new rays of genius, — which unfolded by degrees, as she felt herself understood.

"When I was younger," she observed, "I loved nothing so much as romances. Nothing could equal my delight when, on some holiday, I could settle down quietly in a corner, and enter with my whole heart and soul into the joys or sorrows of some fictitious Leonora. I do not deny that they even possess

[1] We feel obliged to suppress the passage in the letter, to prevent any one from feeling aggrieved; although no author need pay much attention to the opinion of a mere girl, or that of an unsteady young man.

some charms for me yet. But I read so seldom, that I prefer books suited exactly to my taste. And I like those authors best whose scenes describe my own situation in life, — and the friends who are about me, whose stories touch me with interest, from resembling my own homely existence, — which, without being absolutely paradise, is, on the whole, a source of indescribable happiness."

I endeavoured to conceal the emotion which these words occasioned, but it was of slight avail; for, when she had expressed so truly her opinion of "The Vicar of Wakefield," and of other works, the names of which I omit,[1] I could no longer contain myself, but gave full utterance to what I thought of it: and it was not until Charlotte had addressed herself to the two other ladies, that I remembered their presence, and observed them sitting mute with astonishment. The aunt looked at me several times with an air of raillery, which, however, I did not at all mind.

We talked of the pleasures of dancing. "If it is a fault to love it," said Charlotte, "I am ready to confess that I prize it above all other amusements. If anything disturbs me, I go to the piano, play an air to which I have danced, and all goes right again directly."

You, who know me, can fancy how steadfastly I gazed upon her rich dark eyes during these remarks, how my very soul gloated over her warm lips and fresh, glowing cheeks, how I became quite lost in the delightful meaning of her words, so much so, that I scarcely heard the actual expressions. In short, I alighted from the carriage like a person in a dream, and was so lost to the dim world around me, that I scarcely heard the music which resounded from the illuminated ballroom.

[1] Though the names are omitted, yet the authors mentioned deserve Charlotte's approbation, and will feel it in their hearts when they read this passage. It concerns no other person.

The two Messrs. Andran and a certain N. N. (I cannot trouble myself with the names), who were the aunt's and Charlotte's partners, received us at the carriage-door, and took possession of their ladies, whilst I followed with mine.

We commenced with a minuet. I led out one lady after another, and precisely those who were the most disagreeable could not bring themselves to leave off. Charlotte and her partner began an English country dance, and you must imagine my delight when it was their turn to dance the figure with us. You should see Charlotte dance. She dances with her whole heart and soul: her figure is all harmony, elegance, and grace, as if she were conscious of nothing else, and had no other thought or feeling; and, doubtless, for the moment, every other sensation is extinct.

She was engaged for the second country dance, but promised me the third, and assured me, with the most agreeable freedom, that she was very fond of waltzing. "It is the custom here," she said, "for the previous partners to waltz together; but my partner is an indifferent waltzer, and will feel delighted if I save him the trouble. Your partner is not allowed to waltz, and, indeed, is equally incapable: but I observed during the country dance that you waltz well; so, if you will waltz with me, I beg you would propose it to my partner, and I will propose it to yours." We agreed, and it was arranged that our partners should mutually entertain each other.

We set off, and, at first, delighted ourselves with the usual graceful motions of the arms. With what grace, with what ease, she moved! When the waltz commenced, and the dancers whirled around each other in the giddy maze, there was some confusion, owing to the incapacity of some of the dancers. We judiciously remained still, allowing the others to weary themselves; and, when the awkward dancers had with-

drawn, we joined in, and kept it up famously together with one other couple, — Andran and his partner. Never did I dance more lightly. I felt myself more than mortal, holding this loveliest of creatures in my arms, flying with her as rapidly as the wind, till I lost sight of every other object; and O Wilhelm, I vowed at that moment, that a maiden whom I loved, or for whom I felt the slightest attachment, never, never should waltz with any one else but with me, if I went to perdition for it! — you will understand this.

We took a few turns in the room to recover our breath. Charlotte sat down, and felt refreshed by partaking of some oranges which I had had secured, — the only ones that had been left; but at every slice which, from politeness, she offered to her neighbours, I felt as though a dagger went through my heart.

We were the second couple in the third country dance. As we were going down (and Heaven knows with what ecstasy I gazed at her arms and eyes, beaming with the sweetest feeling of pure and genuine enjoyment), we passed a lady whom I had noticed for her charming expression of countenance; although she was no longer young. She looked at Charlotte with a smile, then, holding up her finger in a threatening attitude, repeated twice in a very significant tone of voice the name of "Albert."

"Who is Albert," said I to Charlotte, "if it is not impertinent to ask?" She was about to answer, when we were obliged to separate, in order to execute a figure in the dance; and, as we crossed over again in front of each other, I perceived she looked somewhat pensive. "Why need I conceal it from you?" she said, as she gave me her hand for the promenade. "Albert is a worthy man, to whom I am engaged." Now, there was nothing new to me in this (for the girls had told me of it on the way); but it was so far new that I had not thought of it in connection with

her whom, in so short a time, I had learned to prize so highly. Enough, I became confused, got out in the figure, and occasioned general confusion; so that it required all Charlotte's presence of mind to set me right by pulling and pushing me into my proper place.

The dance was not yet finished when the lightning which had for some time been seen in the horizon, and which I had asserted to proceed entirely from heat, grew more violent; and the thunder was heard above the music. When any distress or terror surprises us in the midst of our amusements, it naturally makes a deeper impression than at other times, either because the contrast makes us more keenly susceptible, or rather perhaps because our senses are then more open to impressions, and the shock is consequently stronger. To this cause I must ascribe the fright and shrieks of the ladies. One sagaciously sat down in a corner with her back to the window, and held her fingers to her ears; a second knelt down before her, and hid her face in her lap; a third threw herself between them, and embraced her sister with a thousand tears; some insisted on going home; others, unconscious of their actions, wanted sufficient presence of mind to repress the impertinence of their young partners, who sought to direct to themselves those sighs which the lips of our agitated beauties intended for heaven. Some of the gentlemen had gone down-stairs to smoke a quiet cigar, and the rest of the company gladly embraced a happy suggestion of the hostess to retire into another room which was provided with shutters and curtains. We had hardly got there, when Charlotte placed the chairs in a circle; and, when the company had sat down in compliance with her request, she forthwith proposed a round game.

I noticed some of the company prepare their mouths and draw themselves up at the prospect of some agree-

able forfeit. "Let us play at counting," said Charlotte. "Now, pay attention: I shall go round the circle from right to left; and each person is to count, one after the other, the number that comes to him, and must count fast; whoever stops or mistakes is to have a box on the ear, and so on, till we have counted a thousand." It was delightful to see the fun. She went round the circle with upraised arm. "One," said the first; "two," the second; "three," the third; and so on, till Charlotte went faster and faster. One made a mistake, instantly a box on the ear; and, amid the laughter that ensued, came another box; and so on, faster and faster. I myself came in for two. I fancied they were harder than the rest, and felt quite delighted. A general laughter and confusion put an end to the game long before we had counted as far as a thousand. The party broke up into little separate knots: the storm had ceased, and I followed Charlotte into the ballroom. On the way she said, "The game banished their fears of the storm." I could make no reply. "I myself," she continued, "was as much frightened as any of them; but by affecting courage, to keep up the spirits of the others, I forgot my apprehensions." We went to the window. It was still thundering at a distance: a soft rain was pouring down over the country, and filled the air around us with delicious odours. Charlotte leaned forward on her arm; her eyes wandered over the scene; she raised them to the sky, and then turned them upon me; they were moistened with tears; she placed her hand on mine and said, "Klopstock!" at once I remembered the magnificent ode which was in her thoughts: I felt oppressed with the weight of my sensations, and sank under them. It was more than I could bear. I bent over her hand, kissed it in a stream of delicious tears, and again looked up to her eyes. Divine Klopstock! why didst thou not see thy apotheosis in those eyes? And thy

strength to support evil when it comes." "But," observed the vicar's wife, "we cannot always command our tempers, so much depends upon the constitution: when the body suffers, the mind is ill at ease." "I acknowledge that," I continued; "but we must consider such a disposition in the light of a disease, and inquire whether there is no remedy for it."

"I should be glad to hear one," said Charlotte: "at least, I think very much depends upon ourselves; I know it is so with me. When anything annoys me, and disturbs my temper, I hasten into the garden, hum a couple of country dances, and it is all right with me directly." "That is what I meant," I replied; "ill-humour resembles indolence: it is natural to us; but if once we have courage to exert ourselves, we find our work run fresh from our hands, and we experience in the activity from which we shrank a real enjoyment." Frederica listened very attentively: and the young man objected, that we were not masters of ourselves, and still less so of our feelings. "The question is about a disagreeable feeling," I added, "from which every one would willingly escape, but none know their own power without trial. Invalids are glad to consult physicians, and submit to the most scrupulous regimen, the most nauseous medicines, in order to recover their health." I observed that the good old man inclined his head, and exerted himself to hear our discourse; so I raised my voice, and addressed myself directly to him. "We preach against a great many crimes," I observed, "but I never remember a sermon delivered against ill-humour." "That may do very well for your town clergymen," said he: "country people are never ill-humoured; though, indeed, it might be useful, occasionally, to my wife for instance, and the judge." We all laughed, as did he likewise very cordially, till he fell into a fit of cough-

ing, which interrupted our conversation for a time. Herr Schmidt resumed the subject. "You call ill-humour a crime," he remarked, "but I think you use too strong a term." "Not at all," I replied, "if that deserves the name which is so pernicious to ourselves and our neighbours. Is it not enough that we want the power to make one another happy, — must we deprive each other of the pleasure which we can all make for ourselves? Show me the man who has the courage to hide his ill-humour, who bears the whole burden himself, without disturbing the peace of those around him. No: ill-humour arises from an inward consciousness of our own want of merit, — from a discontent which ever accompanies that envy which foolish vanity engenders. We see people happy, whom we have not made so, and cannot endure the sight." Charlotte looked at me with a smile; she observed the emotion with which I spoke: and a tear in the eyes of Frederica stimulated me to proceed. "Woe unto those," I said, "who use their power over a human heart to destroy the simple pleasures it would naturally enjoy! All the favours, all the attentions, in the world cannot compensate for the loss of that happiness which a cruel tyranny has destroyed." My heart was full as I spoke. A recollection of many things which had happened pressed upon my mind, and filled my eyes with tears. "We should daily repeat to ourselves," I exclaimed, "that we should not interfere with our friends, unless to leave them in possession of their own joys, and increase their happiness by sharing it with them! But when their souls are tormented by a violent passion, or their hearts rent with grief, is it in your power to afford them the slightest consolation?

"And when the last fatal malady seizes the being whose untimely grave you have prepared, when she lies languid and exhausted before you, her dim eyes

raised to heaven, and the damp of death upon her pallid brow, then you stand at her bedside like a condemned criminal, with the bitter feeling that your whole fortune could not save her; and the agonising thought wrings you, that all your efforts are powerless to impart even a moment's strength to the departing soul, or quicken her with a transitory consolation."

At these words the remembrance of a similar scene at which I had been once present fell with full force upon my heart. I buried my face in my handkerchief, and hastened from the room, and was only recalled to my recollection by Charlotte's voice, who reminded me that it was time to return home. With what tenderness she chid me on the way for the too eager interest I took in everything! She declared it would do me injury, and that I ought to spare myself. Yes, my angel! I will do so for your sake.

JULY 6.

She is still with her dying friend, and is still the same bright, beautiful creature whose presence softens pain, and sheds happiness around whichever way she turns. She went out yesterday with her little sisters: I knew it, and went to meet them; and we walked together. In about an hour and a half we returned to the town. We stopped at the spring I am so fond of, and which is now a thousand times dearer to me than ever. Charlotte seated herself upon the low wall, and we gathered about her. I looked around, and recalled the time when my heart was unoccupied and free. "Dear fountain!" I said, "since that time I have no more come to enjoy cool repose by thy fresh stream: I have passed thee with careless steps, and scarcely bestowed a glance upon thee." I looked down, and observed Charlotte's little sister, Jane, coming up the steps with a glass of water. I turned toward Charlotte, and I

felt her influence over me. Jane at the moment approached with the glass. Her sister, Marianne, wished to take it from her. "No!" cried the child, with the sweetest expression of face, "Charlotte must drink first."

The affection and simplicity with which this was uttered so charmed me, that I sought to express my feelings by catching up the child and kissing her heartily. She was frightened, and began to cry. "You should not do that," said Charlotte: I felt perplexed. "Come, Jane," she continued, taking her hand, and leading her down the steps again, "it is no matter: wash yourself quickly in the fresh water." I stood and watched them; and when I saw the little dear rubbing her cheeks with her wet hands, in full belief that all the impurities contracted from my ugly beard would be washed off by the miraculous water, and how, though Charlotte said it would do, she continued still to wash with all her might, as though she thought too much were better than too little, I assure you, Wilhelm, I never attended a baptism with greater reverence; and, when Charlotte came up from the well, I could have prostrated myself as before the prophet of an Eastern nation.

In the evening I could not resist telling the story to a person who, I thought, possessed some natural feeling, because he was a man of understanding. But what a mistake I made. He maintained it was very wrong of Charlotte, — that we should not deceive children, — that such things occasioned countless mistakes and superstitions, from which we were bound to protect the young. It occurred to me then, that this very man had been baptised only a week before; so I said nothing further, but maintained the justice of my own convictions. We should deal with children as God deals with us, — we are happiest under the influence of innocent delusions.

JULY 8.

What a child is man that he should be so solicitous about a look! What a child is man! We had been to Walheim: the ladies went in a carriage; but during our walk I thought I saw in Charlotte's dark eyes — I am a fool — but forgive me! you should see them, — those eyes. — However, to be brief (for my own eyes are weighed down with sleep), you must know, when the ladies stepped into their carriage again, young W. Seldstadt, Andran, and I were standing about the door. They are a merry set of fellows, and they were all laughing and joking together. I watched Charlotte's eyes. They wandered from one to the other; but they did not light on me, — on me, who stood there motionless, and who saw nothing but her! My heart bade her a thousand times adieu, but she noticed me not. The carriage drove off, and my eyes filled with tears. I looked after her: suddenly I saw Charlotte's bonnet leaning out of the window, and she turned to look back, — was it at me? My dear friend, I know not; and in this uncertainty I find consolation. Perhaps she turned to look at me. Perhaps! Good-night — what a child I am!

JULY 10.

You should see how foolish I look in company when her name is mentioned, particularly when I am asked plainly how I like her. How I like her! — I detest the phrase. What sort of creature must he be who merely liked Charlotte, whose whole heart and senses were not entirely absorbed by her. Like her! Some one asked me lately how I liked Ossian.

JULY 11.

Madame M—— is very ill. I pray for her recovery, because Charlotte shares my sufferings. I see her occasionally at my friend's house, and to-day she

has told me the strangest circumstance. Old M—— is a covetous, miserly fellow, who has long worried and annoyed the poor lady sadly; but she has borne her afflictions patiently. A few days ago, when the physician informed us that her recovery was hopeless, she sent for her husband (Charlotte was present), and addressed him thus: "I have something to confess, which, after my decease, may occasion trouble and confusion. I have hitherto conducted your household as frugally and economically as possible, but you must pardon me for having defrauded you for thirty years. At the commencement of our married life, you allowed a small sum for the wants of the kitchen, and the other household expenses. When our establishment increased and our property grew larger, I could not persuade you to increase the weekly allowance in proportion: in short, you know, that, when our wants were greatest, you required me to supply everything with seven florins a week. I took the money from you without an observation, but made up the weekly deficiency from the money-chest; as nobody would suspect your wife of robbing the household bank. But I have wasted nothing, and should have been content to meet my eternal Judge without this confession, if she, upon whom the management of your establishment will devolve after my decease, would be free from embarrassment upon your insisting that the allowance made to me, your former wife, was sufficient."

I talked with Charlotte of the inconceivable manner in which men allow themselves to be blinded; how any one could avoid suspecting some deception, when seven florins only were allowed to defray expenses twice as great. But I have myself known people who believed, without any visible astonishment, that their house possessed the prophet's never-failing cruse of oil.

JULY 13.

No, I am not deceived. In her dark eyes I read a genuine interest in me and in my fortunes. Yes, I feel it; and I may believe my own heart which tells me — dare I say it? — dare I pronounce the divine words? — that she loves me!

That she loves me! How the idea exalts me in my own eyes! And, as you can understand my feelings, I may say to you, how I honour myself since she loves me!

Is this presumption, or is it a consciousness of the truth? I do not know a man able to supplant me in the heart of Charlotte; and yet when she speaks of her betrothed with so much warmth and affection, I feel like the soldier who has been stripped of his honours and titles, and deprived of his sword.

JULY 16.

How my heart beats when by accident I touch her finger, or my feet meet hers under the table! I draw back as if from a furnace; but a secret force impels me forward again, and my senses become disordered. Her innocent, unconscious heart never knows what agony these little familiarities inflict upon me. Sometimes when we are talking she lays her hand upon mine, and in the eagerness of conversation comes closer to me, and her balmy breath reaches my lips, — when I feel as if lightning had struck me, and that I could sink into the earth. And yet, Wilhelm, with all this heavenly confidence, — if I know myself, and should ever dare — you understand me. No, no! my heart is not so corrupt, — it is weak, weak enough — but is not that a degree of corruption?

She is to me a sacred being. All passion is still in her presence: I cannot express my sensations when I am near her. I feel as if my soul beat in every nerve of my body. There is a melody which she plays on

the piano with angelic skill, — so simple is it, and yet so spiritual! It is her favourite air; and, when she plays the first note, all pain, care, and sorrow disappear from me in a moment.

I believe every word that is said of the magic of ancient music. How her simple song enchants me! Sometimes, when I am ready to commit suicide, she sings that air; and instantly the gloom and madness which hung over me are dispersed, and I breathe freely again.

JULY 18.

Wilhelm, what is the world to our hearts without love? What is a magic-lantern without light? You have but to kindle the flame within, and the brightest figures shine on the white wall; and, if love only show us fleeting shadows, we are yet happy, when, like mere children, we behold them, and are transported with the splendid phantoms. I have not been able to see Charlotte to-day. I was prevented by company from which I could not disengage myself. What was to be done? I sent my servant to her house, that I might at least see somebody to-day who had been near her. Oh, the impatience with which I waited for his return! the joy with which I welcomed him! I should certainly have caught him in my arms, and kissed him, if I had not been ashamed.

It is said that the Bonona stone, when placed in the sun, attracts the rays, and for a time appears luminous in the dark. So was it with me and this servant. The idea that Charlotte's eyes had dwelt on his countenance, his cheek, his very apparel, endeared them all inestimably to me, so that at the moment I would not have parted from him for a thousand crowns. His presence made me so happy! Beware of laughing at me, Wilhelm. Can that be a delusion which makes us happy?

JULY 19.

"I shall see her to-day!" I exclaim with delight, when I rise in the morning, and look out with gladness of heart at the bright, beautiful sun. "I shall see her to-day!" And then I have no further wish to form: all, all is included in that one thought.

JULY 20.

I cannot assent to your proposal that I should accompany the ambassador to ———. I do not love subordination; and we all know that he is a rough, disagreeable person to be connected with. You say my mother wishes me to be employed. I could not help laughing at that. Am I not sufficiently employed? And is it not in reality the same, whether I shell peas or count lentils? The world runs on from one folly to another; and the man who, solely from regard to the opinion of others, and without any wish or necessity of his own, toils after gold, honour, or any other phantom, is no better than a fool.

JULY 24.

You insist so much on my not neglecting my drawing, that it would be as well for me to say nothing as to confess how little I have lately done.

I never felt happier, I never understood nature better, even down to the veriest stem or smallest blade of grass; and yet I am unable to express myself: my powers of execution are so weak, everything seems to swim and float before me, so that I cannot make a clear, bold outline. But I fancy I should succeed better if I had some clay or wax to model. I shall try, if this state of mind continues much longer, and will take to modelling, if I only knead dough.

I have commenced Charlotte's portrait three times, and have as often disgraced myself. This is the more annoying, as I was formerly very happy in taking

likenesses. I have since sketched her profile, and must content myself with that.

JULY 25.

Yes, dear Charlotte! I will order and arrange everything. Only give me more commissions, the more the better. One thing, however, I must request: use no more writing-sand with the dear notes you send me. To-day I raised your letter hastily to my lips, and it set my teeth on edge.

JULY 26.

I have often determined not to see her so frequently. But who could keep such a resolution? Every day I am exposed to the temptation, and promise faithfully that to-morrow I will really stay away: but, when to-morrow comes, I find some irresistible reason for seeing her; and, before I can account for it, I am with her again. Either she has said on the previous evening, "You will be sure to call to-morrow," — and who could stay away then? — or she gives me some commission, and I find it essential to take her the answer in person; or the day is fine, and I walk to Walheim; and, when I am there, it is only half a league farther to her. I am within the charmed atmosphere, and soon find myself at her side. My grandmother used to tell us a story of a mountain of loadstone. When any vessels came near it, they were instantly deprived of their ironwork: the nails flew to the mountain, and the unhappy crew perished amidst the disjointed planks.

JULY 30.

Albert is arrived, and I must take my departure. Were he the best and noblest of men, and I in every respect his inferior, I could not endure to see him in possession of such a perfect being. Possession! —

enough, Wilhelm: her betrothed is here, — a fine, worthy fellow, whom one cannot help liking. Fortunately I was not present at their meeting. It would have broken my heart! And he is so considerate: he has not given Charlotte one kiss in my presence. Heaven reward him for it! I must love him for the respect with which he treats her. He shows a regard for me, but for this I suspect I am more indebted to Charlotte than to his own fancy for me. Women have a delicate tact in such matters, and it should be so. They cannot always succeed in keeping two rivals on terms with each other; but, when they do, they are the only gainers.

I cannot help esteeming Albert. The coolness of his temper contrasts strongly with the impetuosity of mine, which I cannot conceal. He has a great deal of feeling, and is fully sensible of the treasure he possesses in Charlotte. He is free from ill-humour, which you know is the fault I detest most.

He regards me as a man of sense; and my attachment to Charlotte, and the interest I take in all that concerns her, augment his triumph and his love. I shall not inquire whether he may not at times tease her with some little jealousies; as I know, that, were I in his place, I should not be entirely free from such sensations.

But, be that as it may, my pleasure with Charlotte is over. Call it folly or infatuation, what signifies a name? The thing speaks for itself. Before Albert came, I knew all that I know now. I knew I could make no pretensions to her, nor did I offer any, — that is, as far as it was possible, in the presence of so much loveliness, not to pant for its enjoyment. And now behold me, like a silly fellow, staring with astonishment when another comes in, and deprives me of my love.

I bite my lips, and feel infinite scorn for those who

tell me to be resigned, because there is no help for it. Let me escape from the yoke of such silly subterfuges! I ramble through the woods; and when I return to Charlotte, and find Albert sitting by her side in the summer-house in the garden, I am unable to bear it, behave like a fool, and commit a thousand extravagances. "For Heaven's sake," said Charlotte to-day, "let us have no more scenes like those of last night! You terrify me when you are so violent." Between ourselves, I am always away now when he visits her: and I feel delighted when I find her alone.

AUGUST 8.

Believe me, dear Wilhelm, I did not allude to you when I spoke so severely of those who advise resignation to inevitable fate. I did not think it possible for you to indulge such a sentiment. But in fact you are right. I only suggest one objection. In this world one is seldom reduced to make a selection between two alternatives. There are as many varieties of conduct and opinion as there are turns of feature between an aquiline nose and a flat one.

You will, therefore, permit me to concede your entire argument, and yet contrive means to escape your dilemma.

Your position is this, I hear you say: "Either you have hopes of obtaining Charlotte, or you have none. Well, in the first case, pursue your course, and press on to the fulfilment of your wishes. In the second, be a man, and shake off a miserable passion, which will enervate and destroy you." My dear friend, this is well and easily said.

But would you require a wretched being, whose life is slowly wasting under a lingering disease, to despatch himself at once by the stroke of a dagger? Does not the very disorder which consumes his strength deprive him of the courage to effect his deliverance?

You may answer me, if you please, with a similar analogy, "Who would not prefer the amputation of an arm to the periling of life by doubt and procrastination!" But I know not if I am right, and let us leave these comparisons.

Enough! There are moments, Wilhelm, when I could rise up and shake it all off, and when, if I only knew where to go, I could fly from this place.

THE SAME EVENING.

My diary, which I have for some time neglected, came before me to-day; and I am amazed to see how deliberately I have entangled myself step by step. To have seen my position so clearly, and yet to have acted so like a child! Even still I behold the result plainly, and yet have no thought of acting with greater prudence.

AUGUST 10.

If I were not a fool, I could spend the happiest and most delightful life here. So many agreeable circumstances, and of a kind to ensure a worthy man's happiness, are seldom united. Alas! I feel it too sensibly, — the heart alone makes our happiness! To be admitted into this most charming family, to be loved by the father as a son, by the children as a father, and by Charlotte! — then the noble Albert, who never disturbs my happiness by any appearance of ill-humour, receiving me with the heartiest affection, and loving me, next to Charlotte, better than all the world! Wilhelm, you would be delighted to hear us in our rambles, and conversations about Charlotte. Nothing in the world can be more absurd than our connection, and yet the thought of it often moves me to tears.

He tells me sometimes of her excellent mother; how, upon her death-bed, she had committed her house and children to Charlotte, and had given Charlotte her-

self in charge to him; how, since that time, a new spirit had taken possession of her; how, in care and anxiety for their welfare, she became a real mother to them; how every moment of her time was devoted to some labour of love in their behalf, — and yet her mirth and cheerfulness had never forsaken her. I walk by his side, pluck flowers by the way, arrange them carefully into a nosegay, then fling them into the first stream I pass, and watch them as they float gently away. I forget whether I told you that Albert is to remain here. He has received a government appointment, with a very good salary; and I understand he is in high favour at court. I have met few persons so punctual and methodical in business.

August 12.

Certainly Albert is the best fellow in the world. I had a strange scene with him yesterday. I went to take leave of him; for I took it into my head to spend a few days in these mountains, from where I now write to you. As I was walking up and down his room, my eye fell upon his pistols. "Lend me those pistols," said I, "for my journey." "By all means," he replied, "if you will take the trouble to load them; for they only hang there for form." I took down one of them; and he continued, "Ever since I was near suffering for my extreme caution, I will have nothing to do with such things." I was curious to hear the story. "I was staying," said he, "some three months ago, at a friend's house in the country. I had a brace of pistols with me, unloaded; and I slept without any anxiety. One rainy afternoon I was sitting by myself, doing nothing, when it occurred to me — I do not know how — that the house might be attacked, that we might require the pistols, that we might — in short, you know how we go on fancying, when we have nothing better to do. I gave the pistols to the servant, to clean and load

He was playing with the maid, and trying to frighten her, when the pistol went off — God knows how! — the ramrod was in the barrel; and it went straight through her right hand, and shattered the thumb. I had to endure all the lamentation, and to pay the surgeon's bill; so, since that time, I have kept all my weapons unloaded. But, my dear friend, what is the use of prudence? We can never be on our guard against all possible dangers. However," — now, you must know I can tolerate all men till they come to "however;" for it is self-evident that every universal rule must have its exceptions. But he is so exceedingly accurate, that, if he only fancies he has said a word too precipitate, or too general, or only half true, he never ceases to qualify, to modify, and extenuate, till at last he appears to have said nothing at all. Upon this occasion, Albert was deeply immersed in his subject: I ceased to listen to him, and became lost in reverie. With a sudden motion, I pointed the mouth of the pistol to my forehead, over the right eye. "What do you mean?" cried Albert, turning back the pistol. "It is not loaded," said I. "And even if not," he answered with impatience, "what can you mean? I cannot comprehend how a man can be so mad as to shoot himself, and the bare idea of it shocks me."

"But why should any one," said I, "in speaking of an action, venture to pronounce it mad or wise, or good or bad? What is the meaning of all this? Have you carefully studied the secret motives of our actions? Do you understand — can you explain the causes which occasion them, and make them inevitable? If you can, you will be less hasty with your decision."

"But you will allow," said Albert, "that some actions are criminal, let them spring from whatever motives they may." I granted it, and shrugged my shoulders.

"But still, my good friend," I continued, "there are

some exceptions here too. Theft is a crime; but the man who commits it from extreme poverty, with no design but to save his family from perishing, is he an object of pity, or of punishment? Who shall throw the first stone at a husband, who, in the heat of just resentment, sacrifices his faithless wife and her perfidious seducer? or at the young maiden, who, in her weak hour of rapture, forgets herself in the impetuous joys of love? Even our laws, cold and cruel as they are, relent in such cases, and withhold their punishment."

"That is quite another thing," said Albert; "because a man under the influence of violent passion loses all power of reflection, and is regarded as intoxicated or insane."

"Oh! you people of sound understandings," I replied, smiling, "are ever ready to exclaim 'Extravagance, and madness, and intoxication!' You moral men are so calm and so subdued! You abhor the drunken man, and detest the extravagant; you pass by, like the Levite, and thank God, like the Pharisee, that you are not like one of them. I have been more than once intoxicated, my passions have always bordered on extravagance: I am not ashamed to confess it; for I have learned, by my own experience, that all extraordinary men, who have accomplished great and astonishing actions, have ever been decried by the world as drunken or insane. And in private life, too, is it not intolerable that no one can undertake the execution of a noble or generous deed, without giving rise to the exclamation that the doer is intoxicated or mad? Shame upon you, ye sages!"

"This is another of your extravagant humours," said Albert: "you always exaggerate a case, and in this matter you are undoubtedly wrong; for we were speaking of suicide, which you compare with great actions, when it is impossible to regard it as anything but a

weakness. It is much easier to die than to bear a life of misery with fortitude."

I was on the point of breaking off the conversation, for nothing puts me so completely out of patience as the utterance of a wretched commonplace when I am talking from my inmost heart. However, I composed myself, for I had often heard the same observation with sufficient vexation; and I answered him, therefore, with a little warmth, "You call this a weakness — beware of being led astray by appearances. When a nation, which has long groaned under the intolerable yoke of a tyrant, rises at last and throws off its chains, do you call that weakness? The man who, to rescue his house from the flames, finds his physical strength redoubled, so that he lifts burdens with ease, which, in the absence of excitement, he could scarcely move; he who, under the rage of an insult, attacks and puts to flight half a score of his enemies, — are such persons to be called weak? My good friend, if resistance be strength, how can the highest degree of resistance be a weakness?"

Albert looked steadfastly at me, and said, "Pray forgive me, but I do not see that the examples you have adduced bear any relation to the question." "Very likely," I answered; "for I have often been told that my style of illustration borders a little on the absurd. But let us see if we cannot place the matter in another point of view, by inquiring what can be a man's state of mind who resolves to free himself from the burden of life, — a burden often so pleasant to bear, — for we cannot otherwise reason fairly upon the subject.

"Human nature," I continued, "has its limits. It is able to endure a certain degree of joy, sorrow, and pain, but becomes annihilated as soon as this measure is exceeded. The question, therefore, is, not whether a man is strong or weak, but whether he is able to endure the measure of his sufferings. The suffering

may be moral or physical; and in my opinion it is just as asburd to call a man a coward who destroys himself, as to call a man a coward who dies of a malignant fever."

"Paradox, all paradox!" exclaimed Albert. "Not so paradoxical as you imagine," I replied. "You allow that we designate a disease as mortal when nature is so severely attacked, and her strength so far exhausted, that she cannot possibly recover her former condition under any change that may take place.

"Now, my good friend, apply this to the mind; observe a man in his natural, isolated condition; consider how ideas work, and how impressions fasten on him, till at length a violent passion seizes him, destroying all his powers of calm reflection, and utterly ruining him.

"It is in vain that a man of sound mind and cool temper understands the condition of such a wretched being, in vain he counsels him. He can no more communicate his own wisdom to him than a healthy man can instil his strength into the invalid, by whose bedside he is seated."

Albert thought this too general. I reminded him of a girl who had drowned herself a short time previously, and I related her history.

She was a good creature, who had grown up in the narrow sphere of household industry and weekly-appointed labour; one who knew no pleasure beyond indulging in a walk on Sundays, arrayed in her best attire, accompanied by her friends, or perhaps joining in the dance now and then at some festival, and chatting away her spare hours with a neighbour, discussing the scandal or the quarrels of the village, — trifles sufficient to occupy her heart. At length the warmth of her nature is influenced by certain new and unknown wishes. Inflamed by the flatteries of men, her former pleasures become by degrees insipid, till at length she

meets with a youth to whom she is attracted by an indescribable feeling; upon him she now rests all her hopes; she forgets the world around her; she sees, hears, desires nothing but him, and him only. He alone occupies all her thoughts. Uncorrupted by the idle indulgence of an enervating vanity, her affection moving steadily toward its object, she hopes to become his, and to realise, in an everlasting union with him, all that happiness which she sought, all that bliss for which she longed. His repeated promises confirm her hopes: embraces and endearments, which increase the ardour of her desires, overmaster her soul. She floats in a dim, delusive anticipation of her happiness; and her feelings become excited to their utmost tension. She stretches out her arms finally to embrace the object of all her wishes — and her lover forsakes her. Stunned and bewildered, she stands upon a precipice. All is darkness around her. No prospect, no hope, no consolation — forsaken by him in whom her existence was centred! She sees nothing of the wide world before her, thinks nothing of the many individuals who might supply the void in her heart; she feels herself deserted, forsaken by the world; and, blinded and impelled by the agony which wrings her soul, she plunges into the deep, to end her sufferings in the broad embrace of death. See here, Albert, the history of thousands; and tell me, is not this a case of physical infirmity? Nature has no way to escape from the labyrinth: her powers are exhausted: she can contend no longer, and the poor soul must die.

"Shame upon him who can look on calmly, and exclaim, 'The foolish girl! she should have waited; she should have allowed time to wear off the impression; her despair would have been softened, and she would have found another lover to comfort her.' One might as well say, 'The fool, to die of a fever! why did he not wait till his strength was restored, till his

blood became calm? all would then have gone well, and he would have been alive now.'"

Albert, who could not see the justice of the comparison, offered some further objections, and, amongst others, urged that I had taken the case of a mere ignorant girl. But how any man of sense, of more enlarged views and experience, could be excused, he was unable to comprehend. "My friend!" I exclaimed, "man is but man; and, whatever be the extent of his reasoning powers, they are of little avail when passion rages within, and he feels himself confined by the narrow limits of nature. It were better, then — but we will talk of this some other time," I said, and caught up my hat. Alas! my heart was full; and we parted without conviction on either side. How rarely in this world do men understand each other!

August 15.

There can be no doubt that in this world nothing is so indispensable as love. I observe that Charlotte could not lose me without a pang, and the very children have but one wish; that is, that I should visit them again to-morrow. I went this afternoon to tune Charlotte's piano. But I could not do it, for the little ones insisted on my telling them a story; and Charlotte herself urged me to satisfy them. I waited upon them at tea, and they are now as fully contented with me as with Charlotte; and I told them my very best tale of the princess who was waited upon by dwarfs. I improve myself by this exercise, and am quite surprised at the impression my stories create. If I sometimes invent an incident which I forget upon the next narration, they remind me directly that the story was different before; so that I now endeavour to relate with exactness the same anecdote in the same monotonous tone, which never changes. I find by this, how much

an author injures his works by altering them, even though they be improved in a poetical point of view. The first impression is readily received. We are so constituted that we believe the most incredible things; and, once they are engraved upon the memory, woe to him who would endeavour to efface them.

AUGUST 18.

Must it ever be thus, — that the source of our happiness must also be the fountain of our misery? The full and ardent sentiment which animated my heart with the love of nature, overwhelming me with a torrent of delight, and which brought all paradise before me, has now become an insupportable torment, — a demon which perpetually pursues and harasses me. When in bygone days I gazed from these rocks upon yonder mountains across the river, and upon the green, flowery valley before me, and saw all nature budding and bursting around; the hills clothed from foot to peak with tall, thick forest trees; the valleys in all their varied windings, shaded with the loveliest woods; and the soft river gliding along amongst the lisping reeds, mirroring the beautiful clouds which the soft evening breeze wafted across the sky, — when I heard the groves about me melodious with the music of birds, and saw the million swarms of insects dancing in the last golden beams of the sun, whose setting rays awoke the humming beetles from their grassy beds, whilst the subdued tumult around directed my attention to the ground, and I there observed the arid rock compelled to yield nutriment to the dry moss, whilst the heath flourished upon the barren sands below me, — all this displayed to me the inner warmth which animates all nature, and filled and glowed within my heart. I felt myself exalted by this overflowing fulness to the perception of the Godhead, and the glorious forms of an infinite universe became visible to my

soul! Stupendous mountains encompassed me, abysses yawned at my feet, and cataracts fell headlong down before me; impetuous rivers rolled through the plain, and rocks and mountains resounded from afar. In the depths of the earth I saw innumerable powers in motion, and multiplying to infinity; whilst upon its surface, and beneath the heavens, there teemed ten thousand varieties of living creatures. Everything around is alive with an infinite number of forms; while mankind fly for security to their petty houses, from the shelter of which they rule in their imaginations over the wide-extended universe. Poor fool! in whose petty estimation all things are little. From the inaccessible mountains, across the desert which no mortal foot has trod, far as the confines of the unknown ocean, breathes the spirit of the eternal Creator; and every atom to which he has given existence finds favour in his sight. Ah, how often at that time has the flight of a bird, soaring above my head, inspired me with the desire of being transported to the shores of the immeasurable waters, there to quaff the pleasures of life from the foaming goblet of the Infinite, and to partake, if but for a moment even, with the confined powers of my soul, the beatitude of that Creator who accomplishes all things in himself, and through himself!

My dear friend, the bare recollection of those hours still consoles me. Even this effort to recall those ineffable sensations, and give them utterance, exalts my soul above itself, and makes me doubly feel the intensity of my present anguish.

It is as if a curtain had been drawn from before my eyes, and, instead of prospects of eternal life, the abyss of an ever open grave yawned before me. Can we say of anything that it exists when all passes away, — when time, with the speed of a storm, carries all things onward, — and our transitory existence, hurried along

by the torrent, is either swallowed up by the waves or dashed against the rocks? There is not a moment but preys upon you, and upon all around you, — not a moment in which you do not yourself become a destroyer. The most innocent walk deprives of life thousands of poor insects: one step destroys the fabric of the industrious ant, and converts a little world into chaos. No: it is not the great and rare calamities of the world, the floods which sweep away whole villages, the earthquakes which swallow up our towns, that affect me. My heart is wasted by the thought of that destructive power which lies concealed in every part of universal nature. Nature has formed nothing that does not consume itself, and every object near it: so that, surrounded by earth and air, and all the active powers, I wander on my way with aching heart; and the universe is to me a fearful monster, for ever devouring its own offspring.

August 21.

In vain do I stretch out my arms toward her when I awaken in the morning from my weary slumbers. In vain do I seek for her at night in my bed, when some innocent dream has happily deceived me, and placed her near me in the fields, when I have seized her hand and covered it with countless kisses. And when I feel for her in the half confusion of sleep, with the happy sense that she is near, tears flow from my oppressed heart; and, bereft of all comfort, I weep over my future woes.

August 22.

What a misfortune, Wilhelm! My active spirits have degenerated into contented indolence. I cannot be idle, and yet I am unable to set to work. I cannot think: I have no longer any feeling for the beauties of nature, and books are distasteful to me. Once we give

ourselves up, we are totally lost. Many a time and oft I wish I were a common labourer; that, awakening in the morning, I might have but one prospect, one pursuit, one hope, for the day which has dawned. I often envy Albert when I see him buried in a heap of papers and parchments, and I fancy I should be happy were I in his place. Often impressed with this feeling, I have been on the point of writing to you and to the minister, for the appointment at the embassy, which you think I might obtain. I believe I might procure it. The minister has long shown a regard for me, and has frequently urged me to seek employment. It is the business of an hour only. Now and then the fable of the horse recurs to me. Weary of liberty, he suffered himself to be saddled and bridled, and was ridden to death for his pains. I know not what to determine upon. For is not this anxiety for change the consequence of that restless spirit which would pursue me equally in every situation of life?

AUGUST 28.

If my ills would admit of any cure, they would certainly be cured here. This is my birthday, and early in the morning I received a packet from Albert. Upon opening it, I found one of the pink ribbons which Charlotte wore in her dress the first time I saw her, and which I had several times asked her to give me. With it were two volumes in duodecimo of Wetstein's "Homer," a book I had often wished for, to save me the inconvenience of carrying the large Ernestine edition with me upon my walks. You see how they anticipate my wishes, how well they understand all those little attentions of friendship, so superior to the costly presents of the great, which are humiliating. I kissed the ribbon a thousand times, and in every breath inhaled the remembrance of those happy and irrevocable days which filled me with the keenest joy.

Such, Wilhelm, is our fate. I do not murmur at it: the flowers of life are but visionary. How many pass away, and leave no trace behind — how few yield any fruit — and the fruit itself, how rarely does it ripen! And yet there are flowers enough! — and is it not strange, my friend, that we should suffer the little that does really ripen, to rot, decay, and perish unenjoyed? Farewell! This is a glorious summer. I often climb into the trees in Charlotte's orchard, and shake down the pears that hang on the highest branches. She stands below, and catches them as they fall.

August 30.

Unhappy being that I am! Why do I thus deceive myself? What is to come of all this wild, aimless, endless passion? I cannot pray except to her. My imagination sees nothing but her: all surrounding objects are of no account, except as they relate to her. In this dreamy state I enjoy many happy hours, till at length I feel compelled to tear myself away from her. Ah, Wilhelm, to what does not my heart often compel me! When I have spent several hours in her company, till I feel completely absorbed by her figure, her grace, the divine expression of her thoughts, my mind becomes gradually excited to the highest excess, my sight grows dim, my hearing confused, my breathing oppressed as if by the hand of a murderer, and my beating heart seeks to obtain relief for my aching senses. I am sometimes unconscious whether I really exist. If in such moments I find no sympathy, and Charlotte does not allow me to enjoy the melancholy consolation of bathing her hand with my tears, I feel compelled to tear myself from her, when I either wander through the country, climb some precipitous cliff, or force a path through the trackless thicket, where I am lacerated and torn by thorns and briers; and thence I find relief. Sometimes I lie stretched on

the ground, overcome with fatigue and dying with thirst; sometimes, late in the night, when the moon shines above me, I recline against an aged tree in some sequestered forest, to rest my weary limbs, when, exhausted and worn, I sleep till break of day. O Wilhelm! the hermit's cell, his sackcloth, and girdle of thorns would be luxury and indulgence compared with what I suffer. Adieu! I see no end to this wretchedness except the grave.

SEPTEMBER 3.

I must away. Thank you, Wilhelm, for determining my wavering purpose. For a whole fortnight I have thought of leaving her. I must away. She has returned to town, and is at the house of a friend. And then, Albert — yes, I must go.

SEPTEMBER 10.

Oh, what a night, Wilhelm! I can henceforth bear anything. I shall never see her again. Oh, why cannot I fall on your neck, and, with floods of tears and raptures, give utterance to all the passions which distract my heart! Here I sit gasping for breath, and struggling to compose myself. I wait for day, and at sunrise the horses are to be at the door.

And she is sleeping calmly, little suspecting that she has seen me for the last time. I am free. I have had the courage, in an interview of two hours' duration, not to betray my intention. And O Wilhelm, what a conversation it was!

Albert had promised to come to Charlotte in the garden immediately after supper. I was upon the terrace under the tall chestnut-trees, and watched the setting sun. I saw him sink for the last time beneath this delightful valley and silent stream. I had often visited the same spot with Charlotte, and witnessed that glorious sight; and now — I was walking

up and down the very avenue which was so dear to me. A secret sympathy had frequently drawn me thither before I knew Charlotte; and we were delighted when, in our early acquaintance, we discovered that we each loved the same spot, which is indeed as romantic as any that ever captivated the fancy of an artist.

From beneath the chestnut-trees, there is an extensive view. But I remember that I have mentioned all this in a former letter, and have described the tall mass of beech-trees at the end, and how the avenue grows darker and darker as it winds its way among them, till it ends in a gloomy recess, which has all the charm of a mysterious solitude. I still remember the strange feeling of melancholy which came over me the first time I entered that dark retreat, at bright midday. I felt some secret foreboding that it would, one day, be to me the scene of some happiness or misery.

I had spent half an hour struggling between the contending thoughts of going and returning, when I heard them coming up the terrace. I ran to meet them. I trembled as I took her hand, and kissed it. As we reached the top of the terrace, the moon rose from behind the wooded hill. We conversed on many subjects, and, without perceiving it, approached the gloomy recess. Charlotte entered, and sat down. Albert seated himself beside her. I did the same, but my agitation did not suffer me to remain long seated. I got up, and stood before her, then walked backward and forward, and sat down again. I was restless and miserable. Charlotte drew our attention to the beautiful effect of the moonlight, which threw a silver hue over the terrace in front of us, beyond the beech-trees. It was a glorious sight, and was rendered more striking by the darkness which surrounded the spot where we were. We remained for some time

silent, when Charlotte observed, "Whenever I walk by moonlight, it brings to my remembrance all my beloved and departed friends, and I am filled with thoughts of death and futurity. We shall live again, Werther!" she continued, with a firm but feeling voice; "but shall we know one another again — what do you think? what do you say?"

"Charlotte," I said, as I took her hand in mine, and my eyes filled with tears, "we shall see each other again — here and hereafter we shall meet again." I could say no more. Why, Wilhelm, should she put this question to me, just at the moment when the fear of our cruel separation filled my heart?

"And oh! do those departed ones know how we are employed here? do they know when we are well and happy? do they know when we recall their memories with the fondest love? In the silent hour of evening the shade of my mother hovers around me; when seated in the midst of my children, I see them assembled near me, as they used to assemble near her; and then I raise my anxious eyes to heaven, and wish she could look down upon us, and witness how I fulfil the promise I made to her in her last moments, to be a mother to her children. With what emotion do I then exclaim, 'Pardon, dearest of mothers, pardon me, if I do not adequately supply your place! Alas! I do my utmost. They are clothed and fed; and, still better, they are loved and educated. Could you but see, sweet saint! the peace and harmony that dwells amongst us, you would glorify God with the warmest feelings of gratitude, to whom, in your last hour, you addressed such fervent prayers for our happiness.'" Thus did she express herself; but O Wilhelm! who can do justice to her language? how can cold and passionless words convey the heavenly expressions of the spirit? Albert interrupted her gently. "This affects you too deeply, my dear Charlotte. I know your soul

dwells on such recollections with intense delight; but I implore —" "O Albert!" she continued, "I am sure you do not forget the evenings when we three used to sit at the little round table, when papa was absent, and the little ones had retired. You often had a good book with you, but seldom read it; the conversation of that noble being was preferable to everything,—that beautiful, bright, gentle, and yet ever-toiling woman. God alone knows how I have supplicated with tears on my nightly couch, that I might be like her."

I threw myself at her feet, and, seizing her hand, bedewed it with a thousand tears. "Charlotte!" I exclaimed, "God's blessing and your mother's spirit are upon you." "Oh! that you had known her," she said, with a warm pressure of the hand. "She was worthy of being known to you." I thought I should have fainted: never had I received praise so flattering. She continued, "And yet she was doomed to die in the flower of her youth, when her youngest child was scarcely six months old. Her illness was but short, but she was calm and resigned; and it was only for her children, especially the youngest, that she felt unhappy. When her end drew nigh, she bade me bring them to her. I obeyed. The younger ones knew nothing of their approaching loss, while the elder ones were quite overcome with grief. They stood around the bed; and she raised her feeble hands to heaven, and prayed over them; then, kissing them in turn, she dismissed them, and said to me, 'Be you a mother to them.' I gave her my hand. 'You are promising much, my child,' she said: 'a mother's fondness and a mother's care! I have often witnessed, by your tears of gratitude, that you know what is a mother's tenderness: show it to your brothers and sisters, and be dutiful and faithful to your father as a wife; you will be his comfort.' She inquired for him. He had retired to conceal his intolerable anguish,—he was heartbroken.

"Albert, you were in the room. She heard some one moving: she inquired who it was, and desired you to approach. She surveyed us both with a look of composure and satisfaction, expressive of her conviction that we should be happy, — happy with one another." Albert fell upon her neck, and kissed her, and exclaimed, "We are so, and we shall be so!" Even Albert, generally so tranquil, had quite lost his composure; and I was excited beyond expression.

"And such a being," she continued, "was to leave us, Werther! Great God, must we thus part with everything we hold dear in this world? Nobody felt this more acutely than the children: they cried and lamented for a long time afterward, complaining that black men had carried away their dear mamma."

Charlotte rose. It aroused me; but I continued sitting, and held her hand. "Let us go," she said: "it grows late." She attempted to withdraw her hand: I held it still. "We shall see each other again," I exclaimed: "we shall recognise each other under every possible change! I am going," I continued, "going willingly; but, should I say for ever, perhaps I may not keep my word. Adieu, Charlotte; adieu, Albert. We shall meet again." "Yes: to-morrow, I think," she answered with a smile. To-morrow! how I felt the word! Ah! she little thought, when she drew her hand away from mine. They walked down the avenue. I stood gazing after them in the moonlight. I threw myself upon the ground, and wept: I then sprang up, and ran out upon the terrace, and saw, under the shade of the linden-trees, her white dress disappearing near the garden-gate. I stretched out my arms, and she vanished.

BOOK II.

October 20.

We arrived here yesterday. The ambassador is indisposed, and will not go out for some days. If he were less peevish and morose, all would be well. I see but too plainly that Heaven has destined me to severe trials; but courage! a light heart may bear anything. A light heart! I smile to find such a word proceeding from my pen. A little more lightheartedness would render me the happiest being under the sun. But must I despair of my talents and faculties, whilst others of far inferior abilities parade before me with the utmost self-satisfaction? Gracious Providence, to whom I owe all my powers, why didst thou not withhold some of those blessings I possess, and substitute in their place a feeling of self-confidence and contentment?

But patience! all will yet be well; for I assure you, my dear friend, you were right: since I have been obliged to associate continually with other people, and observe what they do, and how they employ themselves, I have become far better satisfied with myself. For we are so constituted by nature, that we are ever prone to compare ourselves with others; and our happiness or misery depends very much on the objects and persons around us. On this account, nothing is more dangerous than solitude: there our imagination, always disposed to rise, taking a new flight on the wings of fancy, pictures to us a chain of beings of

whom we seem the most inferior. All things appear greater than they really are, and all seem superior to us. This operation of the mind is quite natural: we so continually feel our own imperfections, and fancy we perceive in others the qualities we do not possess, attributing to them also all that we enjoy ourselves, that by this process we form the idea of a perfect, happy man, — a man, however, who only exists in our own imagination.

But when, in spite of weakness and disappointments, we set to work in earnest, and persevere steadily, we often find, that, though obliged continually to tack, we make more way than others who have the assistance of wind and tide; and, in truth, there can be no greater satisfaction than to keep pace with others or outstrip them in the race.

NOVEMBER 26.

I begin to find my situation here more tolerable, considering all circumstances. I find a great advantage in being much occupied; and the number of persons I meet, and their different pursuits, create a varied entertainment for me. I have formed the acquaintance of the Count C——, and I esteem him more and more every day. He is a man of strong understanding and great discernment; but, though he sees farther than other people, he is not on that account cold in his manner, but capable of inspiring and returning the warmest affection. He appeared interested in me on one occasion, when I had to transact some business with him. He perceived, at the first word, that we understood each other, and that he could converse with me in a different tone from what he used with others. I cannot sufficiently esteem his frank and open kindness to me. It is the greatest and most genuine of pleasures to observe a great mind in sympathy with our own.

DECEMBER 24.

As I anticipated, the ambassador occasions me infinite annoyance. He is the most punctilious blockhead under heaven. He does everything step by step, with the trifling minuteness of an old woman; and he is a man whom it is impossible to please, because he is never pleased with himself. I like to do business regularly and cheerfully, and, when it is finished, to leave it. But he constantly returns my papers to me, saying, "They will do," but recommending me to look over them again, as "one may always improve by using a better word or a more appropriate particle." I then lose all patience, and wish myself at the devil's. Not a conjunction, not an adverb, must be omitted: he has a deadly antipathy to all those transpositions of which I am so fond; and, if the music of our periods is not tuned to the established official key, he cannot comprehend our meaning. It is deplorable to be connected with such a fellow.

My acquaintance with the Count C—— is the only compensation for such an evil. He told me frankly, the other day, that he was much displeased with the difficulties and delays of the ambassador; that people like him are obstacles, both to themselves and to others. "But," added he, "one must submit, like a traveller who has to ascend a mountain: if the mountain was not there, the road would be both shorter and pleasanter; but there it is, and he must get over it."

The old man perceives the count's partiality for me: this annoys him, and he seizes every opportunity to depreciate the count in my hearing. I naturally defend him, and that only makes matters worse. Yesterday he made me indignant, for he also alluded to me. "The count," he said, "is a man of the world, and a good man of business: his style is good, and he writes with facility; but, like other geniuses, he has no solid learning." He looked at me with an expression

that seemed to ask if I felt the blow. But it did not produce the desired effect: I despise a man who can think and act in such a manner. However, I made a stand, and answered with not a little warmth. The count, I said, was a man entitled to respect, alike for his character and his acquirements. I had never met a person whose mind was stored with more useful and extensive knowledge, — who had, in fact, mastered such an infinite variety of subjects, and who yet retained all his activity for the details of ordinary business. This was altogether beyond his comprehension; and I took my leave, lest my anger should be too highly excited by some new absurdity of his.

And you are to blame for all this, you who persuaded me to bend my neck to this yoke by preaching a life of activity to me. If the man who plants vegetables, and carries his corn to town on market-days, is not more usefully employed than I am, then let me work ten years longer at the galleys to which I am now chained.

Oh, the brilliant wretchedness, the weariness, that one is doomed to witness among the silly people whom we meet in society here! The ambition of rank! How they watch, how they toil, to gain precedence! What poor and contemptible passions are displayed in their utter nakedness! We have a woman here, for example, who never ceases to entertain the company with accounts of her family and her estates. Any stranger would consider her a silly being, whose head was turned by her pretensions to rank and property; but she is in reality even more ridiculous, — the daughter of a mere magistrate's clerk from this neighbourhood. I cannot understand how human beings can so debase themselves.

Every day I observe more and more the folly of judging of others by ourselves; and I have so much trouble with myself, and my own heart is in such con-

stant agitation, that I am well content to let others pursue their own course, if they only allow me the same privilege.

No! Not a good translation!

What provokes me most is the unhappy extent to which distinctions of rank are carried. I know perfectly well how necessary are inequalities of condition, and I am sensible of the advantages I myself derive therefrom; but I would not have these institutions prove a barrier to the small chance of happiness which I may enjoy on this earth.

I have lately become acquainted with a Miss B——, a very agreeable girl, who has retained her natural manners in the midst of artificial life. Our first conversation pleased us both equally; and, at taking leave, I requested permission to visit her. She consented in so obliging a manner, that I waited with impatience for the arrival of the happy moment. She is not a native of this place, but resides here with her aunt. The countenance of the old lady is not prepossessing. I paid her much attention, addressing the greater part of my conversation to her; and, in less than half an hour, I discovered what her niece subsequently acknowledged to me, that her aged aunt, having but a small fortune, and a still smaller share of understanding, enjoys no satisfaction except in the pedigree of her ancestors, no protection save in her noble birth, and no enjoyment but in looking from her castle over the heads of the humble citizens. She was, no doubt, handsome in her youth, and in her early years probably trifled away her time in rendering many a poor youth the sport of her caprice: in her riper years she has submitted to the yoke of a veteran officer, who, in return for her person and her small independence, has spent with her what we may designate her age of brass. He is dead; and she is now a widow, and deserted. She spends her iron age alone, and would not be approached, except for the loveliness of her niece.

JANUARY 8, 1772.

What beings are men, whose whole thoughts are occupied with form and ceremony, who for years together devote their mental and physical exertions to the task of advancing themselves but one step, and endeavouring to occupy a higher place at the table. Not that such persons would otherwise want employment: on the contrary, they give themselves much trouble by neglecting important business for such petty trifles. Last week a question of precedence arose at a sledging-party, and all our amusement was spoiled.

The silly creatures cannot see that it is not place which constitutes real greatness, since the man who occupies the first place but seldom plays the principal part. How many kings are governed by their ministers — how many ministers by their secretaries? Who, in such cases, is really the chief? He, as it seems to me, who can see through the others, and possesses strength or skill enough to make their power or passions subservient to the execution of his own designs.

JANUARY 20.

I must write to you from this place, my dear Charlotte, from a small room in a country inn, where I have taken shelter from a severe storm. During my whole residence in that wretched place D——, where I lived amongst strangers, — strangers, indeed, to this heart, — I never at any time felt the smallest inclination to correspond with you; but in this cottage, in this retirement, in this solitude, with the snow and hail beating against my lattice-pane, you are my first thought. The instant I entered, your figure rose up before me, and the remembrance! O my Charlotte, the sacred, tender remembrance! Gracious Heaven! restore to me the happy moment of our first acquaintance.

Could you but see me, my dear Charlotte, in the whirl of dissipation, — how my senses are dried up,

but my heart is at no time full. I enjoy no single moment of happiness: all is vain — nothing touches me. I stand, as it were, before the raree-show: I see the little puppets move, and I ask whether it is not an optical illusion. I am amused with these puppets, or, rather, I am myself one of them: but, when I sometimes grasp my neighbour's hand, I feel that it is not natural; and I withdraw mine with a shudder. In the evening I say I will enjoy the next morning's sunrise, and yet I remain in bed: in the day I promise to ramble by moonlight; and I, nevertheless, remain at home. I know not why I rise, nor why I go to sleep.

The leaven which animated my existence is gone: the charm which cheered me in the gloom of night, and aroused me from my morning slumbers, is for ever fled.

I have found but one being here to interest me, a Miss B——. She resembles you, my dear Charlotte, if any one can possibly resemble you. "Ah!" you will say, "he has learned how to pay fine compliments." And this is partly true. I have been very agreeable lately, as it was not in my power to be otherwise. I have, moreover, a deal of wit: and the ladies say that no one understands flattery better, or falsehoods you will add; since the one accomplishment invariably accompanies the other. But I must tell you of Miss B——. She has abundance of soul, which flashes from her deep blue eyes. Her rank is a torment to her, and satisfies no one desire of her heart. She would gladly retire from this whirl of fashion, and we often picture to ourselves a life of undisturbed happiness in distant scenes of rural retirement: and then we speak of you, my dear Charlotte; for she knows you, and renders homage to your merits; but her homage is not exacted, but voluntary, — she loves you, and delights to hear you made the subject of conversation.

Oh, that I were sitting at your feet in your favourite

little room, with the dear children playing around us! If they became troublesome to you, I would tell them some appalling goblin story; and they would crowd round me with silent attention. The sun is setting in glory; his last rays are shining on the snow, which covers the face of the country: the storm is over, and I must return to my dungeon. Adieu! — Is Albert with you? and what is he to you? God forgive the question.

FEBRUARY 8.

For a week past we have had the most wretched weather: but this to me is a blessing; for, during my residence here, not a single fine day has beamed from the heavens, but has been lost to me by the intrusion of somebody. During the severity of rain, sleet, frost, and storm, I congratulate myself that it cannot be worse indoors than abroad, nor worse abroad than it is within doors; and so I become reconciled. When the sun rises bright in the morning, and promises a glorious day, I never omit to exclaim, "There, now, they have another blessing from Heaven, which they will be sure to destroy: they spoil everything, — health, fame, happiness, amusement; and they do this generally through folly, ignorance, or imbecility, and always, according to their own account, with the best intentions!" I could often beseech them, on my bended knees, to be less resolved upon their own destruction.

FEBRUARY 17.

I fear that my ambassador and I shall not continue much longer together. He is really growing past endurance. He transacts his business in so ridiculous a manner, that I am often compelled to contradict him, and do things my own way; and then, of course, he thinks them very ill done. He complained of me lately on this account at court; and the minister gave

me a reprimand, — a gentle one it is true, but still a reprimand. In consequence of this, I was about to tender my resignation, when I received a letter, to which I submitted with great respect, on account of the high, noble, and generous spirit which dictated it. He endeavoured to soothe my excessive sensibility, paid a tribute to my extreme ideas of duty, of good example, and of perseverance in business, as the fruit of my youthful ardour, — an impulse which he did not seek to destroy, but only to moderate, that it might have proper play and be productive of good. So now I am at rest for another week, and no longer at variance with myself. Content and peace of mind are valuable things: I could wish, my dear friend, that these precious jewels were less transitory.

FEBRUARY 20.

God bless you, my dear friends, and may he grant you that happiness which he denies to me!

I thank you, Albert, for having deceived me. I waited for the news that your wedding-day was fixed; and I intended on that day, with solemnity, to take down Charlotte's profile from the wall, and to bury it with some other papers I possess. You are now united, and her picture still remains here. Well, let it remain! Why should it not? I know that I am still one of your society, that I still occupy a place uninjured in Charlotte's heart, that I hold the second place therein; and I intend to keep it. Oh, I should become mad if she could forget! — Albert, that thought is hell! Farewell, Albert — farewell, angel of heaven — farewell, Charlotte!

MARCH 15.

I have just had a sad adventure, which will drive me away from here. I lose all patience! — Death! — It is not to be remedied; and you alone are to blame,

for you urged and impelled me to fill a post for which I was by no means suited. I have now reason to be satisfied, and so have you! But, that you may not again attribute this fatality to my impetuous temper, I send you, my dear sir, a plain and simple narration of the affair, as a mere chronicler of facts would describe it.

The Count of O—— likes and distinguishes me. It is well known, and I have mentioned this to you a hundred times. Yesterday I dined with him. It is the day on which the nobility are accustomed to assemble at his house in the evening. I never once thought of the assembly, nor that we subalterns did not belong to such society. Well, I dined with the count; and, after dinner, we adjourned to the large hall. We walked up and down together: and I conversed with him, and with Colonel B——, who joined us; and in this manner the hour for the assembly approached. God knows, I was thinking of nothing, when who should enter but the honourable Lady S——, accompanied by her noble husband and their silly, scheming daughter, with her small waist and flat neck; and, with disdainful looks and a haughty air, they passed me by. As I heartily detest the whole race, I determined upon going away; and only waited till the count had disengaged himself from their impertinent prattle, to take leave, when the agreeable Miss B—— came in. As I never meet her without experiencing a heartfelt pleasure, I stayed and talked to her, leaning over the back of her chair, and did not perceive, till after some time, that she seemed a little confused, and ceased to answer me with her usual ease of manner. I was struck with it. "Heavens!" I said to myself, "can she, too, be like the rest?" I felt annoyed, and was about to withdraw; but I remained, notwithstanding, forming excuses for her conduct, fancying she did not mean it, and still hoping to receive some friendly recognition. The rest of the

company now arrived. There was the Baron F——, in an entire suit that dated from the coronation of Francis I.; the Chancellor N——, with his deaf wife; the shabbily-dressed I——, whose old-fashioned coat bore evidence of modern repairs: this crowned the whole. I conversed with some of my acquaintances, but they answered me laconically. I was engaged in observing Miss B——, and did not notice that the women were whispering at the end of the room, that the murmur extended by degrees to the men, that Madame S—— addressed the count with much warmth (this was all related to me subsequently by Miss B——); till at length the count came up to me, and took me to the window. "You know our ridiculous customs," he said. "I perceive the company is rather displeased at your being here. I would not on any account—" "I beg your Excellency's pardon!" I exclaimed. "I ought to have thought of this before, but I know you will forgive this little inattention. I was going," I added, "some time ago, but my evil genius detained me." And I smiled and bowed, to take my leave. He shook me by the hand, in a manner which expressed everything. I hastened at once from the illustrious assembly, sprang into a carriage, and drove to M——. I contemplated the setting sun from the top of the hill, and read that beautiful passage in Homer, where Ulysses is entertained by the hospitable herdsmen. This was indeed delightful.

I returned home to supper in the evening. But few persons were assembled in the room. They had turned up a corner of the table-cloth, and were playing at dice. The good-natured A—— came in. He laid down his hat when he saw me, approached me, and said in a low tone, "You have met with a disagreeable adventure." "I!" I exclaimed. "The count obliged you to withdraw from the assembly!" "Deuce take the assembly!" said I. "I was very glad to be gone."

"I am delighted," he added, "that you take it so lightly. I am only sorry that it is already so much spoken of." The circumstance then began to pain me. I fancied that every one who sat down, and even looked at me, was thinking of this incident; and my heart became embittered.

And now I could plunge a dagger into my bosom, when I hear myself everywhere pitied, and observe the triumph of my enemies, who say that this is always the case with vain persons, whose heads are turned with conceit, who affect to despise forms and such petty, idle nonsense.

Say what you will of fortitude, but show me the man who can patiently endure the laughter of fools, when they have obtained an advantage over him. 'Tis only when their nonsense is without foundation that one can suffer it without complaint.

MARCH 16.

Everything conspires against me. I met Miss B—— walking to-day. I could not help joining her; and, when we were at a little distance from her companions, I expressed my sense of her altered manner toward me. "O Werther!" she said, in a tone of emotion, "you, who know my heart, how could you so ill interpret my distress? What did I not suffer for you, from the moment you entered the room! I foresaw it all, — a hundred times was I on the point of mentioning it to you. I knew that the S——s and T——s, with their husbands, would quit the room, rather than remain in your company. I knew that the count would not break with them: and now so much is said about it." "How!" I exclaimed, and endeavoured to conceal my emotion; for all that Adelin had mentioned to me yesterday recurred to me painfully at that moment. "Oh, how much it has already cost me!" said this amiable girl, while her eyes filled

with tears. I could scarcely contain myself, and was ready to throw myself at her feet. "Explain yourself!" I cried. Tears flowed down her cheeks. I became quite frantic. She wiped them away, without attempting to conceal them. "You know my aunt," she continued; "she was present: and in what light does she consider the affair! Last night, and this morning, Werther, I was compelled to listen to a lecture upon my acquaintance with you. I have been obliged to hear you condemned and depreciated; and I could not — I dared not — say much in your defence."

Every word she uttered was a dagger to my heart. She did not feel what a mercy it would have been to conceal everything from me. She told me, in addition, all the impertinence that would be further circulated, and how the malicious would triumph; how they would rejoice over the punishment of my pride, over my humiliation for that want of esteem for others with which I had often been reproached. To hear all this, Wilhelm, uttered by her in a voice of the most sincere sympathy, awakened all my passions; and I am still in a state of extreme excitement. I wish I could find a man to jeer me about this event. I would sacrifice him to my resentment. The sight of his blood might possibly be a relief to my fury. A hundred times have I seized a dagger, to give ease to this oppressed heart. Naturalists tell of a noble race of horses that instinctively open a vein with their teeth, when heated and exhausted by a long course, in order to breathe more freely. I am often tempted to open a vein, to procure for myself everlasting liberty.

MARCH 24.

I have tendered my resignation to the court. I hope it will be accepted, and you will forgive me for not having previously consulted you. It is necessary I should leave this place. I know all you will urge me

to stay, and therefore — I beg you will soften this news to my mother. I am unable to do anything for myself: how, then, should I be competent to assist others? It will afflict her that I should have interrupted that career which would have made me first a privy councillor, and then minister, and that I should look behind me, in place of advancing. Argue as you will, combine all the reasons which should have induced me to remain, — I am going: that is sufficient. But, that you may not be ignorant of my destination, I may mention that the Prince of ——— is here. He is much pleased with my company; and, having heard of my intention to resign, he has invited me to his country house, to pass the spring months with him. I shall be left completely my own master; and, as we agree on all subjects but one, I shall try my fortune, and accompany him.

April 19.

Thanks for both your letters. I delayed my reply, and withheld this letter, till I should obtain an answer from the court. I feared my mother might apply to the minister to defeat my purpose. But my request is granted, my resignation is accepted. I shall not recount with what reluctance it was accorded, nor relate what the minister has written: you would only renew your lamentations. The crown prince has sent me a present of five and twenty ducats; and, indeed, such goodness has affected me to tears. For this reason I shall not require from my mother the money for which I lately applied.

May 5.

I leave this place to-morrow; and, as my native place is only six miles from the high road, I intend to visit it once more, and recall the happy dreams of my childhood. I shall enter at the same gate through

which I came with my mother, when, after my father's death, she left that delightful retreat to immure herself in your melancholy town. Adieu, my dear friend: you shall hear of my future career.

MAY 9.

I have paid my visit to my native place with all the devotion of a pilgrim, and have experienced many unexpected emotions. Near the great elm-tree, which is a quarter of a league from the village, I got out of the carriage, and sent it on before, that alone, and on foot, I might enjoy vividly and heartily all the pleasure of my recollections. I stood there under that same elm which was formerly the term and object of my walks. How things have since changed! Then, in happy ignorance, I sighed for a world I did not know, where I hoped to find every pleasure and enjoyment which my heart could desire; and now, on my return from that wide world, O my friend, how many disappointed hopes and unsuccessful plans have I brought back!

As I contemplated the mountains which lay stretched out before me, I thought how often they had been the object of my dearest desires. Here used I to sit for hours together with my eyes bent upon them, ardently longing to wander in the shade of those woods, to lose myself in those valleys, which form so delightful an object in the distance. With what reluctance did I leave this charming spot, when my hour of recreation was over, and my leave of absence expired! I drew near to the village: all the well-known old summer-houses and gardens were recognised again; I disliked the new ones, and all other alterations which had taken place. I entered the village, and all my former feelings returned. I cannot, my dear friend, enter into details, charming as were my sensations: they would be dull in the narration. I had intended to lodge in the market-place, near our old house. As soon as I

entered, I perceived that the schoolroom, where our childhood had been taught by that good old woman, was converted into a shop. I called to mind the sorrow, the heaviness, the tears, and oppression of heart, which I experienced in that confinement. Every step produced some particular impression. A pilgrim in the Holy Land does not meet so many spots pregnant with tender recollections, and his soul is hardly moved with greater devotion. One incident will serve for illustration. I followed the course of a stream to a farm, formerly a delightful walk of mine, and paused at the spot, where, when boys, we used to amuse ourselves making ducks and drakes upon the water. I recollected so well how I used formerly to watch the course of that same stream, following it with inquiring eagerness, forming romantic ideas of the countries it was to pass through; but my imagination was soon exhausted: while the water continued flowing farther and farther on, till my fancy became bewildered by the contemplation of an invisible distance. Exactly such, my dear friend, so happy and so confined, were the thoughts of our good ancestors. Their feelings and their poetry were fresh as childhood. And, when Ulysses talks of the immeasurable sea and boundless earth, his epithets are true, natural, deeply felt, and mysterious. Of what importance is it that I have learned, with every schoolboy, that the world is round? Man needs but little earth for enjoyment, and still less for his final repose.

I am at present with the prince at his hunting-lodge. He is a man with whom one can live happily. He is honest and unaffected. There are, however, some strange characters about him, whom I cannot at all understand. They do not seem vicious, and yet they do not carry the appearance of thoroughly honest men. Sometimes I am disposed to believe them honest, and yet I cannot persuade myself to confide in them. It grieves me to hear the prince occasionally

talk of things which he has only read or heard of, and always with the same view in which they have been represented by others.

He values my understanding and talents more highly than my heart, but I am proud of the latter only. It is the sole source of everything, — of our strength, happiness, and misery. All the knowledge I possess every one else can acquire, but my heart is exclusively my own.

MAY 25.

I have had a plan in my head of which I did not intend to speak to you until it was accomplished: now that it has failed, I may as well mention it. I wished to enter the army, and had long been desirous of taking the step. This, indeed, was the chief reason for my coming here with the prince, as he is a general in the ——— service. I communicated my design to him during one of our walks together. He disapproved of it, and it would have been actual madness not to have listened to his reasons.

JUNE 11.

Say what you will, I can remain here no longer. Why should I remain? Time hangs heavy upon my hands. The prince is as gracious to me as any one could be, and yet I am not at my ease. There is, indeed, nothing in common between us. He is a man of understanding, but quite of the ordinary kind. His conversation affords me no more amusement than I should derive from the perusal of a well-written book. I shall remain here a week longer, and then start again on my travels. My drawings are the best things I have done since I came here. The prince has a taste for the arts, and would improve if his mind were not fettered by cold rules and mere technical ideas. I often lose patience, when, with a glowing imagination,

I am giving expression to art and nature, he interferes with learned suggestions, and uses at random the technical phraseology of artists.

JULY 16.

Once more I am a wanderer, a pilgrim, through the world. But what else are you!

JULY 18.

Whither am I going? I will tell you in confidence. I am obliged to continue a fortnight longer here, and then I think it would be better for me to visit the mines in ———. But I am only deluding myself thus. The fact is, I wish to be near Charlotte again, — that is all. I smile at the suggestions of my heart, and obey its dictates.

JULY 29.

No, no! it is yet well — all is well! I her husband! O God, who gave me being, if thou hadst destined this happiness for me, my whole life would have been one continual thanksgiving! But I will not murmur — forgive these tears, forgive these fruitless wishes. She — my wife! Oh, the very thought of folding that dearest of Heaven's creatures in my arms! Dear Wilhelm, my whole frame feels convulsed when I see Albert put his arms around her slender waist!

And shall I avow it? Why should I not, Wilhelm? She would have been happier with me than with him. Albert is not the man to satisfy the wishes of such a heart. He wants a certain sensibility; he wants — in short, their hearts do not beat in unison. How often, my dear friend, in reading a passage from some interesting book, when my heart and Charlotte's seemed to meet, and in a hundred other instances when our sentiments were unfolded by the story of some fictitious character, have I felt that we

were made for each other! But, dear Wilhelm, he loves her with his whole soul; and what does not such a love deserve?

I have been interrupted by an insufferable visit. I have dried my tears, and composed my thoughts. Adieu, my best friend!

August 4.

I am not alone unfortunate. All men are disappointed in their hopes, and deceived in their expectations. I have paid a visit to my good old woman under the lime-trees. The eldest boy ran out to meet me: his exclamation of joy brought out his mother, but she had a very melancholy look. Her first word was, "Alas! dear sir, my little John is dead." He was the youngest of her children. I was silent. "And my husband has returned from Switzerland without any money; and, if some kind people had not assisted him, he must have begged his way home. He was taken ill with fever on his journey." I could answer nothing, but made the little one a present. She invited me to take some fruit: I complied, and left the place with a sorrowful heart.

August 21.

My sensations are constantly changing. Sometimes a happy prospect opens before me; but alas! it is only for a moment; and then, when I am lost in reverie, I cannot help saying to myself, "If Albert were to die? — Yes, she would become — and I should be" — and so I pursue a chimera, till it leads me to the edge of a precipice at which I shudder.

When I pass through the same gate, and walk along the same road which first conducted me to Charlotte, my heart sinks within me at the change that has since taken place. All, all, is altered! No sentiment, no pulsation of my heart, is the same. My sensations are

such as would occur to some departed prince whose spirit should return to visit the superb palace which he had built in happy times, adorned with costly magnificence, and left to a beloved son, but whose glory he should find departed, and its halls deserted and in ruins.

SEPTEMBER 3.

I sometimes cannot understand how she can love another, how she dares love another, when I love nothing in this world so completely, so devotedly, as I love her, when I know only her, and have no other possession.

SEPTEMBER 4.

It is even so! As nature puts on her autumn tints, it becomes autumn with me and around me. My leaves are sere and yellow, and the neighbouring trees are divested of their foliage. Do you remember my writing to you about a peasant boy shortly after my arrival here? I have just made inquiries about him in Walheim. They say he has been dismissed from his service, and is now avoided by every one. I met him yesterday on the road, going to a neighbouring village. I spoke to him, and he told me his story. It interested me exceedingly, as you will easily understand when I repeat it to you. But why should I trouble you? Why should I not reserve all my sorrow for myself? Why should I continue to give you occasion to pity and blame me? But no matter: this also is part of my destiny.

At first the peasant lad answered my inquiries with a sort of subdued melancholy, which seemed to me the mark of a timid disposition; but, as we grew to understand each other, he spoke with less reserve, and openly confessed his faults, and lamented his misfortune. I wish, my dear friend, I could give proper expression to

his language. He told me with a sort of pleasurable recollection, that, after my departure, his passion for his mistress increased daily, until at last he neither knew what he did nor what he said, nor what was to become of him. He could neither eat nor drink nor sleep: he felt a sense of suffocation; he disobeyed all orders, and forgot all commands involuntarily; he seemed as if pursued by an evil spirit, till one day, knowing that his mistress had gone to an upper chamber, he had followed, or, rather, been drawn after her. As she proved deaf to his entreaties, he had recourse to violence. He knows not what happened; but he called God to witness that his intentions to her were honourable, and that he desired nothing more sincerely than that they should marry, and pass their lives together. When he had come to this point, he began to hesitate, as if there was something which he had not courage to utter, till at length he acknowledged with some confusion certain little confidences she had encouraged, and liberties she had allowed. He broke off two or three times in his narration, and assured me most earnestly that he had no wish to make her bad, as he termed it, for he loved her still as sincerely as ever; that the tale had never before escaped his lips, and was only now told to convince me that he was not utterly lost and abandoned. And here, my dear friend, I must commence the old song which you know I utter eternally. If I could only represent the man as he stood, and stands now before me, — could I only give his true expressions, you would feel compelled to sympathise in his fate. But enough: you, who know my misfortune and my disposition, can easily comprehend the attraction which draws me toward every unfortunate being, but particularly toward him whose story I have recounted.

On perusing this letter a second time, I find I have omitted the conclusion of my tale; but it is easily

supplied. She became reserved toward him, at the instigation of her brother who had long hated him, and desired his expulsion from the house, fearing that his sister's second marriage might deprive his children of the handsome fortune they expected from her; as she is childless. He was dismissed at length; and the whole affair occasioned so much scandal, that the mistress dared not take him back, even if she had wished it. She has since hired another servant, with whom, they say, her brother is equally displeased, and whom she is likely to marry; but my informant assures me that he himself is determined not to survive such a catastrophe.

This story is neither exaggerated nor embellished: indeed, I have weakened and impaired it in the narration, by the necessity of using the more refined expressions of society.

This love, then, this constancy, this passion, is no poetical fiction. It is actual, and dwells in its greatest purity amongst that class of mankind whom we term rude, uneducated. We are the educated, not the perverted! But read this story with attention, I implore you. I am tranquil to-day, for I have been employed upon this narration: you see by my writing that I am not so agitated as usual. Read and re-read this tale, Wilhelm: it is the history of your friend! My fortune has been and will be similar; and I am neither half so brave nor half so determined as the poor wretch with whom I hesitate to compare myself.

SEPTEMBER 5.

Charlotte had written a letter to her husband in the country, where he was detained by business. It commenced, "My dearest love, return as soon as possible: I await you with a thousand raptures." A friend who arrived, brought word, that, for certain reasons, he could not return immediately. Charlotte's letter was

not forwarded, and the same evening it fell into my hands. I read it, and smiled. She asked the reason. "What a heavenly treasure is imagination!" I exclaimed; "I fancied for a moment that this was written to me." She paused, and seemed displeased. I was silent.

SEPTEMBER 6.

It cost me much to part with the blue coat which I wore the first time I danced with Charlotte. But I could not possibly wear it any longer. But I have ordered a new one, precisely similar, even to the collar and sleeves, as well as a new waistcoat and pantaloons.

But it does not produce the same effect upon me. I know not how it is, but I hope in time I shall like it better.

SEPTEMBER 12.

She has been absent for some days. She went to meet Albert. To-day I visited her: she rose to receive me, and I kissed her hand most tenderly.

A canary at the moment flew from a mirror, and settled upon her shoulder. "Here is a new friend," she observed, while she made him perch upon her hand: "he is a present for the children. What a dear he is! Look at him! When I feed him, he flutters with his wings, and pecks so nicely. He kisses me, too, — only look!"

She held the bird to her mouth; and he pressed her sweet lips with so much fervour that he seemed to feel the excess of bliss which he enjoyed.

"He shall kiss you too," she added; and then she held the bird toward me. His little beak moved from her mouth to mine, and the delightful sensation seemed like the forerunner of the sweetest bliss.

"A kiss," I observed, "does not seem to satisfy him: he wishes for food, and seems disappointed by these unsatisfactory endearments."

"But he eats out of my mouth," she continued, and extended her lips to him containing seed; and she smiled with all the charm of a being who has allowed an innocent participation of her love.

I turned my face away. She should not act thus. She ought not to excite my imagination with such displays of heavenly innocence and happiness, nor awaken my heart from its slumbers, in which it dreams of the worthlessness of life! And why not? Because she knows how much I love her.

SEPTEMBER 15.

It makes me wretched, Wilhelm, to think that there should be men incapable of appreciating the few things which possess a real value in life. You remember the walnut-trees at S——, under which I used to sit with Charlotte, during my visits to the worthy old vicar. Those glorious trees, the very sight of which has so often filled my heart with joy, how they adorned and refreshed the parsonage yard, with their wide-extended branches! and how pleasing was our remembrance of the good old pastor, by whose hands they were planted so many years ago! The schoolmaster has frequently mentioned his name. He had it from his grandfather. He must have been a most excellent man; and, under the shade of those old trees, his memory was ever venerated by me. The schoolmaster informed us yesterday, with tears in his eyes, that those trees had been felled. Yes, cut to the ground! I could, in my wrath, have slain the monster who struck the first stroke. And I must endure this! — I, who, if I had had two such trees in my own court, and one had died from old age, should have wept with real affliction. But

there is some comfort left, — such a thing is sentiment, — the whole village murmurs at the misfortune; and I hope the vicar's wife will soon find, by the cessation of the villagers' presents, how much she has wounded the feelings of the neighbourhood. It was she who did it, — the wife of the present incumbent (our good old man is dead), — a tall, sickly creature, who is so far right to disregard the world, as the world totally disregards her. The silly being affects to be learned, pretends to examine the canonical books, lends her aid toward the new-fashioned reformation of Christendom, moral and critical, and shrugs up her shoulders at the mention of Lavater's enthusiasm. Her health is destroyed, on account of which she is prevented from having any enjoyment here below. Only such a creature could have cut down my walnut-trees! I can never pardon it. Hear her reasons. The falling leaves made the court wet and dirty; the branches obstructed the light; boys threw stones at the nuts when they were ripe, and the noise affected her nerves, and disturbed her profound meditations, when she was weighing the difficulties of Kennicot, Semler, and Michaelis. Finding that all the parish, particularly the old people, were displeased, I asked "why they allowed it?" "Ah, sir!" they replied, "when the steward orders, what can we poor peasants do?" But one thing has happened well. The steward and the vicar (who, for once, thought to reap some advantage from the caprices of his wife) intended to divide the trees between them. The revenue-office, being informed of it, revived an old claim to the ground where the trees had stood, and sold them to the best bidder. There they still lie on the ground. If I were the sovereign, I should know how to deal with them all, — vicar, steward, and revenue-office. Sovereign, did I say? I should, in that case, care little about the trees that grew in the country.

OCTOBER 10.

Only to gaze upon her dark eyes is to me a source of happiness! And what grieves me, is, that Albert does not seem so happy as he — hoped to be — as I should have been — if — I am no friend to these pauses, but here I cannot express it otherwise; and probably I am explicit enough.

OCTOBER 12.

Ossian has superseded Homer in my heart. To what a world does the illustrious bard carry me! To wander over pathless wilds, surrounded by impetuous whirlwinds, where, by the feeble light of the moon, we see the spirits of our ancestors; to hear from the mountain-tops, mid the roar of torrents, their plaintive sounds issuing from deep caverns, and the sorrowful lamentations of a maiden who sighs and expires on the mossy tomb of the warrior by whom she was adored. I meet this bard with silver hair; he wanders in the valley; he seeks the footsteps of his fathers, and, alas! he finds only their tombs. Then, contemplating the pale moon, as she sinks beneath the waves of the rolling sea, the memory of bygone days strikes the mind of the hero, — days when approaching danger invigorated the brave, and the moon shone upon his bark laden with spoils, and returning in triumph. When I read in his countenance deep sorrow, when I see his dying glory sink exhausted into the grave, as he inhales new and heart-thrilling delight from his approaching union with his beloved, and he casts a look on the cold earth and the tall grass which is so soon to cover him, and then exclaims, "The traveller will come, — he will come who has seen my beauty, and he will ask, 'Where is the bard, — where is the illustrious son of Fingal?' He will walk over my tomb, and will seek me in vain!" Then, O my friend, I could instantly, like a true and noble knight, draw

my sword, and deliver my prince from the long and painful languor of a living death, and dismiss my own soul to follow the demigod whom my hand had set free!

October 19.

Alas! the void — the fearful void, which I feel in my bosom! Sometimes I think, if I could only once — but once, press her to my heart, this dreadful void would be filled.

October 26.

Yes, I feel certain, Wilhelm, and every day I become more certain, that the existence of any being whatever is of very little consequence. A friend of Charlotte's called to see her just now. I withdrew into a neighbouring apartment, and took up a book; but, finding I could not read, I sat down to write. I heard them converse in an undertone: they spoke upon indifferent topics, and retailed the news of the town. One was going to be married; another was ill, very ill, — she had a dry cough, her face was growing thinner daily, and she had occasional fits. "N—— is very unwell too," said Charlotte. "His limbs begin to swell already," answered the other; and my lively imagination carried me at once to the beds of the infirm. There I see them struggling against death, with all the agonies of pain and horror; and these women, Wilhelm, talk of all this with as much indifference as one would mention the death of a stranger. And when I look around the apartment where I now am, — when I see Charlotte's apparel lying before me, and Albert's writings, and all those articles of furniture which are so familiar to me, even to the very inkstand which I am using, — when I think what I am to this family — everything. My friends esteem me; I often contribute to their happiness, and my heart seems as

if it could not beat without them; and yet — if I were to die, if I were to be summoned from the midst of this circle, would they feel — or how long would they feel — the void which my loss would make in their existence? How long! Yes, such is the frailty of man, that even there, where he has the greatest consciousness of his own being, where he makes the strongest and most forcible impression, even in the memory, in the heart, of his beloved, there also he must perish, — vanish, — and that quickly.

OCTOBER 27.

I could tear open my bosom with vexation to think how little we are capable of influencing the feelings of each other. No one can communicate to me those sensations of love, joy, rapture, and delight which I do not naturally possess; and, though my heart may glow with the most lively affection, I cannot make the happiness of one in whom the same warmth is not inherent.

OCTOBER 27: Evening.

I possess so much, but my love for her absorbs it all. I possess so much, but without her I have nothing.

OCTOBER 30.

One hundred times have I been on the point of embracing her. Heavens! what a torment it is to see so much loveliness passing and repassing before us, and yet not dare to lay hold of it! And laying hold is the most natural of human instincts. Do not children touch everything they see? And I!

NOVEMBER 3.

Witness, Heaven, how often I lie down in my bed with a wish, and even a hope, that I may never awaken again. And in the morning, when I open my

eyes, I behold the sun once more, and am wretched. If I were whimsical, I might blame the weather, or an acquaintance, or some personal disappointment, for my discontented mind; and then this insupportable load of trouble would not rest entirely upon myself. But, alas! I feel it too sadly. I am alone the cause of my own woe, am I not? Truly, my own bosom contains the source of all my sorrow, as it previously contained the source of all my pleasure. Am I not the same being who once enjoyed an excess of happiness, who, at every step, saw paradise open before him, and whose heart was ever expanded toward the whole world? And this heart is now dead, no sentiment can revive it; my eyes are dry; and my senses, no more refreshed by the influence of soft tears, wither and consume my brain. I suffer much, for I have lost the only charm of life: that active, sacred power which created worlds around me,—it is no more. When I look from my window at the distant hills, and behold the morning sun breaking through the mists, and illuminating the country around, which is still wrapped in silence, whilst the soft stream winds gently through the willows, which have shed their leaves; when glorious nature displays all her beauties before me, and her wondrous prospects are ineffectual to extract one tear of joy from my withered heart,—I feel that in such a moment I stand like a reprobate before heaven, hardened, insensible, and unmoved. Oftentimes do I then bend my knee to the earth, and implore God for the blessing of tears, as the desponding labourer in some scorching climate prays for the dews of heaven to moisten his parched corn.

But I feel that God does not grant sunshine or rain to our importunate entreaties. And oh, those bygone days, whose memory now torments me! why were they so fortunate? Because I then waited with patience for the blessings of the Eternal, and received

his gifts with the grateful feelings of a thankful heart.

NOVEMBER 8.

Charlotte has reproved me for my excesses, with so much tenderness and goodness! I have lately been in the habit of drinking more wine than heretofore. "Don't do it," she said. "Think of Charlotte!" "Think of you!" I answered; "need you bid me do so? Think of you — I do not think of you: you are ever before my soul! This very morning I sat on the spot where, a few days ago, you descended from the carriage, and —" She immediately changed the subject to prevent me from pursuing it farther. My dear friend, my energies are all prostrated: she can do with me what she pleases.

NOVEMBER 15.

I thank you, Wilhelm, for your cordial sympathy, for your excellent advice; and I implore you to be quiet. Leave me to my sufferings. In spite of my wretchedness, I have still strength enough for endurance. I revere religion — you know I do. I feel that it can impart strength to the feeble and comfort to the afflicted, but does it affect all men equally? Consider this vast universe: you will see thousands for whom it has never existed, thousands for whom it will never exist, whether it be preached to them, or not; and must it, then, necessarily exist for me? Does not the Son of God himself say that they are his whom the Father has given to him? Have I been given to him? What if the Father will retain me for himself, as my heart sometimes suggests? I pray you, do not misinterpret this. Do not extract derision from my harmless words. I pour out my whole soul before you. Silence were otherwise preferable to me, but I need not shrink from a subject of which few know more than I do myself. What is the destiny of

man, but to fill up the measure of his sufferings, and to drink his allotted cup of bitterness? And if that same cup proved bitter to the God of heaven, under a human form, why should I affect a foolish pride, and call it sweet? Why should I be ashamed of shrinking at that fearful moment, when my whole being will tremble between existence and annihilation, when a remembrance of the past, like a flash of lightning, will illuminate the dark gulf of futurity, when everything shall dissolve around me, and the whole world vanish away? Is not this the voice of a creature oppressed beyond all resource, self-deficient, about to plunge into inevitable destruction, and groaning deeply at its inadequate strength, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" And should I feel ashamed to utter the same expression? Should I not shudder at a prospect which had its fears, even for him who folds up the heavens like a garment?

NOVEMBER 21.

She does not feel, she does not know, that she is preparing a poison which will destroy us both; and I drink deeply of the draught which is to prove my destruction. What mean those looks of kindness with which she often — often? no, not often, but sometimes, regards me, that complacency with which she hears the involuntary sentiments which frequently escape me, and the tender pity for my sufferings which appears in her countenance?

Yesterday, when I took leave, she seized me by the hand, and said, "Adieu, dear Werther." Dear Werther! It was the first time she ever called me dear: the sound sunk deep into my heart. I have repeated it a hundred times; and last night, on going to bed, and talking to myself of various things, I suddenly said, "Good night, dear Werther!" and then could not but laugh at myself.

NOVEMBER 22.

I cannot pray, "Leave her to me!" and yet she often seems to belong to me. I cannot pray, "Give her to me!" for she is another's. In this way I affect mirth over my troubles; and, if I had time, I could compose a whole litany of antitheses.

NOVEMBER 24.

She is sensible of my sufferings. This morning her look pierced my very soul. I found her alone, and she was silent: she steadfastly surveyed me. I no longer saw in her face the charms of beauty or the fire of genius: these had disappeared. But I was affected by an expression much more touching, a look of the deepest sympathy and of the softest pity. Why was I afraid to throw myself at her feet? Why did I not dare to take her in my arms, and answer her by a thousand kisses? She had recourse to her piano for relief, and in a low and sweet voice accompanied the music with delicious sounds. Her lips never appeared so lovely: they seemed but just to open, that they might imbibe the sweet tones which issued from the instrument, and return the heavenly vibration from her lovely mouth. Oh! who can express my sensations? I was quite overcome, and, bending down, pronounced this vow: "Beautiful lips, which the angels guard, never will I seek to profane your purity with a kiss." And yet, my friend, oh, I wish — but my heart is darkened by doubt and indecision — could I but taste felicity, and then die to expiate the sin! What sin?

NOVEMBER 26.

Oftentimes I say to myself, "Thou alone art wretched: all other mortals are happy, — none are distressed like thee!" Then I read a passage in an ancient poet, and I seem to understand my own heart.

I have so much to endure! Have men before me ever been so wretched?

NOVEMBER 30.

I shall never be myself again! Wherever I go, some fatality occurs to distract me. Even to-day — alas for our destiny! alas for human nature!

About dinner-time I went to walk by the river-side, for I had no appetite. Everything around seemed gloomy: a cold and damp easterly wind blew from the mountains, and black, heavy clouds spread over the plain. I observed at a distance a man in a tattered coat: he was wandering among the rocks, and seemed to be looking for plants. When I approached, he turned round at the noise; and I saw that he had an interesting countenance in which a settled melancholy, strongly marked by benevolence, formed the principal feature. His long black hair was divided, and flowed over his shoulders. As his garb betokened a person of the lower order, I thought he would not take it ill if I inquired about his business; and I therefore asked what he was seeking. He replied, with a deep sigh, that he was looking for flowers, and could find none. "But it is not the season," I observed, with a smile. "Oh, there are so many flowers!" he answered, as he came nearer to me. "In my garden there are roses and honeysuckles of two sorts: one sort was given to me by my father! they grow as plentifully as weeds; I have been looking for them these two days, and cannot find them. There are flowers out there, yellow, blue, and red; and that centaury has a very pretty blossom: but I can find none of them." I observed his peculiarity, and therefore asked him, with an air of indifference, what he intended to do with his flowers. A strange smile overspread his countenance. Holding his finger to his mouth, he expressed a hope that I would not betray him; and he then informed me that

he had promised to gather a nosegay for his mistress. "That is right," said I. "Oh!" he replied, "she possesses many other things as well: she is very rich." "And yet," I continued, "she likes your nosegays." "Oh, she has jewels and crowns!" he exclaimed. I asked who she was. "If the states-general would but pay me," he added, "I should be quite another man. Alas! there was a time when I was so happy; but that is past, and I am now —" He raised his swimming eyes to heaven. "And you were happy once?" I observed. "Ah, would I were so still!" was his reply. "I was then as gay and contented as a man can be." An old woman, who was coming toward us, now called out, "Henry, Henry! where are you? We have been looking for you everywhere: come to dinner." "Is he your son?" I inquired, as I went toward her. "Yes," she said: "he is my poor, unfortunate son. The Lord has sent me a heavy affliction." I asked whether he had been long in this state. She answered, "He has been as calm as he is at present for about six months. I thank Heaven that he has so far recovered: he was for one whole year quite raving, and chained down in a madhouse. Now he injures no one, but talks of nothing else than kings and queens. He used to be a very good, quiet youth, and helped to maintain me; he wrote a very fine hand; but all at once he became melancholy, was seized with a violent fever, grew distracted, and is now as you see. If I were only to tell you, sir —" I interrupted her by asking what period it was in which he boasted of having been so happy. "Poor boy!" she exclaimed, with a smile of compassion, "he means the time when he was completely deranged, — a time he never ceases to regret, — when he was in the madhouse, and unconscious of everything." I was thunderstruck: I placed a piece of money in her hand, and hastened away.

"You were happy!" I exclaimed, as I returned

quickly to the town, "'as gay and contented as a man can be!'" God of heaven! and is this the destiny of man? Is he only happy before he has acquired his reason, or after he has lost it? Unfortunate being! And yet I envy your fate: I envy the delusion to which you are a victim. You go forth with joy to gather flowers for your princess, — in winter, — and grieve when you can find none, and cannot understand why they do not grow. But I wander forth without joy, without hope, without design; and I return as I came. You fancy what a man you would be if the states-general paid you. Happy mortal, who can ascribe your wretchedness to an earthly cause! You do not know, you do not feel, that in your own distracted heart and disordered brain dwells the source of that unhappiness which all the potentates on earth cannot relieve.

Let that man die unconsoled who can deride the invalid for undertaking a journey to distant, healthful springs, — where he often finds only a heavier disease and a more painful death, — or who can exult over the despairing mind of a sinner, who, to obtain peace of conscience and an alleviation of misery, makes a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre. Each laborious step which galls his wounded feet in rough and untrodden paths pours a drop of balm into his troubled soul, and the journey of many a weary day brings a nightly relief to his anguished heart. Will you dare call this enthusiasm, ye crowd of pompous declaimers? Enthusiasm! O God! thou seest my tears. Thou hast allotted us our portion of misery: must we also have brethren to persecute us, to deprive us of our consolation, of our trust in thee, and in thy love and mercy? For our trust in the virtue of the healing root, or in the strength of the vine, what is it else than a belief in thee from whom all that surrounds us derives its healing and restoring powers? Father, whom I know not,

— who wert once wont to fill my soul, but who now hidest thy face from me, — call me back to thee; be silent no longer; thy silence shall not delay a soul which thirsts after thee. What man, what father, could be angry with a son for returning to him suddenly, for falling on his neck, and exclaiming, "I am here again, my father! forgive me if I have anticipated my journey, and returned before the appointed time! The world is everywhere the same, — a scene of labour and pain, of pleasure and reward; but what does it all avail? I am happy only where thou art, and in thy presence am I content to suffer or enjoy." And wouldst thou, heavenly Father, banish such a child from thy presence?

DECEMBER 1.

Wilhelm, the man about whom I wrote to you — that man so enviable in his misfortunes — was secretary to Charlotte's father; and an unhappy passion for her which he cherished, concealed, and at length discovered, caused him to be dismissed from his situation. This made him mad. Think, whilst you peruse this plain narration, what an impression the circumstance has made upon me! But it was related to me by Albert with as much calmness as you will probably peruse it.

DECEMBER 4.

I implore your attention. It is all over with me. I can support this state no longer. To-day I was sitting by Charlotte. She was playing upon her piano a succession of delightful melodies, with such intense expression! Her little sister was dressing her doll upon my lap. The tears came into my eyes. I leaned down, and looked intently at her wedding-ring: my tears fell — immediately she began to play that favourite, that divine, air which has so often enchanted

me. I felt comfort from a recollection of the past, of those bygone days when that air was familiar to me; and then I recalled all the sorrows and the disappointments which I had since endured. I paced with hasty strides through the room, my heart became convulsed with painful emotions. At length I went up to her, and exclaimed with eagerness, "For Heaven's sake, play that air no longer!" She stopped, and looked steadfastly at me. She then said, with a smile which sunk deep into my heart, "Werther, you are ill: your dearest food is distasteful to you. But go, I entreat you, and endeavour to compose yourself." I tore myself away. God, thou seest my torments, and wilt end them!

DECEMBER 6.

How her image haunts me! Waking or asleep, she fills my entire soul! Soon as I close my eyes, here, in my brain, where all the nerves of vision are concentrated, her dark eyes are imprinted. Here — I do not know how to describe it; but, if I shut my eyes, hers are immediately before me: dark as an abyss they open upon me, and absorb my senses.

And what is man — that boasted demigod? Do not his powers fail when he most requires their use? And whether he soar in joy, or sink in sorrow, is not his career in both inevitably arrested? And, whilst he fondly dreams that he is grasping at infinity, does he not feel compelled to return to a consciousness of his cold, monotonous existence?

THE EDITOR TO THE READER.

It is a matter of extreme regret that we want original evidence of the last remarkable days of our friend; and we are, therefore, obliged to interrupt the progress of his correspondence, and to supply the deficiency by a connected narration.

I have felt it my duty to collect accurate information from the mouths of persons well acquainted with his history. The story is simple; and all the accounts agree, except in some unimportant particulars. It is true, that, with respect to the characters of the persons spoken of, opinions and judgments vary.

We have only, then, to relate conscientiously the facts which our diligent labour has enabled us to collect, to give the letters of the deceased, and to pay particular attention to the slightest fragment from his pen, more especially as it is so difficult to discover the real and correct motives of men who are not of the common order.

Sorrow and discontent had taken deep root in Werther's soul, and gradually imparted their character to his whole being. The harmony of his mind became completely disturbed; a perpetual excitement and mental irritation, which weakened his natural powers, produced the saddest effects upon him, and rendered him at length the victim of an exhaustion against which he struggled with still more painful efforts than he had displayed, even in contending with his other misfortunes. His mental anxiety weakened his various good qualities; and he was soon converted into a gloomy companion, — always unhappy and unjust in his ideas, the more

wretched he became. This was, at least, the opinion of Albert's friends. They assert, moreover, that the character of Albert himself had undergone no change in the meantime: he was still the same being whom Werther had loved, honoured, and respected from the commencement. His love for Charlotte was unbounded: he was proud of her, and desired that she should be recognised by every one as the noblest of created beings. Was he, however, to blame for wishing to avert from her every appearance of suspicion? or for his unwillingness to share his rich prize with another, even for a moment, and in the most innocent manner? It is asserted that Albert frequently retired from his wife's apartment during Werther's visits; but this did not arise from hatred or aversion to his friend, but only from a feeling that his presence was oppressive to Werther.

Charlotte's father, who was confined to the house by indisposition, was accustomed to send his carriage for her, that she might make excursions in the neighbourhood. One day the weather had been unusually severe, and the whole country was covered with snow.

Werther went for Charlotte the following morning, in order that, if Albert were absent, he might conduct her home.

The beautiful weather produced but little impression on his troubled spirit. A heavy weight lay upon his soul, deep melancholy had taken possession of him, and his mind knew no change save from one painful thought to another.

As he now never enjoyed internal peace, the condition of his fellow creatures was to him a perpetual source of trouble and distress. He believed he had disturbed the happiness of Albert and his wife; and, whilst he censured himself strongly for this, he began to entertain a secret dislike to Albert.

His thoughts were occasionally directed to this point.

"Yes," he would repeat to himself, with ill-concealed dissatisfaction, "yes, this is, after all, the extent of that confiding, dear, tender, and sympathetic love, that calm and eternal fidelity! What do I behold but satiety and indifference? Does not every frivolous engagement attract him more than his charming and lovely wife? Does he know how to prize his happiness? Can he value her as she deserves? He possesses her, it is true, — I know that, as I know much more, — and I have become accustomed to the thought that he will drive me mad, or, perhaps, murder me. Is his friendship toward me unimpaired? Does he not view my attachment to Charlotte as an infringement upon his rights, and consider my attention to her as a silent rebuke to himself? I know, and indeed feel, that he dislikes me, — that he wishes for my absence, — that my presence is hateful to him."

He would often pause when on his way to visit Charlotte, stand still, as though in doubt, and seem desirous of returning, but would nevertheless proceed; and, engaged in such thoughts and soliloquies as we have described, he finally reached the hunting-lodge, with a sort of involuntary consent.

Upon one occasion he entered the house; and, inquiring for Charlotte, he observed that the inmates were in a state of unusual confusion. The eldest boy informed him that a dreadful misfortune had occurred at Walheim, — that a peasant had been murdered! But this made little impression upon him. Entering the apartment, he found Charlotte engaged reasoning with her father, who, in spite of his infirmity, insisted on going to the scene of the crime, in order to institute an inquiry. The criminal was unknown; the victim had been found dead at his own door that morning. Suspicions were excited: the murdered man had been in the service of a widow, and the person who had

previously filled the situation had been dismissed from her employment.

As soon as Werther heard this, he exclaimed with great excitement, "Is it possible! I must go to the spot — I cannot delay a moment!" He hastened to Walheim. Every incident returned vividly to his remembrance; and he entertained not the slightest doubt that that man was the murderer to whom he had so often spoken, and for whom he entertained so much regard. His way took him past the well-known lime-trees, to the house where the body had been carried; and his feelings were greatly excited at the sight of the fondly recollected spot. That threshold where the neighbours' children had so often played together was stained with blood; love and attachment, the noblest feelings of human nature, had been converted into violence and murder. The huge trees stood there leafless and covered with hoarfrost; the beautiful hedgerows which surrounded the old churchyard wall were withered; and the gravestones, half covered with snow, were visible through the openings.

As he approached the inn, in front of which the whole village was assembled, screams were suddenly heard. A troop of armed peasants was seen approaching, and every one exclaimed that the criminal had been apprehended. Werther looked, and was not long in doubt. The prisoner was no other than the servant, who had been formerly so attached to the widow, and whom he had met prowling about, with that suppressed anger and ill-concealed despair, which we have before described.

"What have you done, unfortunate man?" inquired Werther, as he advanced toward the prisoner. The latter turned his eyes upon him in silence, and then replied with perfect composure, "No one will now marry her, and she will marry no one." The prisoner was taken in the inn, and Werther left the place.

The mind of Werther was fearfully excited by this shocking occurrence. He ceased, however, to be oppressed by his usual feeling of melancholy, moroseness, and indifference to everything that passed around him. He entertained a strong degree of pity for the prisoner, and was seized with an indescribable anxiety to save him from his impending fate. He considered him so unfortunate, he deemed his crime so excusable, and thought his own condition so nearly similar, that he felt convinced he could make every one else view the matter in the light in which he saw it himself. He now became anxious to undertake his defence, and commenced composing an eloquent speech for the occasion; and, on his way to the hunting-lodge, he could not refrain from speaking aloud the statement which he resolved to make to the judge.

Upon his arrival, he found Albert had been before him: and he was a little perplexed by this meeting; but he soon recovered himself, and expressed his opinion with much warmth to the judge. The latter shook his head doubtingly; and although Werther urged his case with the utmost zeal, feeling, and determination in defence of his client, yet, as we may easily suppose, the judge was not much influenced by his appeal. On the contrary, he interrupted him in his address, reasoned with him seriously, and even administered a rebuke to him for becoming the advocate of a murderer. He demonstrated, that, according to this precedent, every law might be violated, and the public security utterly destroyed. He added, moreover, that in such a case he could himself do nothing, without incurring the greatest responsibility; that everything must follow in the usual course, and pursue the ordinary channel.

Werther, however, did not abandon his enterprise, and even besought the judge to connive at the flight of the prisoner. But this proposal was peremptorily re-

jected. Albert, who had taken some part in the discussion, coincided in opinion with the judge. At this Werther became enraged, and took his leave in great anger, after the judge had more than once assured him that the prisoner could not be saved.

The excess of his grief at this assurance may be inferred from a note we have found amongst his papers, and which was doubtless written upon this very occasion.

"You cannot be saved, unfortunate man! I see clearly that we cannot be saved!"

Werther was highly incensed at the observations which Albert had made to the judge in this matter of the prisoner. He thought he could detect therein a little bitterness toward himself personally; and although, upon reflection, it could not escape his sound judgment that their view of the matter was correct, he felt the greatest possible reluctance to make such an admission.

A memorandum of Werther's upon this point, expressive of his general feelings toward Albert, has been found amongst his papers.

"What is the use of my continually repeating that he is a good and estimable man? He is an inward torment to me, and I am incapable of being just toward him."

One fine evening in winter, when the weather seemed inclined to thaw, Charlotte and Albert were returning home together. The former looked from time to time about her, as if she missed Werther's company. Albert began to speak of him, and censured him for his prejudices. He alluded to his unfortunate attachment, and

wished it were possible to discontinue his acquaintance. "I desire it on our own account," he added; "and I request you will compel him to alter his deportment toward you, and to visit you less frequently. The world is censorious, and I know that here and there we are spoken of." Charlotte made no reply, and Albert seemed to feel her silence. At least, from that time, he never again spoke of Werther; and, when she introduced the subject, he allowed the conversation to die away, or else he directed the discourse into another channel.

The vain attempt Werther had made to save the unhappy murderer was the last feeble glimmering of a flame about to be extinguished. He sank almost immediately afterward into a state of gloom and inactivity, until he was at length brought to perfect distraction by learning that he was to be summoned as a witness against the prisoner, who asserted his complete innocence.

His mind now became oppressed by the recollection of every misfortune of his past life. The mortification he had suffered at the ambassador's, and his subsequent troubles, were revived in his memory. He became utterly inactive. Destitute of energy, he was cut off from every pursuit and occupation which compose the business of common life; and he became a victim to his own susceptibility, and to his restless passion for the most amiable and beloved of women, whose peace he destroyed. In this unvarying monotony of existence his days were consumed; and his powers became exhausted without aim or design, until they brought him to a sorrowful end.

A few letters which he left behind, and which we here subjoin, afford the best proofs of his anxiety of mind and of the depth of his passion, as well as of his doubts and struggles, and of his weariness of life.

DECEMBER 12.

Dear Wilhelm, I am reduced to the condition of those unfortunate wretches who believe they are pursued by an evil spirit. Sometimes I am oppressed, not by apprehension or fear, but by an inexpressible internal sensation, which weighs upon my heart, and impedes my breath! Then I wander forth at night, even in this tempestuous season, and feel pleasure in surveying the dreadful scenes around me.

Yesterday evening I went forth. A rapid thaw had suddenly set in: I had been informed that the river had risen, that the brooks had all overflowed their banks, and that the whole vale of Walheim was under water! Upon the stroke of twelve I hastened forth. I beheld a fearful sight. The foaming torrents rolled from the mountains in the moonlight,—fields and meadows, trees and hedges, were confounded together; and the entire valley was converted into a deep lake, which was agitated by the roaring wind! And when the moon shone forth, and tinged the black clouds with silver, and the impetuous torrent at my feet foamed and resounded with awful and grand impetuosity, I was overcome by a mingled sensation of apprehension and delight. With extended arms I looked down into the yawning abyss, and cried, "Plunge!" For a moment my senses forsook me, in the intense delight of ending my sorrows and my sufferings by a plunge into that gulf! And then I felt as if I were rooted to the earth, and incapable of seeking an end to my woes! But my hour is not yet come: I feel it is not. O Wilhelm, how willingly could I abandon my existence to ride the whirlwind, or to embrace the torrent! and then might not rapture perchance be the portion of this liberated soul?

I turned my sorrowful eyes toward a favourite spot, where I was accustomed to sit with Charlotte beneath a willow after a fatiguing walk. Alas! it was covered

with water, and with difficulty I found even the meadow. And the fields around the hunting-lodge, thought I. Has our dear bower been destroyed by this unpitying storm? And a beam of past happiness streamed upon me, as the mind of a captive is illumined by dreams of flocks and herds and bygone joys of home! But I am free from blame. I have courage to die! Perhaps I have, — but I still sit here, like a wretched pauper, who collects fagots, and begs her bread from door to door, that she may prolong for a few days a miserable existence which she is unwilling to resign.

DECEMBER 15.

What is the matter with me, dear Wilhelm? I am afraid of myself! Is not my love for her of the purest, most holy, and most brotherly nature? Has my soul ever been sullied by a single sensual desire? but I will make no protestations. And now, ye nightly visions, how truly have those mortals understood you, who ascribe your various contradictory effects to some invincible power! This night — I tremble at the avowal — I held her in my arms, locked in a close embrace: I pressed her to my bosom, and covered with countless kisses those dear lips which murmured in reply soft protestations of love. My sight became confused by the delicious intoxication of her eyes. Heavens! is it sinful to revel again in such happiness, to recall once more those rapturous moments with intense delight? Charlotte! Charlotte! I am lost! My senses are bewildered, my recollection is confused, mine eyes are bathed in tears — I am ill; and yet I am well — I wish for nothing — I have no desires — it were better I were gone.

Under the circumstances narrated above, a determination to quit this world had now taken fixed possession of Werther's soul. Since Charlotte's return, this

thought had been the final object of all his hopes and wishes; but he had resolved that such a step should not be taken with precipitation, but with calmness and tranquillity, and with the most perfect deliberation.

His troubles and internal struggles may be understood from the following fragment, which was found, without any date, amongst his papers, and appears to have formed the beginning of a letter to Wilhelm.

"Her presence, her fate, her sympathy for me, have power still to extract tears from my withered brain.

"One lifts up the curtain, and passes to the other side, — that is all! And why all these doubts and delays? Because we know not what is behind — because there is no returning — and because our mind infers that all is darkness and confusion, where we have nothing but uncertainty."

His appearance at length became quite altered by the effect of his melancholy thoughts; and his resolution was now finally and irrevocably taken, of which the following ambiguous letter, which he addressed to his friend, may appear to afford some proof.

DECEMBER 20.

I am grateful to your love, Wilhelm, for having repeated your advice so seasonably. Yes, you are right: it is undoubtedly better that I should depart. But I do not entirely approve your scheme of returning at once to your neighbourhood; at least, I should like to make a little excursion on the way, particularly as we may now expect a continued frost, and consequently good roads. I am much pleased with your intention of coming to fetch me; only delay your journey for a fortnight, and wait for another letter from me. One should gather nothing before it is ripe, and a fortnight sooner or later makes a great

difference. Entreat my mother to pray for her son, and tell her I beg her pardon for all the unhappiness I have occasioned her. It has ever been my fate to give pain to those whose happiness I should have promoted. Adieu, my dearest friend. May every blessing of Heaven attend you! Farewell.

We find it difficult to express the emotions with which Charlotte's soul was agitated during the whole of this time, whether in relation to her husband or to her unfortunate friend; although we are enabled, by our knowledge of her character, to understand their nature.

It is certain that she had formed a determination, by every means in her power to keep Werther at a distance; and, if she hesitated in her decision, it was from a sincere feeling of friendly pity, knowing how much it would cost him, — indeed, that he would find it almost impossible to comply with her wishes. But various causes now urged her to be firm. Her husband preserved a strict silence about the whole matter; and she never made it a subject of conversation, feeling bound to prove to him by her conduct that her sentiments agreed with his.

The same day, which was the Sunday before Christmas, after Werther had written the last-mentioned letter to his friend, he came in the evening to Charlotte's house, and found her alone. She was busy preparing some little gifts for her brothers and sisters, which were to be distributed to them on Christmas Day. He began talking of the delight of the children, and of that age when the sudden appearance of the Christmas-tree, decorated with fruit and sweetmeats, and lighted up with wax candles, causes such transports of joy. "You shall have a gift too, if you behave well," said Charlotte, hiding her embarrassment under a sweet smile. "And what do you call behav-

ing well? What should I do, what can I do, my dear Charlotte?" said he. "Thursday night," she answered, "is Christmas Eve. The children are all to be here, and my father too: there is a present for each; do you come likewise, but do not come before that time." Werther started. "I desire you will not: it must be so," she continued. "I ask it of you as a favour, for my own peace and tranquillity. We cannot go on in this manner any longer." He turned away his face, walked hastily up and down the room, muttering indistinctly, "We cannot go on in this manner any longer!" Charlotte, seeing the violent agitation into which these words had thrown him, endeavoured to divert his thoughts by different questions, but in vain. "No, Charlotte!" he exclaimed; "I will never see you any more!" "And why so?" she answered. "We may — we must see each other again; only let it be with more discretion. Oh! why were you born with that excessive, that ungovernable passion for everything that is dear to you?" Then, taking his hand, she said, "I entreat of you to be more calm: your talents, your understanding, your genius, will furnish you with a thousand resources. Be a man, and conquer an unhappy attachment toward a creature who can do nothing but pity you." He bit his lips, and looked at her with a gloomy countenance. She continued to hold his hand. "Grant me but a moment's patience, Werther," she said. "Do you not see that you are deceiving yourself, that you are seeking your own destruction? Why must you love me, me only, who belong to another? I fear, I much fear, that it is only the impossibility of possessing me which makes your desire for me so strong." He drew back his hand, whilst he surveyed her with a wild and angry look. "'Tis well!" he exclaimed, "'tis very well! Did not Albert furnish you with this reflection? It is profound, a very profound remark." "A

reflection that any one might easily make," she answered; "and is there not a woman in the whole world who is at liberty, and has the power to make you happy? Conquer yourself: look for such a being, and believe me when I say that you will certainly find her. I have long felt for you, and for us all: you have confined yourself too long within the limits of too narrow a circle. Conquer yourself; make an effort: a short journey will be of service to you. Seek and find an object worthy of your love; then return hither, and let us enjoy together all the happiness of the most perfect friendship."

"This speech," replied Werther with a cold smile, "this speech should be printed, for the benefit of all teachers. My dear Charlotte, allow me but a short time longer, and all will be well." "But however, Werther," she added, "do not come again before Christmas." He was about to make some answer, when Albert came in. They saluted each other coldly, and with mutual embarrassment paced up and down the room. Werther made some common remarks; Albert did the same, and their conversation soon dropped. Albert asked his wife about some household matters; and, finding that his commissions were not executed, he used some expressions which, to Werther's ear, savoured of extreme harshness. He wished to go, but had not power to move; and in this situation he remained till eight o'clock, his uneasiness and discontent continually increasing. At length the cloth was laid for supper, and he took up his hat and stick. Albert invited him to remain; but Werther, fancying that he was merely paying a formal compliment, thanked him coldly, and left the house.

Werther returned home, took the candle from his servant, and retired to his room alone. He talked for some time with great earnestness to himself, wept aloud, walked in a state of great excitement through

his chamber; till at length, without undressing, he threw himself on the bed, where he was found by his servant at eleven o'clock, when the latter ventured to enter the room, and take off his boots. Werther did not prevent him, but forbade him to come in the morning till he should ring.

On Monday morning, the 21st of December, he wrote to Charlotte the following letter, which was found, sealed, on his bureau after his death, and was given to her. I shall insert it in fragments; as it appears, from several circumstances, to have been written in that manner.

"It is all over, Charlotte: I am resolved to die! I make this declaration deliberately and coolly, without any romantic passion, on this morning of the day when I am to see you for the last time. At the moment you read these lines, O best of women, the cold grave will hold the inanimate remains of that restless and unhappy being who, in the last moments of his existence, knew no pleasure so great as that of conversing with you! I have passed a dreadful night — or rather, let me say, a propitious one; for it has given me resolution, it has fixed my purpose. I am resolved to die. When I tore myself from you yesterday, my senses were in tumult and disorder; my heart was oppressed, hope and pleasure had fled from me for ever, and a petrifying cold had seized my wretched being. I could scarcely reach my room. I threw myself on my knees; and Heaven, for the last time, granted me the consolation of shedding tears. A thousand ideas, a thousand schemes, arose within my soul; till at length one last, fixed, final thought took possession of my heart. It was to die. I lay down to rest; and in the morning, in the quiet hour of awakening, the same determination was upon me. To die! It is not despair: it is conviction that

I have filled up the measure of my sufferings, that I have reached my appointed term, and must sacrifice myself for thee. Yes, Charlotte, why should I not avow it? One of us three must die: it shall be Werther. O beloved Charlotte! this heart, excited by rage and fury, has often conceived the horrid idea of murdering your husband — you — myself! The lot is cast at length. And in the bright, quiet evenings of summer, when you sometimes wander toward the mountains, let your thoughts then turn to me: recollect how often you have watched me coming to meet you from the valley; then bend your eyes upon the churchyard which contains my grave, and, by the light of the setting sun, mark how the evening breeze waves the tall grass which grows above my tomb. I was calm when I began this letter, but the recollection of these scenes makes me weep like a child."

About ten in the morning, Werther called his servant, and, whilst he was dressing, told him that in a few days he intended to set out upon a journey, and bade him therefore lay his clothes in order, and prepare them for packing up, call in all his accounts, fetch home the books he had lent, and give two months' pay to the poor dependants who were accustomed to receive from him a weekly allowance.

He breakfasted in his room, and then mounted his horse, and went to visit the steward, who, however, was not at home. He walked pensively in the garden, and seemed anxious to renew all the ideas that were most painful to him.

The children did not suffer him to remain alone long. They followed him, skipping and dancing before him, and told him, that after to-morrow — and to-morrow — and one day more, they were to receive their Christmas gift from Charlotte; and they then recounted all the wonders of which they had formed

ideas in their child imaginations. "To-morrow — and to-morrow," said he, "and one day more!" And he kissed them tenderly. He was going; but the younger boy stopped him, to whisper something in his ear. He told him that his elder brothers had written splendid New-Year's wishes — so large! — one for papa, and another for Albert and Charlotte, and one for Werther; and they were to be presented early in the morning, on New Year's Day. This quite overcame him. He made each of the children a present, mounted his horse, left his compliments for papa and mamma, and, with tears in his eyes, rode away from the place.

He returned home about five o'clock, ordered his servant to keep up his fire, desired him to pack his books and linen at the bottom of the trunk, and to place his coats at the top. He then appears to have made the following addition to the letter addressed to Charlotte:

"You do not expect me. You think I will obey you, and not visit you again till Christmas Eve. O Charlotte, to-day or never! On Christmas Eve you will hold this paper in your hand; you will tremble, and moisten it with your tears. I will — I must! Oh, how happy I feel to be determined!"

In the meantime, Charlotte was in a pitiable state of mind. After her last conversation with Werther, she found how painful to herself it would be to decline his visits, and knew how severely he would suffer from their separation.

She had, in conversation with Albert, mentioned casually that Werther would not return before Christmas Eve; and soon afterward Albert went on horseback to see a person in the neighbourhood, with whom he had to transact some business which would detain him all night.

Charlotte was sitting alone. None of her family

were near, and she gave herself up to the reflections that silently took possession of her mind. She was for ever united to a husband whose love and fidelity she had proved, to whom she was heartily devoted, and who seemed to be a special gift from Heaven to ensure her happiness. On the other hand, Werther had become dear to her. There was a cordial unanimity of sentiment between them from the very first hour of their acquaintance, and their long association and repeated interviews had made an indelible impression upon her heart. She had been accustomed to communicate to him every thought and feeling which interested her, and his absence threatened to open a void in her existence which it might be impossible to fill. How heartily she wished that she might change him into her brother, — that she could induce him to marry one of her own friends, or could reëstablish his intimacy with Albert.

She passed all her intimate friends in review before her mind, but found something objectionable in each, and could decide upon none to whom she would consent to give him.

Amid all these considerations she felt deeply but indistinctly that her own real but unexpressed wish was to retain him for herself, and her pure and amiable heart felt from this thought a sense of oppression which seemed to forbid a prospect of happiness. She was wretched: a dark cloud obscured her mental vision.

It was now half-past six o'clock, and she heard Werther's step on the stairs. She at once recognised his voice, as he inquired if she were at home. Her heart beat audibly — we could almost say for the first time — at his arrival. It was too late to deny herself; and, as he entered, she exclaimed, with a sort of ill-concealed confusion, "You have not kept your word!" "I promised nothing," he answered. "But you should

should remain in the adjoining
her mind. Werther, meanw
up and down. She went to th
not to retire. She then collec
sat down quietly at Werther's
his usual place on the sofa.

"Have you brought nothing t
He had nothing. "There in
tinued, "you will find your ow
of the songs of Ossian. I hav
I have still hoped to hear yo
some time past, I have not
such a wish." He smiled, and
which he took with a shudd
with eyes full of tears, he beg

"Star of descending night
west! thou liftest thy unshe
thy steps are stately on th
behold in the plain? Th
The murmur of the torrent
waves climb the distant r
are on their feeble wings:
on the field. What dost th
thou dost smile and depar
joy around thee: they bath

"And it does arise in its strength! I behold my departed friends. Their gathering is on Lora, as in the days of other years. Fingal comes like a watery column of mist! his heroes are around: and see the bards of song, gray-haired Ullin! stately Ryno! Alpin with the tuneful voice! the soft complaint of Minona! How are ye changed, my friends, since the days of Selma's feast! when we contended, like gales of spring as they fly along the hill, and bend by turns the feebly whistling grass.

"Minona came forth in her beauty, with downcast look and tearful eye. Her hair was flying slowly with the blast that rushed unfrequent from the hill. The souls of the heroes were sad when she raised the tuneful voice. Oft had they seen the grave of Salgar, the dark dwelling of white-bosomed Colma. Colma left alone on the hill with all her voice of song! Salgar promised to come! but the night descended around. Hear the voice of Colma, when she sat alone on the hill!

"*Colma.* It is night: I am alone, forlorn on the hill of storms. The wind is heard on the mountain. The torrent is howling down the rock. No hut receives me from the rain: forlorn on the hill of winds!

"Rise moon! from behind thy clouds. Stars of the night, arise! Lead me, some light, to the place where my love rests from the chase alone! His bow near him unstrung, his dogs panting around him! But here I must sit alone by the rock of the mossy stream. The stream and the wind roar aloud. I hear not the voice of my love! Why delays my Salgar; why the chief of the hill his promise? Here is the rock and here the tree! here is the roaring stream! Thou didst promise with night to be here. Ah! whither is my Salgar gone? With thee I would fly from my father, with thee from my brother of pride. Our race have long been foes: we are not foes, O Salgar!

storm. Thy sword in battle as lightning in the field. Thy voice was a stream after rain, like thunder on distant hills. Many fell by thy arm: they were consumed in the flames of thy wrath. But when thou didst return from war, how peaceful was thy brow. Thy face was like the sun after rain: like the moon in the silence of night: calm as the breast of the lake when the loud wind is laid.

"Narrow is thy dwelling now! dark the place of thine abode! With three steps I compass thy grave, O thou who wast so great before! Four stones, with their heads of moss, are the only memorial of thee. A tree with scarce a leaf, long grass which whistles in the wind, mark to the hunter's eye the grave of the mighty Morar. Morar! thou art low indeed. Thou hast no mother to mourn thee, no maid with her tears of love. Dead is she that brought thee forth. Fallen is the daughter of Morglan.

"Who on his staff is this? Who is this whose head is white with age, whose eyes are red with tears, who quakes at every step? It is thy father, O Morar! the father of no son but thee. He heard of thy fame in war, he heard of foes dispersed. He heard of Morar's renown, why did he not hear of his wound? Weep, thou father of Morar! Weep, but thy son heareth thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead, — low their pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy voice, — no more awake at thy call. When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake? Farewell, thou bravest of men! thou conqueror in the field! but the field shall see thee no more, nor the dark wood be lightened with the splendour of thy steel. Thou has left no son. The song shall preserve thy name. Future times shall hear of thee — they shall hear of the fallen Morar!

"The grief of all arose, but most the bursting sigh of Armin. He remembers the death of his son, who

fell in the days of his youth. Carmor was near the hero, the chief of the echoing Galmal. Why burst the sigh of Armin? he said. Is there a cause to mourn? The song comes with its music to melt and please the soul. It is like soft mist that, rising from a lake, pours on the silent vale; the green flowers are filled with dew, but the sun returns in his strength, and the mist is gone. Why art thou sad, O Armin, chief of sea-surrounded Gorma?

"Sad I am! nor small is my cause of woe! Carmor, thou hast lost no son; thou hast lost no daughter of beauty. Colgar the valiant lives, and Annira, fairest maid. The boughs of thy house ascend, O Carmor! but Armin is the last of his race. Dark is thy bed, O Daura! deep thy sleep in the tomb! When shalt thou wake with thy songs? — with all thy voice of music?

"Arise, winds of autumn, arise: blow along the heath. Streams of the mountains, roar; roar, tempests in the groves of my oaks! Walk through broken clouds, O moon! show thy pale face at intervals; bring to my mind the night when all my children fell, when Arindal the mighty fell — when Daura the lovely failed. Daura, my daughter, thou wert fair, fair as the moon on Fura, white as the driven snow, sweet as the breathing gale. Arindal, thy bow was strong, thy spear was swift on the field, thy look was like mist on the wave, thy shield a red cloud in a storm! Armar, renowned in war, came and sought Daura's love. He was not long refused: fair was the hope of their friends.

"Erath, son of Odgal, repined: his brother had been slain by Armar. He came disguised like a son of the sea: fair was his cliff on the wave, white his locks of age, calm his serious brow. Fairest of women, he said, lovely daughter of Armin! a rock not distant in the sea bears a tree on its side; red shines the fruit afar. There Armar waits for Daura. I come to carry his

love! she went — she called on Armar. Nought answered, but the son of the rock. Armar, my love, my love! why tormentest thou me with fear? Hear, son of Arnart, hear! it is Daura who calleth thee. Erath, the traitor, fled laughing to the land. She lifted up her voice — she called for her brother and her father. Arindal! Armin! none to relieve you, Daura.

"Her voice came over the sea. Arindal, my son, descended from the hill, rough in the spoils of the chase. His arrows rattled by his side; his bow was in his hand, five dark-gray dogs attended his steps. He saw fierce Erath on the shore; he seized and bound him to an oak. Thick wind the thongs of the hide around his limbs; he loads the winds with his groans. Arindal ascends the deep in his boat to bring Daura to land. Armar came in his wrath, and let fly the gray-feathered shaft. It sung, it sunk in thy heart, O Arindal, my son! for Erath the traitor thou diest. The oar is stopped at once: he panted on the rock, and expired. What is thy grief, O Daura, when round thy feet is poured thy brother's blood. The boat is broken in twain. Armar plunges into the sea to rescue his Daura, or die. Sudden a blast from a hill came over the waves; he sank, and he rose no more.

"Alone, on the sea-beat rock, my daughter was heard to complain; frequent and loud were her cries. What could her father do? All night I stood on the shore: I saw her by the faint beam of the moon. All night I heard her cries. Loud was the wind; the rain beat hard on the hill. Before morning appeared, her voice was weak; it died away like the evening breeze among the grass of the rocks. Spent with grief, she expired, and left thee, Armin, alone. Gone is my strength in war, fallen my pride among women. When the storms aloft arise, when the north lifts the wave on high, I sit by the sounding shore, and look on the fatal rock.

"Often by the setting moon I see the ghosts of my children; half viewless they walk in mournful conference together."

A torrent of tears which streamed from Charlotte's eyes and gave relief to her bursting heart, stopped Werther's recitation. He threw down the book, seized her hand, and wept bitterly. Charlotte leaned upon her hand, and buried her face in her handkerchief: the agitation of both was excessive. They felt that their own fate was pictured in the misfortunes of Ossian's heroes, — they felt this together, and their tears redoubled. Werther supported his forehead on Charlotte's arm: she trembled, she wished to be gone; but sorrow and sympathy lay like a leaden weight upon her soul. She recovered herself shortly, and begged Werther, with broken sobs, to leave her, — implored him with the utmost earnestness to comply with her request. He trembled; his heart was ready to burst: then, taking up the book again, he recommenced reading, in a voice broken by sobs.

"Why dost thou waken me, O spring? Thy voice woos me, exclaiming, I refresh thee with heavenly dews; but the time of my decay is approaching, the storm is nigh that shall wither my leaves. To-morrow the traveller shall come, — he shall come, who beheld me in beauty: his eye shall seek me in the field around, but he shall not find me."

The whole force of these words fell upon the unfortunate Werther. Full of despair, he threw himself at Charlotte's feet, seized her hands, and pressed them to his eyes and to his forehead. An apprehension of his fatal project now struck her for the first time. Her senses were bewildered: she held his hands, pressed them to her bosom; and, leaning toward him with emotions of the tenderest pity, her warm cheek touched his. They lost sight of everything. The world disappeared from their eyes. He clasped her

in his arms, strained her to his bosom, and covered her trembling lips with passionate kisses. "Werther!" she cried with a faint voice, turning herself away; "Werther!" and, with a feeble hand, she pushed him from her. At length, with the firm voice of virtue, she exclaimed, "Werther!" He resisted not, but, tearing himself from her arms, fell on his knees before her. Charlotte rose, and, with disordered grief, in mingled tones of love and resentment, she exclaimed, "It is the last time, Werther! You shall never see me any more!" Then, casting one last, tender look upon her unfortunate lover, she rushed into the adjoining room, and locked the door. Werther held out his arms, but did not dare to detain her. He continued on the ground, with his head resting on the sofa, for half an hour, till he heard a noise which brought him to his senses. The servant entered. He then walked up and down the room; and, when he was again left alone, he went to Charlotte's door, and, in a low voice, said, "Charlotte, Charlotte! but one word more, one last adieu!" She returned no answer. He stopped, and listened and entreated; but all was silent. At length he tore himself from the place, crying, "Adieu, Charlotte, adieu for ever!"

Werther ran to the gate of the town. The guards, who knew him, let him pass in silence. The night was dark and stormy, — it rained and snowed. He reached his own door about eleven. His servant, although seeing him enter the house without his hat, did not venture to say anything; and, as he undressed his master, he found that his clothes were wet. His hat was afterward found on the point of a rock overhanging the valley; and it is inconceivable how he could have climbed to the summit on such a dark, tempestuous night without losing his life.

He retired to bed, and slept to a late hour. The next morning his servant, upon being called to bring

his coffee, found him writing. He was adding, to Charlotte, what we here annex.

"For the last, last time I open these eyes. Alas! they will behold the sun no more. It is covered by a thick, impenetrable cloud. Yes, Nature! put on mourning: your child, your friend, your lover, draws near his end! This thought, Charlotte, is without parallel; and yet it seems like a mysterious dream when I repeat — this is my last day! The last! Charlotte, no word can adequately express this thought. The last! To-day I stand erect in all my strength — to-morrow, cold and stark, I shall lie extended upon the ground. To die! What is death? We do but dream in our discourse upon it. I have seen many human beings die; but, so straitened is our feeble nature, we have no clear conception of the beginning or the end of our existence. At this moment I am my own — or rather I am thine, thine, my adored! — and the next we are parted, severed — perhaps for ever! No, Charlotte, no! How can I, how can you, be annihilated? We exist. What is annihilation? A mere word, an unmeaning sound that fixes no impression on the mind. Dead, Charlotte! laid in the cold earth, in the dark and narrow grave! I had a friend once who was everything to me in early youth. She died. I followed her hearse; I stood by her grave when the coffin was lowered; and when I heard the creaking of the cords as they were loosened and drawn up, when the first shovelful of earth was thrown in, and the coffin returned a hollow sound, which grew fainter and fainter till all was completely covered over, I threw myself on the ground; my heart was smitten, grieved, shattered, rent — but I neither knew what had happened, nor what was to happen to me. Death! the grave! I understand not the words. — Forgive, oh, forgive me! Yesterday — ah,

that day should have been the last of my life! Thou angel! — for the first — first time in my existence, I felt rapture glow within my inmost soul. She loves, she loves me! Still burns upon my lips the sacred fire they received from thine. New torrents of delight overwhelm my soul. Forgive me, oh, forgive!

"I knew that I was dear to you; I saw it in your first entrancing look, knew it by the first pressure of your hand; but when I was absent from you, when I saw Albert at your side, my doubts and fears returned.

"Do you remember the flowers you sent me, when, at that crowded assembly, you could neither speak nor extend your hand to me? Half the night I was on my knees before those flowers, and I regarded them as the pledges of your love; but those impressions grew fainter, and were at length effaced.

"Everything passes away; but a whole eternity could not extinguish the living flame which was yesterday kindled by your lips, and which now burns within me. She loves me! These arms have encircled her waist, these lips have trembled upon hers. She is mine! Yes, Charlotte, you are mine for ever!

"And what do they mean by saying Albert is your husband? He may be so for this world; and in this world it is a sin to love you, to wish to tear you from his embrace. Yes, it is a crime; and I suffer the punishment, but I have enjoyed the full delight of my sin. I have inhaled a balm that has revived my soul. From this hour you are mine; yes, Charlotte, you are mine! I go before you. I go to my Father and to your Father. I will pour out my sorrows before him, and he will give me comfort till you arrive. Then will I fly to meet you. I will claim you, and remain in your eternal embrace, in the presence of the Almighty.

"I do not dream, I do not rave. Drawing nearer to the grave my perceptions become clearer. We

shall exist; we shall see each other again; we shall behold your mother; I shall behold her, and expose to her my inmost heart. Your mother — your image!"

About eleven o'clock Werther asked his servant if Albert had returned. He answered, "Yes;" for he had seen him pass on horseback: upon which Werther sent him the following note, unsealed:

"Be so good as to lend me your pistols for a journey. Adieu."

Charlotte had slept little during the past night. All her apprehensions were realised in a way that she could neither foresee nor avoid. Her blood was boiling in her veins, and a thousand painful sensations rent her pure heart. Was it the ardour of Werther's passionate embraces that she felt within her bosom? Was it anger at his daring? Was it the sad comparison of her present condition with former days of innocence, tranquillity, and self-confidence? How could she approach her husband, and confess a scene which she had no reason to conceal, and which she yet felt, nevertheless, unwilling to avow? They had preserved so long a silence toward each other — and should she be the first to break it by so unexpected a discovery? She feared that the mere statement of Werther's visit would trouble him, and his distress would be heightened by her perfect candour. She wished that he could see her in her true light, and judge her without prejudice; but was she anxious that he should read her inmost soul? On the other hand, could she deceive a being to whom all her thoughts had ever been exposed as clearly as crystal, and from whom no sentiment had ever been concealed? These reflections made her anxious and thoughtful. Her mind still dwelt on Werther, who was now lost to her, but

whom she could not bring herself to resign, and for whom she knew nothing was left but despair if she should be lost to him for ever.

A recollection of that mysterious estrangement which had lately subsisted between herself and Albert, and which she could never thoroughly understand, was now beyond measure painful to her. Even the prudent and the good have before now hesitated to explain their mutual differences, and have dwelt in silence upon their imaginary grievances, until circumstances have become so entangled, that in that critical juncture, when a calm explanation would have saved all parties, an understanding was impossible. And thus if domestic confidence had been earlier established between them, if love and kind forbearance had mutually animated and expanded their hearts, it might not, perhaps, even yet have been too late to save our friend.

But we must not forget one remarkable circumstance. We may observe from the character of Werther's correspondence, that he had never affected to conceal his anxious desire to quit this world. He had often discussed the subject with Albert; and, between the latter and Charlotte, it had not unfrequently formed a topic of conversation. Albert was so opposed to the very idea of such an action, that, with a degree of irritation unusual in him, he had more than once given Werther to understand that he doubted the seriousness of his threats, and not only turned them into ridicule, but caused Charlotte to share his feelings of incredulity. Her heart was thus tranquillised when she felt disposed to view the melancholy subject in a serious point of view, though she never communicated to her husband the apprehensions she sometimes experienced.

Albert, upon his return, was received by Charlotte with ill-concealed embarrassment. He was himself

out of humour; his business was unfinished; and he had just discovered that the neighbouring official, with whom he had to deal, was an obstinate and narrow-minded personage. Many things had occurred to irritate him.

He inquired whether anything had happened during his absence, and Charlotte hastily answered that Werther had been there on the evening previously. He then inquired for his letters, and was answered that several packages had been left in his study. He thereon retired, leaving Charlotte alone.

The presence of the being she loved and honoured produced a new impression on her heart. The recollection of his generosity, kindness, and affection had calmed her agitation: a secret impulse prompted her to follow him; she took her work and went to his study, as was often her custom. He was busily employed opening and reading his letters. It seemed as if the contents of some were disagreeable. She asked some questions: he gave short answers, and sat down to write.

Several hours passed in this manner, and Charlotte's feelings became more and more melancholy. She felt the extreme difficulty of explaining to her husband, under any circumstances, the weight that lay upon her heart; and her depression became every moment greater, in proportion as she endeavoured to hide her grief, and to conceal her tears.

The arrival of Werther's servant occasioned her the greatest embarrassment. He gave Albert a note, which the latter coldly handed to his wife, saying, at the same time, "Give him the pistols. I wish him a pleasant journey," he added, turning to the servant. These words fell upon Charlotte like a thunderstroke: she rose from her seat half-fainting, and unconscious of what she did. She walked mechanically toward the wall, took down the pistols with a trembling hand,

slowly wiped the dust from them, and would have delayed longer, had not Albert hastened her movements by an impatient look. She then delivered the fatal weapons to the servant, without being able to utter a word. As soon as he had departed, she folded up her work, and retired at once to her room, her heart overcome with the most fearful forebodings. She anticipated some dreadful calamity. She was at one moment on the point of going to her husband, throwing herself at his feet, and acquainting him with all that had happened on the previous evening, that she might acknowledge her fault, and explain her apprehensions; then she saw that such a step would be useless, as she would certainly be unable to induce Albert to visit Werther. Dinner was served; and a kind friend whom she had persuaded to remain assisted to sustain the conversation, which was carried on by a sort of compulsion, till the events of the morning were forgotten.

When the servant brought the pistols to Werther, the latter received them with transports of delight upon hearing that Charlotte had given them to him with her own hand. He ate some bread, drank some wine, sent his servant to dinner, and then sat down to write as follows:

"They have been in your hands — you wiped the dust from them. I kiss them a thousand times — you have touched them. Yes, Heaven favours my design — and you, Charlotte, provide me with the fatal instruments. It was my desire to receive my death from your hands, and my wish is gratified. I have made inquiries of my servant. You trembled when you gave him the pistols, but you bade me no adieu. Wretched, wretched that I am — not one farewell! How could you shut your heart against me in that hour which makes you mine for ever? O Charlotte, ages cannot

efface the impression — I feel you cannot hate the man who so passionately loves you!"

After dinner he called his servant, desired him to finish the packing up, destroyed many papers, and then went out to pay some trifling debts. He soon returned home, then went out again, notwithstanding the rain, walked for some time in the count's garden, and afterward proceeded farther into the country. Toward evening he came back once more, and resumed his writing.

"Wilhelm, I have for the last time beheld the mountains, the forests, and the sky. Farewell! And you, my dearest mother, forgive me! Console her, Wilhelm. God bless you! I have settled all my affairs! Farewell! We shall meet again, and be happier than ever."

"I have requited you badly, Albert; but you will forgive me. I have disturbed the peace of your home. I have sowed distrust between you. Farewell! I will end all this wretchedness. And oh, that my death may render you happy! Albert, Albert! make that angel happy, and the blessing of Heaven be upon you!"

He spent the rest of the evening in arranging his papers: he tore and burned a great many; others he sealed up, and directed to Wilhelm. They contained some detached thoughts and maxims, some of which I have perused. At ten o'clock he ordered his fire to be made up, and a bottle of wine to be brought to him. He then dismissed his servant, whose room, as well as the apartments of the rest of the family, was situated in another part of the house. The servant lay down without undressing, that he might be the sooner ready for his journey in the morning, his master having informed him that the post-horses would be at the door before six o'clock.

"Past eleven o'clock! All is silent around me, and my soul is calm. I thank thee, O God, that thou bestowest strength and courage upon me in these last moments! I approach the window, my dearest of friends; and through the clouds, which are at this moment driven rapidly along by the impetuous winds, I behold the stars which illumine the eternal heavens. No, you will not fall, celestial bodies: the hand of the Almighty supports both you and me! I have looked for the last time upon the constellation of the Greater Bear: it is my favourite star; for when I bade you farewell at night, Charlotte, and turned my steps from your door, it always shone upon me. With what rapture have I at times beheld it! How often have I implored it with uplifted hands to witness my felicity! and even still— But what object is there, Charlotte, which fails to summon up your image before me? Do you not surround me on all sides? and have I not, like a child, treasured up every trifle which you have consecrated by your touch?

"Your profile, which was so dear to me, I return to you; and I pray you to preserve it. Thousands of kisses have I imprinted upon it, and a thousand times has it gladdened my heart on departing from and returning to my home.

"I have implored your father to protect my remains. At the corner of the churchyard, looking toward the fields, there are two lime-trees — there I wish to lie. Your father can, and doubtless will, do thus much for his friend. Implore it of him. But perhaps pious Christians will not choose that their bodies should be buried near the corpse of a poor, unhappy wretch like me. Then let me be laid in some remote valley, or near the highway, where the priest and Levite may bless themselves as they pass by my tomb, whilst the Samaritan will shed a tear for my fate.

"See, Charlotte, I do not shudder to take the cold

and fatal cup, from which I shall drink the draught of death. Your hand presents it to me, and I do not tremble. All, all is now concluded: the wishes and the hopes of my existence are fulfilled. With cold, unflinching hand I knock at the brazen portals of Death.

"Oh, that I had enjoyed the bliss of dying for you! how gladly would I have sacrificed myself for you, Charlotte! And could I but restore peace and joy to your bosom, with what resolution, with what joy, would I not meet my fate! But it is the lot of only a chosen few to shed their blood for their friends, and by their death to augment, a thousand times, the happiness of those by whom they are beloved.

"I wish, Charlotte, to be buried in the dress I wear at present: it has been rendered sacred by your touch. I have begged this favour of your father. My spirit soars above my sepulchre. I do not wish my pockets to be searched. The knot of pink ribbon which you wore on your bosom the first time I saw you, surrounded by the children — Oh, kiss them a thousand times for me, and tell them the fate of their unhappy friend! I think I see them playing around me. The dear children! How warmly have I been attached to you, Charlotte! Since the first hour I saw you, how impossible have I found it to leave you. This ribbon must be buried with me: it was a present from you on my birthday. How confused it all appears! Little did I then think that I should journey this road. But peace! I pray you, peace!

"They are loaded — the clock strikes twelve. I say amen. Charlotte, Charlotte! farewell, farewell!"

A neighbour saw the flash, and heard the report of the pistol; but, as everything remained quiet, he thought no more of it.

In the morning, at six o'clock, the servant went into

Werther's room with a candle. He found his master stretched upon the floor, weltering in his blood, and the pistols at his side. He called, he took him in his arms, but received no answer. Life was not yet quite extinct. The servant ran for a surgeon, and then went to fetch Albert. Charlotte heard the ringing of the bell: a cold shudder seized her. She wakened her husband, and they both rose. The servant, bathed in tears, faltered forth the dreadful news. Charlotte fell senseless at Albert's feet.

When the surgeon came to the unfortunate Werther, he was still lying on the floor; and his pulse beat, but his limbs were cold. The bullet, entering the forehead, over the right eye, had penetrated the skull. A vein was opened in his right arm: the blood came, and he still continued to breathe.

From the blood which flowed from the chair, it could be inferred that he had committed the rash act sitting at his bureau, and that he afterward fell upon the floor. He was found lying on his back near the window. He was in full-dress costume.

The house, the neighbourhood, and the whole town were immediately in commotion. Albert arrived. They had laid Werther on the bed: his head was bound up, and the paleness of death was upon his face. His limbs were motionless; but he still breathed, at one time strongly, then weaker — his death was momently expected.

He had drunk only one glass of the wine. "Emilia Galotti" lay open upon his bureau.

I shall say nothing of Albert's distress, or of Charlotte's grief.

The old steward hastened to the house immediately upon hearing the news: he embraced his dying friend amid a flood of tears. His eldest boys soon followed him on foot. In speechless sorrow they threw themselves on their knees by the bedside, and kissed his

hands and face. The eldest, who was his favourite, hung over him till he expired; and even then he was removed by force. At twelve o'clock Werther breathed his last. The presence of the steward, and the precautions he had adopted, prevented a disturbance; and that night, at the hour of eleven, he caused the body to be interred in the place which Werther had selected for himself.

The steward and his sons followed the corpse to the grave. Albert was unable to accompany them. Charlotte's life was despaired of. The body was carried by labourers. No priest attended.

Elective Affinities

Part I.

Elective Affinities

CHAPTER I.

EDWARD (so we shall call a wealthy nobleman in the prime of life) had been spending several hours of a fine April morning in his nursery garden, budding the stems of some young trees with cuttings which had been recently sent to him. He had finished what he had been about; and, having laid his tools together in their box, was complacently surveying his work, when the gardener came up, and complimented his master on his industry.

"Have you seen my wife anywhere?" inquired Edward, as he moved to go away.

"My lady is alone yonder in the new grounds," said the man: "the summer-house which she has been making on the rock over against the castle is finished to-day, and really it is beautiful. It cannot fail to please your Grace. The view from it is perfect, — the village at your feet; a little to your right the church, with its tower, which you can just see over; and directly opposite you the castle and the garden."

"Quite true," replied Edward: "I can see the people at work a few steps from where I am standing."

"And then, to the right of the church, again," continued the gardener, "is the opening of the valley; and you look along over a range of wood and meadow far into the distance. The steps up the rock, too, are

excellently arranged. My lady understands these things: it is a pleasure to work under her orders."

"Go to her," said Edward, "and desire her to be so good as to wait for me there. Tell her I wish to see this new creation of hers, and enjoy it with her."

The gardener went rapidly off, and Edward soon followed. Descending the terrace, and stopping, as he passed, to look into the hothouses and the forcing-pits, he came presently to the stream, and thence, over a narrow bridge, to a place where the walk leading to the summer-house branched off in two directions. One path led across the churchyard, immediately up the face of the rock. The other, into which he struck, wound away to the left, with a more gradual ascent, through a pretty shrubbery. Where the two paths joined again, a seat had been made, where he stopped a few moments to rest; and then, following the now single road, he found himself, after scrambling along among steps and slopes of all sorts and kinds, conducted at last through a narrow, more or less steep, outlet to the summer-house.

Charlotte was standing at the door to receive her husband. She made him sit down where, without moving, he could command a view of the different landscapes through the door and window, these serving as frames in which they were set like pictures. Spring was coming on: a rich, beautiful life would soon everywhere be bursting; and Edward spoke of it with delight.

"There is only one thing which I should observe," he added: "the summer-house itself is rather small."

"It is large enough for you and me, at any rate," answered Charlotte.

"Certainly," said Edward: "there is room for a third, too, easily."

"Of course; and for a fourth also," replied Charlotte. "For larger parties we can contrive other places."

"Now that we are here by ourselves, with no one to disturb us, and in such a pleasant mood," said Edward, "it is a good opportunity for me to tell you that I have for some time had something on my mind, about which I have wished to speak to you, but have never been able to muster up my courage."

"I have observed that there has been something of the sort," said Charlotte.

"And even now," Edward went on, "if it were not for a letter which the post brought me this morning, and which obliges me to come to some resolution, to-day, I should very likely have still kept it to myself."

"What is it?" asked Charlotte, turning affectionately toward him.

"It concerns our friend the captain," answered Edward: "you know the unfortunate position in which he, like many others, is placed. It is through no fault of his own, but you may imagine how painful it must be for a person with his knowledge and talents and accomplishments to find himself without employment. I — I will not hesitate any longer with what I am wishing for him: I should like to have him here with us for a time."

"We must think about that," replied Charlotte: "it should be considered on more sides than one."

"I am quite ready to tell you what I have in view," returned Edward. "Through his last letters there is a prevailing tone of despondency, — not that he is really in any want: he knows thoroughly well how to limit his expenses, and I have taken care for everything absolutely necessary. It is no distress to him to accept obligations from me: all our lives we have been in the habit of borrowing from and lending to each other; and we could not tell, if we would, how our debtor and credit account stands. It is being without occupation which is really fretting him. The many accomplish-

ments which he has cultivated in himself is is his only pleasure — indeed it is his passion — to be daily and hourly exercising for the benefit of others. And now to sit still with his arms folded: or to go on studying, acquiring, and acquiring, when he can make no use of what he already possesses. — my dear creature, it is a painful situation; and, alone as he is, he feels it doubly and trebly."

"But I thought," said Charlotte, "that he had had offers from many different quarters. I myself wrote to numbers of my own friends, male and female, for him, and, as I have reason to believe, not without effect."

"It is true," replied Edward; "but these very offers, these various proposals, have only caused him fresh embarrassment. Not one of them is at all suitable to such a person as he is. He would have nothing to do: he would have to sacrifice himself, his time, his purposes, his whole method of life: and to that he cannot bring himself. The more I think of it all, the more I feel about it, and the more anxious I am to see him here with us."

"It is very beautiful and amiable on your part," answered Charlotte, "to enter with so much sympathy into your friend's position; only, you must allow me to ask you to think of yourself and of me, as well."

"I have done that," replied Edward. "For ourselves, we can have nothing to expect from his presence with us, except pleasure and advantage. I will say nothing of the expense. In any case, if he came to us, it would be but small; and you know he will be of no inconvenience to us at all. He can have his own rooms in the right wing of the castle, and everything else can be arranged as simply as possible. What shall we not be thus doing for him! and how agreeable and how profitable may not his society prove to us! I have long been wishing for a plan of the prop-

erty and the grounds. He will see to it, and get it made. You intend, yourself, to take the management of the estate, as soon as our present steward's term is expired; and that, you know, is a serious thing. His various information will be of immense benefit to us: I feel only too acutely how much I require a person of this kind. The country people have knowledge enough; but their way of imparting it is confused, and not always honest. The students from the towns and universities are sufficiently clever and orderly, but they are deficient in personal experience. From my friend, I can promise myself both knowledge and method; and hundreds of other circumstances I can easily conceive arising, affecting you as well as me, and from which I can foresee innumerable advantages. Thank you for so patiently listening to me. Now, do you say what you think, and say it out freely and fully: I will not interrupt you."

"Very well," replied Charlotte: "I will begin at once with a general observation. Men think most of the immediate — the present; and rightly, their calling being to do and to work. Women, on the other hand, more of how things hang together in life: and that rightly, too, because their destiny — the destiny of their families — is bound up in this interdependence; and it is exactly this which it is their mission to promote. So, now, let us cast a glance at our present and our past life; and you will acknowledge that the invitation of the captain does not fall in so entirely with our purposes, our plans, and our arrangements. I will go back to those happy days of our earliest intercourse. We loved each other, young as we then were, with all our hearts. We were parted: you from me — your father, from an insatiable desire of wealth, choosing to marry you to an elderly and rich lady; I from you, having to give my hand, without any especial motive, to an excellent man, whom I respected, if I did not

love. We became again free — you first, your poor mother at the same time leaving you in possession of your large fortune; I later, just at the time when you returned from abroad. So we met once more. We spoke of the past; we could enjoy and love the recollection of it; we might have been contented, in each other's society, to leave things as they were. You were urgent for our marriage. I at first hesitated. We were about the same age; but I, as a woman, had grown older than you as a man. At last I could not refuse you what you seemed to think the one thing you cared for. All the discomfort you had ever experienced, at court, in the army, or in travelling, you were to recover from at my side. You would settle down, and enjoy life, but only with me for your companion. I placed my daughter at a school where she could be more completely educated than would be possible in the retirement of the country; and I placed my niece Ottilie there with her as well, who, perhaps, would have grown up better at home with me, under my own care. This was done with your consent, merely that we might have our own lives to ourselves, — merely that we might enjoy undisturbed our so-long-wished-for, so-long-delayed, happiness. We came here, and settled ourselves. I undertook the domestic part of the *ménage;* you, the out-of-doors, and the general control. My own principle has been to meet your wishes in everything, to live only for you. At least, let us give ourselves a fair trial how far in this way we can be enough for one another."

"Since the interdependence of things, as you call it, is your especial element," replied Edward, "one should either never listen to any of your trains of reasoning, or make up one's mind to allow you to be in the right; and, indeed, you have been in the right up to the present day. The foundation which we have hitherto been laying for ourselves is of the true, sound sort;

only, are we to build nothing upon it? is nothing to be developed out of it? All the work we have done, — I in the garden, you in the park, — is it all only for a pair of hermits?"

"Well, well," replied Charlotte, "very well. What we have to look to is, that we introduce no alien element, nothing which shall cross or obstruct us. Remember, our plans, even those which only concern our amusements, depend mainly on our being together. You were to read to me, in consecutive order, the journal which you made when you were abroad. You were to take the opportunity of arranging it, putting all the loose matter connected with it in its place; and, with me to work with you and help you, out of these invaluable but chaotic leaves and sheets, to put together a complete thing, which should give pleasure to ourselves and to others. I promised to assist you in transcribing; and we thought it would be so pleasant, so delightful, so charming, to travel over in recollection the world which we were unable to see together. The beginning is already made. Then, in the evenings, you have taken up your flute again, accompanying me on the piano; while, of visits backwards and forwards among the neighbourhood, there is abundance. For my part, I have been promising myself out of all this the first really happy summer I have ever thought to spend in my life."

"Only, I cannot see," replied Edward, rubbing his forehead, "how, through every bit of this which you have been so sweetly and so sensibly laying before me, the captain's presence can be any interruption: I should rather have thought it would give it all fresh zest and life. He was my companion during a part of my travels. He made many observations from a different point of view from mine. We can put it all together, and so make a charmingly complete work of it."

"Well, then, I will acknowledge openly," answered Charlotte, with some impatience, "my feeling is against this plan. I have an instinct which tells me no good will come of it."

"You women are invincible in this way," replied Edward. "You are so sensible that there is no answering you; then, so affectionate, that one is glad to give way to you; full of feelings, which one cannot wound; and full of forebodings, which terrify one."

"I am not superstitious," said Charlotte: "and I care nothing for these dim sensations, merely as such; but, in general, they are the result of unconscious recollections of happy or unhappy consequences, which we have experienced as following on our own or others' actions. Nothing is of greater moment, in any state of things, than the intervention of a third person. I have seen friends, brothers and sisters, lovers, husbands and wives, whose relation to each other, through the accidental or intentional introduction of a third person, has been altogether changed, — whose whole moral condition has been inverted by it."

"That may very well be," replied Edward, "with people who live on, without looking where they are going; but not, surely, with persons who have attained to self-consciousness."

"Self-consciousness, my dearest husband," insisted Charlotte, "is not a sufficient weapon. It is very often a most dangerous one for the person who bears it. And, out of all this, at least so much seems to arise, that we should not be in too great a hurry. Let me have a few days to think: don't decide."

"As the matter stands," returned Edward, "however many days we wait, we shall still be in too great a hurry. The arguments for and against are all before us; all we want is the conclusion; and, as things are, I think the best thing we can do is to draw lots."

"I know," said Charlotte, "that, in doubtful cases, it

is your way to leave them to chance. To me, in such a serious matter, this seems almost a crime."

"Then, what am I to write to the captain?" cried Edward; "for write I must at once."

"Write him a kind, sensible, sympathising letter," answered Charlotte.

"That is as good as none at all," replied Edward.

"And there are many cases," answered she, "in which we are obliged, and in which it is the real kindness, rather to write nothing than not to write."

CHAPTER II.

EDWARD was alone in his room. The repetition of the incidents of his life from Charlotte's lips; the representation of their mutual situation, their mutual purposes, — had worked him, sensitive as he was, into a very pleasant state of mind. While close to her — while in her presence — he had felt so happy, that he had thought out a warm, kind, but quiet and indefinite, epistle which he would send to the captain. When, however, he had settled himself at his writing-table, and taken up his friend's letter to read it over once more, the sad condition of this excellent man rose again vividly before him. The feelings which had been all day distressing him again awoke, and it appeared impossible to him to leave one whom he called his friend in such painful embarrassment.

Edward was unaccustomed to deny himself anything. The only child, and consequently the spoiled child, of wealthy parents, who had persuaded him into a singular but highly advantageous marriage with a lady far older than himself; and again by her petted and indulged in every possible way, she seeking to reward his kindness to her by the utmost liberality; after her early death his own master, travelling independently of every one, equal to all contingencies and all changes, with desires never excessive, but multiple and various, — free-hearted, generous, brave, at times even noble, — what was there in the world to cross or thwart him?

Hitherto, everything had gone as he desired. Charlotte had become his; he had won her at last, with an obstinate, a romantic fidelity: and now he felt himself,

for the first time, contradicted, crossed in his wishes, when those wishes were to invite to his home the friend of his youth, — just as he was longing, as it were, to throw open his whole heart to him. He felt annoyed, impatient: he took up his pen again and again, and as often threw it down again because he could not make up his mind what to write. He would not go counter to his wife's wishes: still less could he go counter to her expressed desire. Ill at ease as he was, it would have been impossible for him, even if he had wished, to write a quiet, easy letter. The most natural thing to do, was to put it off. In a few words, he begged his friend to forgive him for having left his letter unanswered: that day he was unable to write circumstantially, but shortly he hoped to be able to tell him what he felt at greater length.

The next day, as they were walking to the same spot, Charlotte took the opportunity of bringing back the conversation to the subject; perhaps because she knew that there is no surer way of rooting out any plan or purpose than by often talking it over.

It was what Edward was wishing. He expressed himself in his own way, kindly and sweetly. For although, sensitive as he was, he flamed up readily, — although the vehemence with which he desired anything made him pressing, and his obstinacy made him impatient, — his words were so softened by his wish to spare the feelings of those to whom he was speaking, that it was impossible not to be charmed, even when one most disagreed with him.

On that morning he first contrived to bring Charlotte into the happiest humour, and then so disarmed her with the graceful turn which he gave to the conversation, that she cried out at last:

"You are determined that what I refuse to the husband you will make me grant to the lover. At least, my dearest," she continued, "I will acknowledge that

your wishes, and the warmth and sweetness with which you express them, have not left me untouched, have not left me unmoved. You drive me to make a confession: until now I, too, have had a concealment from you; I am in exactly the same position with you, and I have hitherto been putting the same restraint on my inclination which I have been exhorting you to put on yours."

"Glad am I to hear that," said Edward. "In the married state, a difference of opinion now and then, I see, is no bad thing. We learn something of one another by it."

"You are to learn at present, then," said Charlotte, "that I feel with regard to Ottilie as you do with regard to the captain. The dear child is most uncomfortable at the school, and I am thoroughly uneasy about her. Luciana, my daughter, born as she is for the world, is there training hourly for the world: languages, history, everything that is taught there, she acquires with so much ease, that, as it were, she learns them off at sight. She has quick natural gifts, and an excellent memory: one may almost say she forgets everything, and in a moment calls it all back again. She distinguishes herself above every one at the school with the freedom of her carriage, the grace of her movement, and the elegance of her address, and, with the inborn royalty of nature, makes herself the queen of the little circle there. The superior of the establishment regards her as a little divinity, who under her hands is shaping into excellence, and who will do her honour, gain her reputation, and bring her a large increase of pupils: the first pages of this good lady's letters, and her monthly notices of progress, are for ever hymns about the excellence of such a child, which I have to translate into my own prose: while her concluding sentences about Ottilie are nothing but excuse after excuse, — attempts at explaining how it can be that a

girl in other respects growing up so lovely seems coming to nothing, and shows neither capacity nor accomplishment. This, and the little she has to say besides, is no riddle to me; because I can see in this dear child the same character as that of her mother, who was my own dearest friend, who grew up with myself, and whose daughter, I am certain, if I had the care of her education, would form into an exquisite creature.

"This, however, has not fallen in with our plan; and as one ought not to be picking and pulling, or for ever introducing new elements among the conditions of our life, I think it better to bear, and to conquer as I can, even the unpleasant impression that my daughter, who knows very well that poor Ottilie is entirely dependent upon us, does not refrain from flourishing her own successes in her face, and so, to a certain extent, destroys the little good which we have done for her. Who are well enough trained never to wound others by a parade of their own advantages? and who stands so high as not at times to suffer under such a slight? In trials like these, Ottilie's character is growing in strength; but, since I have clearly known the painfulness of her situation, I have been thinking over all possible ways to make some other arrangement. Every hour I am expecting an answer to my own last letter, and then I do not mean to hesitate any more. So, my dear Edward, it is with me. We have both, you see, the same sorrows to bear, touching both our hearts in the same point. Let us bear them together, since we neither of us can press our own against the other."

"We are strange creatures," said Edward, smiling. "If we can only put out of sight anything which troubles us, we fancy at once we have got rid of it. We can give up much in the large and general, but to make sacrifices in little things, is a demand to which we are rarely equal. So it was with my mother, — as long as I lived with her, while a boy and a young man,

she could not bear to let me be a moment out of her sight. If I was out later than usual in my ride, some misfortune must have happened to me. If I got wet through in a shower, a fever was inevitable. I travelled: I was absent from her altogether; and, at once, I scarcely seemed to belong to her. If we look at it closer," he continued, "we are both acting very foolishly, very culpably. Two very noble natures, both of which have the closest claims on our affection, we are leaving exposed to pain and distress, merely to avoid exposing ourselves to a chance of danger. If this is not to be called selfish, what is? You take Ottilie; let me have the captain: and for a short period, at least, let the trial be made."

"We might venture it," said Charlotte thoughtfully, "if the danger were only to ourselves. But do you think it prudent to bring Ottilie and the captain into a situation where they must necessarily be so closely intimate, — the captain a man no older than yourself, of an age (I am not saying this to flatter you) when a man becomes first capable of love and first deserving of it, and a girl of Ottilie's attractiveness?"

"I cannot conceive how you can rate Ottilie so high," replied Edward. "I can only explain it to myself by supposing her to have inherited your affection for her mother. Pretty she is, no doubt. I remember the captain telling me so, when we came back last year, and met her at your aunt's. Attractive she is, — she has particularly pretty eyes; but I do not know that she made the slightest impression upon me."

"That was quite proper in you," said Charlotte, "seeing that I was there; and, although she is much younger than I, the presence of your old friend had so many charms for you, that you overlooked the promise of the opening beauty. It is one of your ways, and that is one reason why it is so pleasant to live with you."

Charlotte, openly as she appeared to be speaking, was keeping back something, nevertheless, which was, that, at the time when Edward first came back from aboard, she had purposely thrown Ottilie in his way, to secure, if possible, so desirable a match for her *protégée*. For of herself, at that time, in connection with Edward, she never thought at all. The captain, also, had a hint given to him to draw Edward's attention to her; but the latter, who was clinging determinately to his early affection for Charlotte, looked neither right nor left, and was only happy in the feeling that it was at last within his power to obtain for himself the one happiness which he so earnestly desired, and which a series of incidents had appeared to have placed for ever beyond his reach.

They were on the point of descending the new grounds, newly laid out, in order to return to the castle, when a servant came hastily to meet them, and, with a laugh on his face, called up from below, "Will your Grace be pleased to come quickly to the castle? The Herr Mittler has just galloped into the court. He shouted to us, to go all of us in search of you; and we were to ask whether there was need, 'whether there is need,' he cried after us, 'do you hear? but be quick, be quick.'"

"The odd fellow!" exclaimed Edward. "But has he not come at the right time, Charlotte? Tell him, there is need, — grievous need. He must alight. See his horse taken care of. Take him into the saloon, and let him have some luncheon. We shall be with him immediately.

"Let us take the nearest way," he said to his wife, and struck into the path across the churchyard, which he usually avoided. He was not a little surprised to find here, too, traces of Charlotte's delicate hand. Sparing, as far as possible, the old monuments, she had contrived to level it, and lay it carefully out, so

as to make it appear a pleasant spot on which the eye and the imagination could equally repose with pleasure. The oldest stones had each their special honour assigned them. They were ranged according to their dates along the wall, either leaning against it, or let into it, or however it could be contrived; and the string-course of the church was thus variously ornamented.

Edward was singularly affected as he came in upon it through the little wicket: he pressed Charlotte's hand, and tears started into his eyes. But these were very soon put to flight by the appearance of their singular visitor. This gentleman had declined sitting down in the castle: he had ridden straight through the village to the churchyard-gate; and then, halting, he called out to his friends, "Are you not making a fool of me? Is there need, really? If there is, I can stay till midday. But don't keep me. I have a great deal to do before night."

"Since you have taken the trouble to come so far," cried Edward to him, in answer, "you had better come through the gate. We meet at a solemn spot. Come and see the variety which Charlotte has thrown over its sadness."

"Inside there," called out the rider, "come I neither on horseback, nor in carriage, nor on foot. These here rest in peace: with them I have nothing to do. One day I shall be carried in feet foremost. I must bear that as I can. — Is it serious, I want to know?"

"Indeed it is," cried Charlotte, "right serious. For the first time in our married lives we are in a strait and difficulty, from which we do not know how to extricate ourselves."

"You do not look as if it were so," answered he. "But I will believe you. If you are deceiving me, for the future you shall help yourselves. Follow me quickly: my horse will be none the worse for a rest."

The three soon met in the parlour, where luncheon was brought in; and Mittler told them what he had done, and was going to do on that day. This eccentric person had in early life been a clergyman, and had distinguished himself in his office by the never-resting activity with which he contrived to make up and put an end to quarrels, — quarrels in families, and quarrels between neighbours; first among the individuals immediately about him, and afterward among whole congregations, and among the country gentlemen round. While he was in the ministry, no married couple were allowed to separate; and the district courts were untroubled with either cause or process. A knowledge of the law, he was well aware, was necessary to him. He gave himself with all his might to the study of it, and very soon felt himself a match for the best-trained advocate. His circle of activity extended wonderfully; and people were on the point of inducing him to move to the Residence, where he would find opportunities of exercising in the higher circles what he had begun in the lowest, when he won a considerable sum of money in a lottery. With this he bought himself a small property. He let the ground to a tenant, and made it the centre of his operations, with the fixed determination, or rather in accordance with his old customs and inclinations, never to enter a house when there was no dispute to make up, and no help to be given. People who were superstitious about names, and about what they imported, maintained that it was his being called Mittler which drove him to take upon himself this strange employment.

Luncheon was laid on the table, and the stranger then solemnly pressed his host not to wait any longer with the disclosure which he had to make. Immediately after refreshing himself he would be obliged to leave them.

Husband and wife made a circumstantial confession; but scarcely had he caught the substance of the matter, when he started angrily up from the table, rushed out of the saloon, and ordered his horse to be saddled instantly.

"Either you do not know me, you do not understand me," he cried, "or you are sorely mischievous. Do you call this a quarrel? Is there any want of help here? Do you suppose that I am in the world to give *advice?* Of all occupations which man can pursue, that is the most foolish. Every man must be his own counsellor, and do what he cannot let alone. If all go well, let him be happy, let him enjoy his wisdom and his fortune; if it go ill, I am at hand to do what I can for him. The man who desires to be rid of an evil, knows what he wants; but the man who desires something better than he has is stone-blind. Yes, yes, laugh as you will, he is playing blindman's-buff: perhaps he gets hold of something; but the question is, what he has got hold of. Do as you will: it is all one. Invite your friends to you, or let them be: it is all the same. The most prudent plans I have seen miscarry, and the most foolish succeed. Don't split your brains about it: and if, one way or the other, evil comes of what you settle, don't fret: send for me, and you shall be helped. Till which time I am your humble servant."

So saying, he sprang on his horse, without waiting the arrival of the coffee.

"Here you see," said Charlotte, "the small service a third person can be when things are off their balance between two persons closely connected: we are left, if possible, more confused and more uncertain than we were."

They would both probably have continued hesitating some time longer, had not a letter arrived from the captain in reply to Edward's last. He had made up

his mind to accept one of the situations which had been offered him, although it was not in the least up to his mark. He was to share the *ennui* of certain wealthy persons of rank, who depended on his ability to dissipate it.

Edward's keen glance saw into the whole thing; and he pictured it out in just, sharp lines.

"Can we endure to think of our friend in such a position?" he cried. "You cannot be so cruel, Charlotte."

"That strange Mittler is right, after all," replied Charlotte: "all such undertakings are ventures; what will come of them, it is impossible to foresee. New elements introduced among us may be fruitful in fortune or in misfortune, without our having to take credit to ourselves for one or the other. I do not feel myself firm enough to oppose you further. Let us make the experiment; only one thing I will entreat of you, — that it be only for a short time. You must allow me to exert myself more than ever, to use all my influence among all my connections, to find him some position which will satisfy him in his own way."

Edward assured his wife of his warmest gratitude. He hastened with a light, happy heart, to write off his proposals to his friend. Charlotte in a postscript was to signify her approbation with her own hand, and unite her own kind entreaties with his. She wrote, with a rapid pen, pleasantly and affectionately, but yet with a sort of haste which was not usual with her; and, most unlike herself, she disfigured the paper at last with a blot of ink, which put her out of temper, and which she only made worse with her attempts to wipe it away.

Edward laughed at her about it; and, as there was still room, added a second postscript, that his friend was to see from this symptom the impatience with which he was expected, and measure the speed at

which he came to them by the haste in which the letter was written.

The messenger was gone; and Edward thought he could not give a more convincing evidence of his gratitude than by insisting again and again that Charlotte should at once send for Ottilie from the school. She said she would think about it, and, for that evening, induced Edward to join with her in the enjoyment of a little music. Charlotte played exceedingly well on the piano, Edward not quite so well on the flute. He had taken a great deal of pains with it at times; but he lacked the patience, the perseverance, requisite for the completely successful cultivation of such a talent. Consequently his part was done unequally: some pieces well, only perhaps too quickly; while with others he hesitated, not being quite familiar with them; so that, for any one else, it would have been difficult to have gone through a duet with him. But Charlotte knew how to manage it. She held in, or let herself be run away with, and fulfilled in this way the double part of a skilful conductor and a prudent housewife, who are able always to keep right on the whole, although particular passages will now and then fall out of order.

CHAPTER III.

THE captain came, having previously written a most sensible letter, which had entirely quieted Charlotte's apprehensions. So much clearness about himself, so just an understanding of his own position and the position of his friends, promised everything which was best and happiest.

The conversation of the first few hours, as is generally the case with friends who have not met for a long time, was eager, lively, almost exhausting. Toward evening Charlotte proposed a walk to the new grounds. The captain was delighted with the spot, and observed every beauty which had been first brought into sight and made enjoyable by the new walks. He had a practised eye, and at the same time one easily satisfied, and, although he knew very well what was really valuable, he never, as so many persons do, made people who were showing him things of their own uncomfortable by requiring more than the circumstances admitted of, or by mentioning anything more perfect which he remembered having seen elsewhere.

When they arrived at the summer-house, they found it dressed out for a holiday, only, indeed, with artificial flowers and evergreens, but with some pretty bunches of natural corn-ears among them, and other field and garden fruit, so as to do credit to the taste which had arranged them.

"Although my husband does not like in general to have his birthday or christening-day kept," Charlotte

said, "he will not object to-day to these few ornaments being expended on a treble festival."

"Treble?" cried Edward.

"Yes, indeed," she replied. "Our friend's arrival here we are bound to keep as a festival; and have you never thought, either of you, that this is the day on which you were both christened? Are you not both named Otto?"

The two friends shook hands across the little table.

"You bring back to my mind," Edward said, "this little link of our boyish affection. As children we were both called so: but, when we came to be at school together, it was the cause of much confusion; and I readily made over to him all my right to the pretty, laconic name."

"Wherein you were not altogether so very high-minded," said the captain; "for I well remember that the name of Edward had then begun to please you better, from its attractive sound when spoken by certain pretty lips."

They were now all three sitting round the same table where Charlotte had spoken so vehemently against their guest's coming to them. Edward, happy as he was, did not wish to remind his wife of that time; but he could not help saying,—

"There is good room here for one more person."

At this moment the notes of a bugle were heard across from the castle. Full of happy thoughts and feelings as the friends all were together, the sound fell in among them with a strong force of answering harmony. They listened silently; each for the moment withdrawing into himself, and feeling doubly happy in the fair circle of which he formed a part. The pause was first broken by Edward, who started up, and walked out in front of the summer-house.

"Our friend must not think," he said to Charlotte,

"that this narrow little valley forms the whole of our domain and possessions. Let us take him up to the top of the hill, where he can see farther, and breathe more freely."

"For this once, then," answered Charlotte, "we must climb up the old foot-path, which is not too easy. By the next time, I hope my walks and steps will have been carried right up."

And so, among rocks and shrubs and bushes, they made their way to the summit, where they found themselves, not on a level flat, but on a sloping grassy terrace, running along the ridge of the hill. The village, with the castle behind it, was out of sight. At the bottom of the valley, sheets of water were seen spreading out right and left, with wooded hills rising immediately from their opposite margin, and, at the end of the upper water, a wall of sharp, precipitous rocks directly overhanging it, their huge forms reflected in its level surface. In the hollow of the ravine, where a considerable brook ran into the lake, lay a mill half hidden among the trees, a sweetly retired spot, most beautifully surrounded; and through the entire semicircle, over which the view extended, ran an endless variety of hills and valleys, copse and forest, the early green of which promised the near approach of a luxuriant clothing of foliage. In many places particular groups of trees caught the eye, and especially a cluster of planes and poplars directly at the spectator's feet, close to the edge of the centre lake. They were at their full growth; and they stood there, spreading out their boughs all around them, in fresh and luxuriant strength.

To these Edward called his friend's attention.

"I myself planted them," he cried, "when I was a boy. They were small trees which I rescued when my father was laying out the new part of the great castle garden, and in the middle of one summer had

rooted them out. This year you will no doubt see them show their gratitude in a fresh set of shoots."

They returned to the castle in high spirits, and mutually pleased with each other. To the guest was allotted an agreeable and roomy set of apartments in the right wing of the castle; and here he rapidly got his books and papers and instruments in order, to go on with his usual occupation. But Edward, for the first few days, gave him no rest. He took him about everywhere, now on foot, now on horseback, making him acquainted with the country and with the estate; and he embraced the opportunity of imparting to him the wishes, which he had been long entertaining, of getting at some better acquaintance with it, and learning to manage it more profitably.

"The first thing we have to do," said the captain, "is to make a magnetic survey of the property. That is a pleasant and easy matter; and, if it does not admit of entire exactness, it will be always useful, and will do, at any rate, for an agreeable beginning. It can be made, too, without any great staff of assistants; and one can be sure of getting it completed. If by and by you come to require anything more exact, it will be easy then to find some plan to have it made."

The captain was exceedingly skilful at work of this kind. He had brought with him whatever instruments he required, and commenced immediately. Edward provided him with a number of foresters and peasants, who, with his instruction, were able to render him all necessary assistance. The weather was favourable. The evenings and the early mornings were devoted to the designing and drawing; and, in a short time, it was all filled in and coloured. Edward saw his possessions grow out, like a new creation, upon the paper; and it seemed as if now, for the first time, he knew what they were, as if they now, first, were properly his own.

There occurred opportunities of speaking about the park, and the ways of laying it out, — a far better disposition of things being made possible, after a survey of this kind, than could be arrived at by experimenting on nature, on partial and accidental impressions.

"We must make my wife understand this," said Edward.

"We must do nothing of the kind," replied the captain, who did not like bringing his own notions in collision with those of others. He had learned by experience that the motives and purposes by which men are influenced are far too various to be made to coalesce upon a single point, even on the most solid representations. "We must not do it," he cried: "she will be only confused. With her, as with all people who employ themselves on such matters merely as amateurs, the important thing is, rather that she shall do something, than that something shall be done. Such persons feel their way with nature. They have fancies for this plan or that: they do not venture on removing obstacles. They are not bold enough to make a sacrifice. They do not know beforehand in what their work is to result. They try an experiment — it succeeds — it fails; they alter it; they alter, perhaps, what they ought to leave alone, and leave what they ought to alter; and so, at last, there always remains but a patchwork, which pleases and amuses, but never satisfies."

"Acknowledge candidly," said Edward, "that you do not like this new work of hers."

"The idea is excellent," he replied: "if the execution were equal to it, there would be no fault to find. But she has tormented herself to find her way up that rock; and she now torments every one, if you must have it, that she takes up after her. You cannot walk together, you cannot walk behind one another, with any freedom. Every moment your step is interrupted

one way or another. There is no end to the mistakes which she has made."

"Would it have been easy to do it otherwise?" asked Edward.

"Very easy," replied the captain. "She had only to break away a corner of the rock, — which is now but an unsightly object, made up as it is of little pieces, — and she would at once have a sweep for her walk, and stone in abundance for the rough masonry work, to widen it in the bad places, and make it smooth. But this I tell you in strictest confidence, or else it will confuse and annoy her. What is done must remain as it is. If any more money and labour are to be spent there, there is abundance to do above the summer-house on the hill, which we can settle our own way."

If the two friends found in their occupation abundance of present employment, there was no lack either of entertaining reminiscences of early times, in which Charlotte took her part as well. They determined, moreover, that, as soon as their immediate labours were finished, they would go to work upon the journal, and in this way, too, reproduce the past.

For the rest, when Edward and Charlotte were alone, there were fewer matters of private interest between them than formerly. This was especially the case since the fault-finding about the grounds, which Edward thought so just, and which he felt to the quick. He held his tongue about what the captain had said for a long time; but at last, when he saw his wife again preparing to go to work above the summer-house with her paths and steps, he could not contain himself any longer, but, after a few circumlocutions, came out with his new views.

Charlotte was thoroughly disturbed. She was sensible enough to perceive at once that they were right; but there was the difficulty with what was already done, — and what was made was made. She had

liked it: even what was wrong had become dear to her in its details. She fought against her convictions; she pleaded for her little creations; she railed at men who were for ever going to the broad and the great. They could not let a pastime, they could not let an amusement, alone, she said; but they must go and make a work out of it, never thinking of the expense which their larger plans involved. She was provoked, annoyed, and angry. Her old plans she could not give up, the new she would not quite throw from her; but, divided as she was, for the present she put a stop to the work, and gave herself time to think the thing over, and let it ripen by itself.

At the same time that she lost this source of active amusement, the others were more and more together over their own business. They took to occupying themselves, moreover, with the flower-garden and the hothouses; and, as they filled up the intervals with the ordinary gentlemen's amusements, — hunting, riding, buying, selling, breaking horses, and such matters, — she was every day left more and more to herself. She devoted herself more assiduously than ever to her correspondence on account of the captain, and yet she had many lonely hours; so that the information which she now received from the school became of more agreeable interest.

To a long-drawn letter of the superior of the establishment, filled with the usual expressions of delight at her daughter's progress, a brief postscript was attached, with a second from the hand of a gentleman in employment there as an assistant, both of which we here communicate.

POSTSCRIPT OF THE SUPERIOR.

"Of Ottilie, I can only repeat to your ladyship what I have already stated in my former letters. I do not

know how to find fault with her, yet I cannot say that I am satisfied. She is always unassuming, always ready to oblige others; but it is not pleasing to see her so timid, so almost servile.

"Your ladyship lately sent her some money, with several little matters for her wardrobe. The money she has never touched, the dresses lie unworn in their place. She keeps her things very nice and very clean, but this is all she seems to care about. Again, I cannot praise her excessive abstemiousness in eating and drinking. There is no extravagance at our table; but there is nothing I like better than to see the children eat enough of good, wholesome food. What is carefully provided and set before them ought to be taken, and to this I never can succeed in bringing Ottilie. She is always making herself some occupation or other, always finding something which she must do, something which the servants have neglected, to escape the second course or the dessert; and now it has to be considered (which I cannot help connecting with all this) that she frequently suffers, I have lately learned, from pain in the left side of her head. It is only at times; but it is distressing, and may be of importance. So much upon this otherwise sweet and lovely girl."

THE ASSISTANT'S ENCLOSURE.

"Our excellent superior commonly permits me to read the letters in which she communicates her observations upon her pupils to their parents and friends. Such of them as are addressed to your ladyship I ever read with twofold attention and pleasure. We have to congratulate you upon a daughter who unites in herself every brilliant quality with which people distinguish themselves in the world; and I at least think you no less fortunate in having had bestowed upon you, in your adopted daughter, a child who has been born

for the good and happiness of others, and assuredly also for her own. Ottilie is almost our only pupil about whom there is a difference of opinion between myself and our reverend superior. I do not complain of the very natural desire in that good lady to see outward and definite fruits arising from her labours. But there are also fruits which are not outward, which are of the true germinal sort, and which develop themselves, sooner or later, in a beautiful life. And this I am certain is the case with your *protégée*. So long as she has been under my care, I have watched her moving with an even step, slowly, steadily forward — never back. As with a child it is necessary to begin everything at the beginning, so it is with her. She can comprehend nothing which does not follow from what precedes; let a thing be as simple and easy as possible, she can make nothing of it if it is not in a recognisable connection; but find the intermediate links, and make them clear to her, and then nothing is too difficult for her.

"Progressing so slowly, she remains behind her companions, who, with capacities of quite a different kind, hurry on and on, learn everything readily, connected or unconnected, recollect it with ease, and apply it with correctness. And again, some of the lessons here are given by excellent, but somewhat hasty and impatient, teachers, who pass from result to result, cutting short the process by which they are arrived at; and these are not of the slightest service to her, she learns nothing from them. There have been complaints about her handwriting. They say she will not, or can not, understand how to form her letters. I have examined closely into this. It is true she writes slowly, stiffly if you like; but the hand is neither timid, nor without character. The French language is not my department: but I have taught her something of it, in the step-by-step fashion; and this she understands easily.

Indeed, it is singular that she knows a great deal, and knows it well too; and yet, when she is asked a question, it seems as if she knew nothing.

"To conclude generally, I should say she learns nothing like a person who is being educated; but she learns like one who is to educate, — not like a pupil, but like a future teacher. Your ladyship may think it strange that I, as an educator and a teacher, can find no higher praise to give to any one than by a comparison with myself. I may leave it to your own good sense, to your deep knowledge of the world and of mankind, to make the best of my most inadequate, but well-intended, expressions. You may satisfy yourself that you have much happiness to promise yourself from this child. I commend myself to your ladyship; and I beseech you to permit me to write to you again, as soon as I see reason to believe that I have anything important or agreeable to communicate."

This letter gave Charlotte great pleasure. The contents of it agreed very nearly with the notions which she had herself conceived of Ottilie. At the same time, she could not help smiling at the excessive interest of the assistant, which seemed greater than the insight into a pupil's excellence usually calls forth. In her quiet, unprejudiced way of looking at things, this relation, among others, she was contented to permit to lie before her as a possibility: she could value the interest of so sensible a man in Ottilie, having learned, among the lessons of her life, to see how highly true regard is to be prized, in a world where indifference or dislike are the common, natural residents.

CHAPTER IV.

THE topographical chart of the property and its environs was completed. It was executed on a considerable scale; the character of the particular localities was made intelligible by various colours; and, by means of a trigonometrical survey, the captain had been able to arrive at a very fair exactness of measurement. He had been rapid in his work. There was scarcely ever any one who could do with less sleep than this most laborious man; and, as his day was always devoted to an immediate purpose, every evening something had been done.

"Let us now," he said to his friend, "go on to what remains for us, — to the statistics of the estate. We shall have a deal of work to get through at the beginning; and afterward we shall come to the farm-estimates; and much else which will naturally arise out of them. Only we must have one thing distinctly settled and adhered to. Everything which is properly *business* we must keep carefully separate from *life*. Business requires earnestness and method: life must have a freer handling. Business demands the utmost stringency and sequence: in life, inconsecutiveness is frequently necessary, indeed, is charming and graceful. If you are firm in the first, you can afford yourself more liberty in the second; while, if you mix them, you will find the free interfering with, and breaking in upon, the fixed."

In these sentiments Edward felt a slight reflection upon himself. Though not naturally disorderly, he could never bring himself to arrange his papers in their

proper places. What he had to do in connection with others was not kept separate from what only depended on himself. Business got mixed up with amusement, and serious work with recreation. Now, however, it was easy for him, with the help of a friend, who would take the trouble upon himself; and a second "I" worked out the separation, to which the single "I" was always unequal.

In the captain's wing, they contrived a depository for what concerned the present, and an archive for the past. Here they brought all the documents, papers, and notes from their various hiding-places — rooms, drawers, and boxes — with the utmost speed. Harmony and order were introduced into the wilderness, and the different packets were marked and registered in their several pigeon-holes. They found all they wanted in greater completeness even than they had expected; and here an old clerk was found of no slight service, who for the whole day and part of the night never left his desk, and with whom, till then, Edward had been always dissatisfied.

"I should not know him again," he said to his friend, "the man is so handy and useful."

"That," replied the captain, "is because we give him nothing fresh to do till he has finished, at his convenience, what he has already; and so, as you perceive, he gets through a great deal. If you disturb him, he becomes useless at once."

Spending their days together in this way, they never neglected visiting Charlotte regularly in the evenings. If there was no party from the neighbourhood, as was often the case, they read and talked, principally on subjects connected with the improvement of the condition and comfort of social life.

Charlotte, always accustomed to make the most of opportunities, not only saw her husband pleased, but found personal advantages for herself. Various do-

mestic arrangements, which she had long wished to make, but which she did not know exactly how to set about, were managed for her through the contrivance of the captain. Her domestic medicine-chest, hitherto but poorly furnished, was enlarged and enriched; and Charlotte herself, with the help of good books and personal instruction, was put in the way of being able to exercise her disposition to be of practical assistance more frequently and more efficiently than before.

In providing against accidents, which, though common, yet only too often find us unprepared, they thought it especially necessary to have at hand whatever is required for the recovery of drowning men, — accidents of this kind, from the number of canals, reservoirs, and water-works in the neighbourhood, being of frequent occurrence. This department the captain took expressly into his own hands; and the observation escaped Edward, that a case of this kind had made a very singular epoch in the life of his friend. The latter made no reply, but seemed to be trying to escape from a painful recollection. Edward immediately stopped; and Charlotte, who, as well as he, had a general knowledge of the story, took no notice of the expression.

"These preparations are all exceedingly valuable," said the captain one evening. "Now, however, we have not got the one thing which is most essential, — a sensible man who understands how to manage it all. I know an army surgeon, whom I could exactly recommend for the place. You might get him at this moment, on easy terms. He is highly distinguished in his profession, and has frequently done more for me in the treatment, even of violent inward disorders, than celebrated physicians. Help upon the spot is the thing you often most want in the country."

He was written for at once: and Edward and Charlotte were rejoiced to find so good and necessary an

object on which to expend so much of the money which they set apart for such accidental demands upon them.

Thus Charlotte, too, found means of making use, for her purposes, of the captain's knowledge and practical skill; and she began to be quite reconciled to his presence, and to feel easy about any consequences that might ensue. She commonly prepared questions to ask him; among other things, it was one of her anxieties to provide against whatever was prejudicial to health and comfort, — against poisons and such like. The lead-glazing on the china, the verdigris which formed about her copper and bronze vessels, etc., had long been a trouble to her. She got him to tell her about these; and, naturally, they often had to fall back on the first elements of medicine and chemistry.

An accidental but welcome occasion for entertainment of this kind was given by an inclination of Edward to read aloud. He had a particularly clear, deep voice, and earlier in life had earned himself a pleasant reputation for his feeling and lively recitations of works of poetry and oratory. At this time he was occupied with other subjects; and the books which, for sometime past, he had been reading, were either chemical, or on some other branch of natural or technical science.

One of his especial peculiarities — which, by the bye, he very likely shares with a number of his fellow creatures — was, that he could not bear to have any one looking at the page from behind him while reading. In early life, when he used to read poems, plays, or stories, this had been the natural consequence of the desire which the reader feels, like the poet or the actor or the story-teller, to make surprises, to pause, to excite expectation; and this sort of effect was naturally defeated when a third person's eyes could run on before him, and see what was coming.

On such occasions, therefore, he was accustomed to place himself in such a position that no one could get behind him. With a party of only three, this was unnecessary; and as with the present subject there was no opportunity for exciting feelings or giving the imagination a surprise, he did not take any particular pains to protect himself.

One evening he had placed himself carelessly, and Charlotte happened by accident to cast her eyes upon the page. His old impatience was aroused: he turned to her, and said, almost unkindly:

"I do wish, once for all, you would leave off doing a thing so out of taste and so disagreeable. When I read aloud to a person, is it not the same as if I was telling him something by word of mouth? The written, the printed, word is in the place of my own thoughts, of my own heart. If a window were broken into my brain or into my heart, and if the man to whom I am counting out my thoughts, or delivering my sentiments, one by one, knew already beforehand exactly what was to come out of me, should I take the trouble to put them into words? When anybody looks over my book, I always feel as if I were being torn in two."

Charlotte's tact, in whatever circle she might be, large or small, was remarkable; and she was able to set aside disagreeable or excited expressions without appearing to notice them. When a conversation grew tedious, she knew how to interrupt it; when it halted, she could set it going. And this time her good gift did not forsake her.

"I am sure you will forgive me my fault," she said, "when I tell you what it was this moment which came over me. I heard you reading something about affinities; and I thought directly of some relations of mine, two of whom are just now occupying me a great deal. Then my attention went back to the book. I

found it was not about living things at all, and I looked over to get the thread of it right again."

"It was the comparison which led you wrong and confused you," said Edward. "The subject is nothing but earths and minerals. But man is a true Narcissus: he delights to see his own image everywhere; and he spreads himself underneath the universe, like the amalgam behind the glass."

"Quite true," continued the captain. "That is the way in which he treats everything external to himself. His wisdom and his folly, his will and his caprice, he attributes alike to the animal, the plant, the elements, and the gods."

"Would you," said Charlotte, "if it is not taking you away too much from the immediate subject, tell me briefly what is meant here by affinities?"

"I shall be very glad indeed," replied the captain, to whom Charlotte had addressed herself. "That is, I will tell you as well as I can. My ideas on the subject date ten years back: whether the scientific world continues to think the same about it, I cannot tell."

"It is most disagreeable," cried Edward, "that one cannot nowadays learn a thing once for all, and have done with it. Our forefathers could keep to what they were taught when they were young; but we have, every five years, to make revolutions with them, if we do not wish to drop altogether out of fashion."

"We women need not be so particular," said Charlotte; "and, to speak the truth, I only want to know the meaning of the word. There is nothing more ridiculous in society than to misuse a strange technical word; and I only wish you to tell me in what sense the expression is made use of in connection with these things. What its scientific application is, I am quite contented to leave to the learned, who, by the bye, as far as I have been able to observe, do not find it easy to agree among themselves."

"Whereabouts shall we begin," said Edward, after a pause, to the captain, "to come most quickly to the point?"

The latter, after thinking a little while, replied shortly:

"You must let me make what will seem a wide sweep: we shall be on our subject almost immediately."

Charlotte laid her work aside, promising the fullest attention.

The captain began:

"In all natural objects with which we are acquainted, we observe immediately that they have a certain relation to themselves. It may sound ridiculous to be asserting what is obvious to every one; but it is only by coming to a clear understanding together about what we know, that we can advance to what we do not know."

"I think," interrupted Edward, "we can make the thing more clear to her, and to ourselves, with examples. Conceive water or oil or quicksilver: among these you will see a certain oneness, a certain connection of their parts; and this oneness is never lost, except through force or some other determining cause. Let the cause cease to operate, and at once the parts unite again."

"Unquestionably," said Charlotte, "that is plain: rain-drops readily unite and form streams; and, when we were children, it was our delight to play with quicksilver, and wonder at the little globules splitting and parting, and running into one another."

"And here," said the captain, "let me just cursorily mention one remarkable thing: I mean, that the full, complete correlation of parts, which the fluid state makes possible, shows itself distinctly and universally in the globular form. The falling water-drop is round; you yourself spoke of the globules of quicksilver; and

a drop of melted lead let fall, if it has time to harden before it reaches the ground, is found at the bottom in the shape of a ball."

"Let me try and see," said Charlotte, "whether I can understand where you are bringing me. As everything has a reference to itself, so it must have some relation to others."

"And that," interrupted Edward, "will be different according to the natural differences of the things themselves. Sometimes they will meet like friends and old acquaintances: they will come rapidly together, and unite without either having to alter itself at all, — as wine mixes with water. Others, again, will remain as strangers side by side; and no amount of mechanical mixing or forcing will succeed in combining them. Oil and water may be shaken up together; and the next moment they are separate again, each by itself."

"One can almost fancy," said Charlotte, "that in these simple forms one sees people that one is acquainted with; one has met with just such things in the societies amongst which one has lived; and the strangest likenesses of all, with these soulless creatures, are in the masses in which men stand divided one against the other, in their classes and professions, — the nobility and the third estate, for instance, or soldiers and civilians."

"Then, again," replied Edward, "as these are united together under common laws and customs, so there are intermediate members in our chemical world, which will combine elements that are mutually repulsive."

"Oil, for instance," said the captain, "we make combine with water with the help of alkalies — "

"Do not go on too fast with your lesson," said Charlotte. "Let me see that I keep step with you. Are we not here arrived among the affinities?"

"Exactly," replied the captain: "we are on the point of apprehending them in all their power and dis-

tinctness; such natures as, when they come in contact, at once lay hold of each other, and mutually affect one another, we speak of as having an affinity one for the other. With the alkalies and acids, for instance, the affinities are strikingly marked. They are of opposite natures: very likely their being of opposite natures is the secret of their effect on one another, —they seek one another eagerly out, lay hold of each other, modify each other's character, and form in connection an entirely new substance. There is lime, you remember, which shows the strongest inclination for all sorts of acids, — a distinct desire of combining with them. As soon as our chemical chest arrives, we can show you a number of entertaining experiments, which will give you a clearer idea than words and names and technical expressions."

"It appears to me," said Charlotte, "that, if you choose to call these strange creatures of yours related, the relationship is not so much a relationship of blood, as of soul or of spirit. It is the way in which we see all genuinely deep friendships arise among men: opposite peculiarities of disposition being what best makes internal union possible. But I will wait to see what you can really show me of these mysterious proceedings; and for the present," she added, turning to Edward, "I will promise not to disturb you any more in your reading. You have taught me enough of what it is about to enable me to attend to it."

"No, no," replied Edward: "now that you have once stirred the thing, you shall not get off so easily. It is just the most complicated cases which are the most interesting. In these you come first to see the degrees of the affinities, to watch them as their power of attraction is weaker or stronger, nearer or more remote. Affinities only begin really to interest when they bring about separations."

"What!" cried Charlotte, "is that miserable word

which unhappily we hear so often nowadays in the world, — is that to be found in nature's lessons too?"

"Most certainly," answered Edward: "the title with which chemists were supposed to be most honourably distinguished was, artists of separation."

"It is not so any more," replied Charlotte; "and it is well that it is not. Uniting is a higher art, and it is a higher merit. An artist of union is what we should welcome in every province of the universe. However, as we are on the subject again, give me an instance or two of what you mean."

"We had better keep," said the captain, "to the same instances of which we have already been speaking. Thus, what we call limestone is a more or less pure calcareous earth in combination with a delicate acid, which is familiar to us in the form of a gas. Now, if we place a piece of this stone in diluted sulphuric acid, this will take possession of the lime, and appear with it in the form of gypsum, the gaseous acid at the same time going off in vapour. Here is a case of separation; a combination arises, and we believe ourselves now justified in applying to it the words 'elective affinity;' it really looks as if one relation had been deliberately chosen in preference to another."

"Forgive me," said Charlotte, "as I forgive the natural philosopher. I cannot see any choice in this: I see a natural necessity rather, and scarcely that. After all, it is, perhaps, merely a case of opportunity. Opportunity makes relations as it makes thieves; and, as long as the talk is only of natural substances, the choice appears to me to be altogether in the hands of the chemist who brings the creatures together. Once, however, let them be brought together, and then God have mercy on them. In the present case, I cannot help being sorry for the poor acid gas, which is driven out up and down infinity again."

"The acid's business," answered the captain, "is now

to get connected with water, and so serve as a mineral fountain for the refreshing of both the healthy and sick."

"That is very well for the gypsum to say," said Charlotte. "The gypsum is all right, is a body, is provided for. The other poor, desolate creature may have trouble enough to go through before it can find a second home for itself."

"I am much mistaken," said Edward, smiling, "if there be not some little *arrière pensée* behind this. Confess your wickedness! You mean me by your lime: the lime is laid hold of by the captain, in the form of sulphuric acid, torn away from your agreeable society, and metamorphosed into a refractory gypsum."

"If your conscience prompts you to make such a reflection," replied Charlotte, "I certainly need not distress myself. These comparisons are pleasant and entertaining; and who is there that does not like playing with analogies? But man is raised very many steps above these elements; and, if he has been somewhat liberal with such fine words as 'election' and 'elective affinities,' he will do well to turn back again into himself, and take the opportunity of considering carefully the value and meaning of such expressions. Unhappily, we know cases enough where an apparently indissoluble connection between two persons has, by the accidental introduction of a third, been utterly destroyed, and one or the other of the once happily united pair been driven out into the wilderness."

"Then, you see how much more gallant the chemists are," said Edward. "They at once add a fourth, that neither may go away empty."

"Quite so," replied the captain. "And those are the cases which are really most important and remarkable, — cases where this attraction, this affinity, this separating and combining, can be exhibited, the two pairs severally crossing each other; where four

creatures, connected previously, as two and two, are brought into contact, and at once forsake their first combination to form into a second. In this forsaking and embracing, this seeking and flying, we believe that we are indeed observing the effects of some higher determination: we attribute a sort of will and choice to such creatures, and feel really justified in using technical words, and speaking of 'elective affinities.'"

"Give me an instance of this," said Charlotte.

"Such things ought not to be settled with words," replied the captain. "As I said before, as soon as I can show you the experiment, I can make it all intelligible and pleasant for you. For the present, I can give you nothing but horrible scientific expressions, which at the same time will give you no idea about the matter. You ought yourself to see these substances which seem so dead, and which are yet so full of inward energy and force, at work before your eyes. You should observe them with a real personal interest. Now they seek each other out, attract each other, seize, crush, devour, destroy, each other, and then suddenly reappear again out of their combinations, and come forward in fresh, renovated, unexpected form: thus you will comprehend how we attribute to them a sort of immortality; how we speak of them as having sense and understanding; because we feel our own senses to be insufficient to observe them adequately, and our reason too weak to follow them."

"I grant," said Edward, "that the strange scientific nomenclature, to persons who have not been reconciled to it by a direct acquaintance with or understanding of its object, must seem unpleasant, even ridiculous; but we can easily, just for once, contrive with symbols to illustrate what we are speaking of."

"If you do not think it looks pedantic," answered the captain, "I can put my meaning together with letters. Suppose an A connected so closely with a B

that all sorts of means, even violence, have been made use of to separate them, without effect. Then suppose a C in exactly the same position with respect to D. Bring the two pairs into contact: A will fling himself on D, C on B, without its being possible to say which had first left its first connection, or made the first move toward the second."

"Now, then," interposed Edward, "till we see all this with our eyes, we will look upon the formula as an analogy, out of which we can devise a lesson for immediate use. You stand for A, Charlotte, and I am your B: really and truly I cling to you, I depend on you, and follow you, just as B does with A. C is obviously the captain, who at present is in some degree withdrawing me from you. So now it is only just, that, if you are not to be left to solitude, a D should be found for you; and that is unquestionably the amiable little lady, Ottilie. You will not hesitate any longer to send and fetch her."

"All right," replied Charlotte; "although, in my opinion, the example does not exactly fit our case. However, we have been fortunate, at any rate, in to-day for once having met all together; and these natural or elective affinities have served to unite us more intimately. I will tell you, that, since this afternoon, I have made up my mind to send for Ottilie. My faithful housekeeper, on whom I have hitherto depended for everything, is going to leave me shortly, to be married. This is my motive, as far as *I* am concerned. What has decided me on account of Ottilie, you shall read to me. I will not again look on whilst you are reading. Indeed, the contents of these pages are already known to me. But read, read!"

With these words, she produced a letter, and handed it to Edward.

CHAPTER V.

LETTER OF THE LADY SUPERIOR.

"Your ladyship will forgive the brevity of my present letter. The public examinations are but just concluded, and I have to communicate to all the parents and guardians the progress our pupils have made during the past year. I can afford to be brief, having to say much in few words. Your ladyship's daughter has proved herself first, in every sense of the word. The testimonials I enclose, and her own letter, in which she will detail to you the prizes she has won, and the happiness she feels in her success, will surely please, and, I hope, delight you. For myself, it is the less necessary that I should say much, because I see that there will soon be no more occasion to keep with us a young lady so far advanced. I send my respects to your ladyship, and in a short time shall take the liberty of offering you my opinion as to what may be of most advantage to her in future.

"My good assistant will tell you about Ottilie."

LETTER OF THE ASSISTANT.

"The reverend superior leaves it to me to write to you of Ottilie, partly because, with her ways of thinking about it, it would be painful to her to say what has to be said, partly because she herself requires what [illegible] she would rather have me make for her.

"You ought to know well how little the poor Ottilie

is to show out what lies in her, and what she is capable of, I was all along afraid of this public examination. I was the more uneasy, as it was to be of a kind which does not admit of any special preparation; and, even if it had been conducted as usual, Ottilie never can be prepared to make a display. The result has justified my anxiety only too well. She has not received any prize: she is not even amongst those whose names have been mentioned with approbation. I need not go into details. As for handwriting, the letters of the other girls were not so well formed, but their strokes were much more free. In arithmetic they were all quicker than she; and in the more difficult problems, which she does the best, there was no examination. In French she was outshone and out-talked by many; and in history she was not ready with her names and dates. In geography there was a want of attention to the political divisions; and for what she could do in music, there was neither time nor quiet enough for her few modest melodies to gain attention. In drawing she certainly would have gained the prize: her outlines were clear, and the execution most careful and full of spirit; unhappily she had chosen too wide a subject, and had not completed it.

"After the pupils had been dismissed, the examiners consulted together; and we teachers were partially admitted into the council. I very soon observed that of Ottilie nothing was said; or, when her name was mentioned, it was done with indifference, if not with downright disapproval. I hoped to obtain some favour for her by a candid description of what she was; and I ventured it with the greater earnestness, partly because I was only speaking my real convictions, and partly because, when I was young, I had been in the same unfortunate case. I was listened to with attention; but, as soon as I had ended, the presiding examiner said to me very kindly but laconically: 'We presume capa-

bilities: they are to be converted into accomplishments. This is the aim of all education. It is what is distinctly intended by all who have the care of children, and silently and indistinctly by the children themselves. This also is the object of examinations, when both teachers and pupils are on their trial. From what we learn of you, we may entertain good hopes of the young lady: and it is to your own credit also that you have paid so much attention to your pupil's capabilities. If in the coming year you can develop these into accomplishments, neither yourself nor your pupil shall fail to receive your due praise.'

"I had made up my mind to what must follow all this; but there was something worse which I had not anticipated, and which had soon to be added to it. Our good superior, who, resembling a trusty shepherd, could not bear to have one of her flock lost, or, as was the case here, one entrusted to her charge undistinguished, could not, when the examiners were gone, conceal her displeasure, and said to Ottilie, who was quietly standing by the window, while the others were exulting over their prizes, 'Tell me, for heaven's sake! how can a person look so stupid, if she is not so?' Ottilie replied quite calmly, 'Forgive me, my dear mother: I have my headache again to-day, and it is very painful.' Kind and sympathising as she generally is, the superior this time answered, 'Who should know that?' and turned angrily away.

"Now, it is true, no one can believe it; for Ottilie never alters the expression of her countenance, nor have I seen her move her hand to her temple.

"Nor was this all. Your ladyship's daughter, who is at all times sufficiently lively and impetuous, was wild and overbearing after her triumph of to-day. She ran from room to room with her prizes and testimonials, and shook them in Ottilie's face. 'You have come badly off this morning!' she cried. Ottilie replied in

her calm, quiet way, 'This is not the last day of examination.' 'But you will always be the last, for all that!' cried the other, and ran away.

"No one except myself saw that Ottilie was disturbed. She has a way, when she experiences any sharp, unpleasant emotion which she wishes to resist, of showing it in the unequal colour of her face: the left cheek becomes for a moment flushed, while the right turns pale. I perceived this symptom, and could not help saying something. I took our superior aside, and spoke seriously to her about it. The excellent lady acknowledged that she had been wrong. We considered the whole affair, and talked it over at great length together: and, not to weary your ladyship, I will tell you at once the desire with which we concluded; namely, that you will have Ottilie stay with you for awhile. Our reasons you will yourself readily perceive. If you consent, I will say more to you on the manner in which I think she should be treated. Your daughter, we may expect, will soon leave us; and we shall then with pleasure welcome Ottilie back.

"One thing more, which another time I might forget to mention: I have never seen Ottilie eager for anything, or at least ask pressingly for anything; but there have been occasions, however rare, when, on the other hand, she has wished to decline things which had been pressed upon her; and she does it with a gesture which to those who have caught its meaning is irresistible. She raises her hands, presses the palms together, and draws them against her breast, leaning her body a little forward at the same time, and turns such a look on the person urging her, that he will gladly forego what he may have wished of her. If your ladyship ever sees this attitude, as with your treatment of her it is not likely that you will, think of me, and spare Ottilie."

Edward read these letters aloud, not without smiles, and shakes of the head. Naturally, too, there were observations made on the persons and on the position of the affair.

"'Tis well!" Edward cried at last: "it is decided. She is coming. You, my love, are provided for; and now we can get forward with our work. It is becoming highly necessary for me to remove to the right wing, where the captain resides; evenings and mornings are the time for us best to work together: and then you, on your side, will have admirable room for yourself and Ottilie."

Charlotte made no objection, and Edward sketched out the method in which they should live. One of his remarks was, "It is really very polite, on the part of your niece, to be subject to a slight pain on the left side of her head. I have it frequently on the right. If we happen to be afflicted at the same time, and sit opposite one another, I leaning on my right elbow, and she on her left, and our heads turned to opposite sides, and resting on our hands, what a pretty pair of pictures we shall make!"

The captain thought that might be dangerous. "No, no!" cried out Edward. "Only do you, my dear friend, take care of the D; for what will become of B, if poor C is taken away from it?"

"That, I should have thought, would have been evident enough," replied Charlotte.

"And it is, indeed," cried Edward: "he would turn back to his A, to his Alpha and Omega." And he sprung up, and, taking Charlotte in his arms, pressed her to his breast.

CHAPTER VI.

THE carriage which brought Ottilie drove up to the door. Charlotte went out to receive her. The dear girl ran to meet her, threw herself at her feet, and embraced her knees.

"Why such humility?" said Charlotte, a little embarrassed, and endeavouring to raise her from the ground.

"It is not meant for humility," Ottilie answered, without moving from the position in which she had placed herself: "I am only thinking of the time when I could not reach higher than to your knees, and when I had just learned to know how you loved me."

She rose, and Charlotte embraced her warmly. She was introduced to the gentlemen, and was at once treated with especial courtesy as a visitor. Beauty is a welcome guest everywhere. She appeared attentive to the conversation, without taking part in it.

The next morning Edward said to Charlotte, "What an agreeable, entertaining girl she is!"

"Entertaining!" answered Charlotte, with a smile: "why, she has not opened her lips yet."

"Indeed!" said Edward, as he seemed to bethink himself: "that is very strange."

Charlotte had to give the newcomer but a very few hints on the management of the household. Ottilie saw rapidly all the arrangements; and, what was more, she felt them. She comprehended easily what was to be provided for the whole party, and what for each particular member of it. Everything was done with

the utmost punctuality: she knew how to direct, without appearing to be giving orders; and, when any one had left anything undone, she at once set it right herself.

As soon as she had found how much time she would have to spare, she begged Charlotte to divide her hours for her; and to these she adhered exactly. She worked at what was set before her in the way which the assistant had described to Charlotte. They let her alone. It was but seldom that Charlotte interfered. Sometimes she changed her pens for others which had been written with, to teach her to make bolder strokes in her handwriting; but these, she found, would be soon cut sharp and fine again.

The ladies had agreed to speak nothing but French when alone; and Charlotte insisted on it the more, as Ottilie was more talkative, when speaking a foreign language, when she had been told it was her duty to exercise herself in it. In this way she often said more than she seemed to intend. Charlotte was particularly pleased with a description, most complete, but at the same time most charming and amiable, which she gave her one day, by accident, of the school. She soon felt her to be a delightful companion, and hoped to find, ere long, an attached friend in her.

At the same time she looked over again the more early accounts which had been sent her of Ottilie, to refresh her recollection with the opinion the superior and the assistant had formed about her, and compare them with her in her own person. For Charlotte was of opinion that we cannot too quickly become acquainted with the character of those with whom we have to live, that we may know what to expect of them, where we may hope to do anything in the way of improvement with them, and what we must make up our minds, once for all, to tolerate and let alone.

This examination led her to nothing new, indeed;

but much she already knew became of greater meaning and importance. Ottilie's moderation in eating and drinking, for instance, became a real distress to her.

The next thing on which the ladies were employed was Ottilie's toilet. Charlotte wished her to appear in clothes of a richer and more *recherché* sort; and at once the clever, active girl herself cut out the stuff which had been previously sent to her, and, with a very little assistance from others, was able, in a short time, to dress most tastefully. The new fashionable dresses set off her figure. An agreeable person, it is true, will show through all disguises; but we always fancy it looks fresher and more graceful when its peculiarities appear under some new drapery. And thus, from the moment of her first appearance, she became more and more a delight to the eyes of all who beheld her. As the emerald refreshes the sight with its beautiful hues, and exerts, it is said, a beneficent influence on that noble sense: so does human beauty work with far greater potency on both the outward and inward sense; whoever looks upon it is charmed against the breath of evil, and feels in harmony with himself and with the world.

In many ways, therefore, the party had gained by Ottilie's arrival. The captain and Edward kept regularly to the hours, even to the minutes, for their general meeting together. They never kept the others waiting for them, either for dinner or tea, or for their walks; and they were in less haste, especially in the evenings, to leave the table. This did not escape Charlotte's observation: she watched them both, to see whether one, more than the other, was the occasion of it. But she could not perceive any difference. They had both become more companionable. In their conversation they seemed to consider what was best adapted to interest Ottilie, what was most on a level with her capacities and her general knowledge. If she

left the room when they were reading or telling stories, they would wait till she returned. They had grown softer, and altogether more united.

In return for this, Ottilie's anxiety to be of use increased every day: the more she came to understand the house, its inmates, and their circumstances, the more eagerly she entered into everything, caught every look and every motion; half a word, a sound, was enough for her. With her calm attentiveness, and her easy, unexcited activity, she was always the same. Sitting, rising up, going, coming, fetching, carrying, returning to her place again, it was all in the most perfect repose; a constant change, a constant agreeable movement; while, at the same time, she went about so lightly that her step was almost inaudible.

This becoming obligingness in Ottilie gave Charlotte the greatest pleasure. There was one thing, however, which she did not exactly like, of which she had to speak to her. "It is very polite in you," she said one day to her, "when people let anything fall from their hand, to be so quick in stooping and picking it up for them: at the same time, it is a sort of confession that they have a right to require such attention; and, in the world, we are expected to be careful to whom we pay it. I will not prescribe any rule toward women. You are young. To those above you, and older than you, services of this sort are a duty; toward your equals, they are polite; to those younger than yourself and your inferiors, you may show yourself kind and good-natured by such things, — only it is not becoming in a young lady to do them for men."

"I will try to get rid of this habit," replied Ottilie: "I think, however, you will in the meantime forgive me for my want of manners, when I tell you how I came by it. We were taught history at school. I have not retained as much of it as I ought, for I never knew what use I was to make of it; a few little

things, however, made a deep impression upon me, among which was the following: when Charles the First of England was standing before his so-called judges, the gold top came off the stick which he had in his hand, and fell down. Accustomed as he had been on such occasions to have everything done for him, he seemed to look around, and expect that this time, too, some one would do him this little service. No one stirred, and he stooped down for it himself. It struck me as so piteous, that from that moment I have never been able to see any one let a thing fall, without picking it up myself. But of course, as it is not always proper, and as I cannot," she continued, smiling, "tell my story every time I do it, in future I will try and contain myself."

In the meantime the fine arrangements the two friends had been led to make for themselves went uninterruptedly forward. Every day they found something new to think about and undertake.

One day as they were walking together through the village, they had to remark with dissatisfaction how far behindhand it was in order and cleanliness, compared to villages where the inhabitants were compelled by the expense of building-ground to be careful about such things.

"You remember a wish we once expressed when we were travelling in Switzerland together," said the captain, "that we might have the laying out some country park, and how beautiful we would make it by introducing into some village situated like this, not the Swiss style of building, but the Swiss order and neatness which so much improve it."

"And how well it would answer here! The hill on which the castle stands slopes down to that projecting angle. The village, you see, is built in a semicircle, regularly enough, just opposite to it. The brook runs between. It is liable to floods; and do observe the

way the people set about protecting themselves from them: one with stones, another with stakes; the next puts up a boarding, and a fourth tries beams and planks; no one, of course, doing any good to another with his arrangement, but only hurting himself and the rest too. And then, there is the road going along just in the clumsiest way possible, — up hill and down, through the water, and over the stones. If the people would only lay their hands to the business together, it would cost them nothing but a little labour to run a semicircular wall along here, take the road in behind it, raising it to the level of the houses, and so give themselves a fair open space in front, making the whole place clean, and getting rid, once for all, in one good general work, of all their little trifling ineffectual makeshifts."

"Let us try it," said the captain, as he ran his eyes over the lay of the ground, and saw quickly what was to be done.

"I can undertake nothing in company with peasants and shopkeepers," replied Edward, "unless I may have unrestricted authority over them."

"You are not so wrong in that," returned the captain: "I have experienced too much trouble myself in life in matters of that kind. How difficult it is to prevail on a man to venture boldly on making a sacrifice for an after-advantage! How hard to get him to desire an end, and not to disdain the means! So many people confuse means with ends: they keep hanging over the first, without having the other before their eyes. Every evil is to be cured at the place where it comes to the surface; and they will not trouble themselves to look for the cause which produces it, or the remote effect which results from it. This is why it is so difficult to get advice listened to, especially among the many: they can see clearly enough from day to day, but their scope seldom reaches beyond the mor-

row; and, if it comes to a point where with some general arrangement one person will gain while another will lose, there is no prevailing on them to strike a balance. Works of public advantage can only be carried through by an uncontrolled absolute authority."

While they were standing and talking, a man came up begging. He looked more impudent than if he were really in want; and Edward, who was annoyed at being interrupted, after two or three fruitless attempts to get rid of him by a gentler refusal, spoke sharply to him. The fellow began to grumble and mutter abusively: he went off with short steps, talking about the right of beggars. It was all very well to refuse them an alms, but that was no reason why they should be insulted. A beggar, and everybody else too, was as much under God's protection as a lord. It put Edward out of all patience.

The captain, to pacify him, said, "Let us make use of this as an occasion for extending our rural police arrangements to such cases. We are bound to give away money; but we do better in not giving it in person, especially at home. We should be moderate and uniform in everything, in our charities as in all else: too great liberality attracts beggars instead of helping them on their way. At the same time, there is no harm when one is on a journey, or passing through a strange place, in appearing to a poor man in the street in the form of a chance deity of fortune, and making him some present which shall surprise him. The position of the village and of the castle makes it easy for us to put our charities here on a proper footing. I have thought about it before. The public-house is at one end of the village, a respectable old couple live at the other. At each of these places deposit a small sum of money; and let every beggar, not as he comes in, but as he goes out, receive something. Both houses lie on the roads which lead to the

castle, so that any one who goes there can be referred to one or the other."

"Come," said Edward, "we will settle that on the spot. The exact sum can be made up another time."

They went to the innkeeper, and to the old couple; and the thing was done.

"I know very well," Edward said, as they were walking up the hill to the castle together, "that everything in this world depends on distinctness of idea, and firmness of purpose. Your judgment of what my wife has been doing in the park was entirely right, and you have already given me a hint how it might be improved. I will not deny that I told her of it."

"So I have been led to suspect," replied the captain, "and I could not approve of your having done so. You have perplexed her. She has left off doing anything, and on this one subject she is vexed with us. She avoids speaking of it. She has never since invited us to go with her to the summer-house, although at odd hours she goes up there with Ottilie."

"We must not allow ourselves to be deterred by that," answered Edward. "If I am once convinced about anything good, which could and should be done, I can never rest till I see it done. We are clever enough at other times in introducing what we want into the general conversation: suppose we have out some descriptions of English parks, with copperplates, for our evening's amusement. Then we can follow with your plan. We will treat it first problematically, and as if we were only in jest. There will be no difficulty in passing into earnest."

The scheme was concerted, and the books were opened. In each group of designs they first saw a ground plan of the spot, with the general character of the landscape, drawn in its rude, natural state. Then followed others, showing the changes which had been produced by art, to employ and set off the natural

advantages of the locality. From these to their own property and their own grounds the transition was easy.

Everybody was pleased. The chart which the captain had sketched was brought and spread out. The only difficulty was, that they could not entirely free themselves of the plan in which Charlotte had begun. However, an easier way up the hill was found: a lodge was suggested to be built on the height at the edge of the cliff, which was to have an especial reference to the castle. It was to form a conspicuous object from the castle windows; and from it the spectator was to be able to overlook both the castle and the garden.

The captain had carefully considered it all, and taken his measurements; and now he brought up again the village road and the wall by the brook, and the ground which was to be raised behind it.

"Here you see," said he, "while I make this charming walk up the height, I gain exactly the quantity of stone which I require for that wall. Let one piece of work help the other, and both will be carried out most satisfactorily and most rapidly."

"But now," said Charlotte, "comes my side of the business. A certain definite outlay of money will have to be made. We ought to know how much will be wanted for such a purpose, and then we can apportion it out: so much work, and so much money, if not by weeks, at least by months. The cash-box is under my charge. I pay the bills, and I keep the accounts."

"You do not appear to have overmuch confidence in us," said Edward.

"I have not much in arbitrary matters," Charlotte answered. "Where it is a case of inclination, we women know better how to control ourselves than you."

It was settled: the dispositions were made, and the work was begun at once.

The captain being always on the spot, Charlotte was an almost daily witness of the strength and clearness of his understanding. He, too, learned to know her better; and it became easy for them both to work together, and thus bring something to completeness. It is with work as with dancing, — persons who keep the same step must grow indispensable to one another. Out of this a mutual kindly feeling will necessarily arise; and that Charlotte had a real kind feeling toward the captain, after she came to know him better, was sufficiently proved by her allowing him to destroy her pretty seat, — which in her first plans she had taken such pains in ornamenting, — because it was in the way of his own, without experiencing the slightest feeling about the matter.

CHAPTER VII.

Now that Charlotte was occupied with the captain, it was a natural consequence that Edward should attach himself more to Ottilie. Independently of this, indeed, for some time past he had begun to feel a silent kind of attraction toward her. Obliging and attentive she was to every one, but his self-love whispered that toward him she was particularly so. She had observed his little fancies about his food. She knew exactly what things he liked, and the way in which he liked them to be prepared; the quantity of sugar which he liked in his tea, and so on. Moreover, she was particularly careful to prevent draughts, about which he was excessively sensitive; and, indeed, about which with his wife, who could never have air enough, he was often at variance. So, too, she had come to know about fruit-gardens and flower-gardens; whatever he liked, it was her constant effort to procure for him, and to keep away whatever annoyed him; so that very soon she grew indispensable to him: she became like his guardian angel, and he felt it keenly whenever she was absent. Besides all this, too, she appeared to become more open and talkative as soon as they were alone together.

Edward, as he advanced in life, had retained something childish about himself, which corresponded singularly well with the youthfulness of Ottilie. They liked talking of early times, when they had first seen each other; and these reminiscences led them up to the first epoch of Edward's affection for Charlotte. Ottilie declared that she remembered them both as the

handsomest pair at court; and when Edward would question the possibility of this, when she must have been so exceedingly young, she insisted that she recollected one particular incident as clearly as possible. He had come into the room where her aunt was; and she had hid her face in Charlotte's lap, not from fear, but from a childish surprise. She might have added, because he had made so strong an impression upon her, — because she had liked him so much.

While they were occupied in this way, much of the business which the two friends had undertaken together had come to a standstill; so that they found it necessary to inspect how things were going on, — to work up a few designs and get letters written. For this purpose, they betook themselves to their office, where they found their old copyist at his desk. They set to work, and soon gave the old man enough to do, without observing that they were laying many things on his shoulders which at other times they had always done for themselves. At the same time, the first design the captain tried would not answer; and Edward was as unsuccessful with his first letter. They fretted for awhile, planning and erasing; till at last Edward, who was getting on the worst, asked what o'clock it was. And then it appeared that the captain had forgotten, for the first time for many years, to wind up his chronometer; and they seemed, if not to feel, at least to have a dim perception, that time was beginning to be indifferent to them.

In the meanwhile, as the gentlemen were thus rather slackening in their energy, the activity of the ladies increased all the more. The every-day life of a family, composed of a given number of persons, is shaped out of necessary circumstances, may easily receive into itself an extraordinary affection, an incipient passion, — may receive it into itself as into a vessel; and a long time may elapse before the new ingredient pro-

duces a visible effervescence, and runs foaming over the edge.

With our friends, the feelings which were mutually arising had the most agreeable effects. Their dispositions opened out, and a general good-will arose out of the several individual affections. Every member of the party was happy, and they each shared their happiness with the rest.

Such a temper elevates the spirit while it enlarges the heart; and everything which, under the influence of it, people do and undertake, has a tendency toward the illimitable. The friends could no longer remain shut up at home: their walks extended themselves farther and farther. Edward would hurry on before with Ottilie, to choose the path or pioneer the way; and the captain and Charlotte would follow quietly on the track of their more hasty precursors, talking on some grave subject, or delighting themselves with some spot they had newly discovered, or some unexpected natural beauty.

One day their walk led them down from the gate at the right wing of the castle, in the direction of the hotel, and thence over the bridge toward the ponds, along the sides of which they proceeded as far as it was generally thought possible to follow the water; thickly wooded hills sloping directly up from the edge, and beyond these a wall of steep rocks, making farther progress difficult, if not impossible. But Edward, whose hunting experience had made him thoroughly familiar with the spot, pushed forward along an overgrown path with Ottilie, knowing well that the old mill could not be far off, which was somewhere in the middle of the rocks there. The path was so little frequented, that they soon lost it; and for a short time they were wandering among mossy stones and thickets: it was not for long, however; the noise of the water-wheel speedily telling them that the

place which they were looking for was close at hand. Stepping forward on a point of rock, they saw the strange, old, dark wooden building in the hollow before them, quite shadowed over with precipitous crags and huge trees. They determined without hesitation to descend across the moss and the blocks of stone. Edward led the way; and when he looked back and saw Ottilie following, stepping lightly, without fear or nervousness, from stone to stone, so beautifully balancing herself, he fancied he was looking at some celestial creature floating above him: while if, as she often did, she caught the hand which in some difficult spot he would offer her, or if she supported herself on his shoulder, then he was left in no doubt that it was a very exquisite human creature who touched him. He almost wished that she might slip or stumble, that he might catch her in his arms and press her to his heart. This, however, he would under no circumstances have done, for more than one reason. He was afraid to wound her, and he was afraid to do her some bodily injury.

What the meaning of this could be, we shall immediately learn. When they had got down, and were seated opposite each other at a table under the trees, and when the miller's wife had gone for milk, and the miller, who had come out to them, was sent to meet Charlotte and the captain, Edward, with a little embarrassment, began to speak.

"I have a request to make, dear Ottilie: you will forgive me for asking it, if you will not grant it. You make no secret (I am sure you need not make any) that you wear a miniature under your dress against your breast. It is the picture of your noble father, whom you hardly ever knew; but in every sense he deserves a place by your heart. But, excuse me, the picture is much too large; and the metal frame and the glass, if you take up a child in your arms, if you

are carrying anything, if the carriage swings violently, if we are pushing through bushes, or just now, as we were coming down these rocks, make me extremely anxious on your account. Any unforeseen blow, a fall, a touch, may be fatally injurious to you; and I am terrified at the possibility of it. For my sake do this: put away the picture, not out of your affections, not out of your room; let it have the brightest, the holiest place which you can give it; only do not wear upon your breast a thing the presence of which seems to me, perhaps from an extravagant anxiety, so dangerous."

Ottilie was silent: while he was speaking, she had kept her eyes fixed straight before her; then, without hesitation and without haste, with a look turned more toward heaven than on Edward, she unclasped the chain, drew out the picture, and pressed it against her forehead, and then reached it over to her friend, with the words:

"Keep it for me till we get home: I cannot give you a better proof how deeply I thank you for your affectionate care."

He did not venture to press the picture to his lips; but he seized her hand, and raised it to his eyes. They were perhaps two of the most beautiful hands which had ever been clasped together. He felt as if a stone had fallen from his heart, as if a partition-wall had been thrown down between him and Ottilie.

Under the miller's guidance, Charlotte and the captain came down by an easier path, and now joined them. There was the meeting, and a happy talk; and then they took some refreshments. They would not return by the same way as they came; and Edward struck into a rocky path on the other side of the stream, from which the ponds were again to be seen. They made their way along it with some effort, and then had to cross a variety of wood and copse, getting glimpses,

on the land side, of a number of villages, and manor-houses with their green lawns and fruit-gardens; while very near them, and sweetly situated on a rising ground, a farm lay in the middle of the wood. From a gentle ascent, they had a view before and behind which showed them the richness of the country to the greatest advantage; and then, entering a grove of trees, they found themselves, on again emerging from it, on the rock opposite the castle.

They came upon it rather unexpectedly, and were of course delighted. They had made the circuit of a little world: they were standing on the spot where the new building was to be erected, and were looking again at the windows of their own home.

They went down to the summer-house, and sat all four in it for the first time together: nothing was more natural than that with one voice it should be proposed to have the way they had been that day, and which, as it was, had taken them much time and trouble, properly laid out and gravelled, so that people might loiter along it at their leisure. They each said what they thought; and they reckoned up that the circuit, over which they had taken many hours, might be travelled easily, with a good road all the way round to the castle, in a single one.

Already a plan was being suggested for shortening the distance, and adding a fresh beauty to the landscape, by throwing a bridge across the stream, below the mill, where it ran into the lake, when Charlotte brought their inventive imagination somewhat to a standstill by putting them in mind of the expense which such an undertaking would involve.

"There are ways of meeting that too," replied Edward; "we have only to dispose of that farm in the forest, which is so pleasantly situated, and which brings in so little in the way of rent: the sum which will be set free will more than cover what we shall re-

quire; and thus, having gained an invaluable walk, we shall receive the interest of well-expended capital in substantial enjoyment, instead of, as now, in the summing up at the end of the year, vexing and fretting ourselves over the pitiful little income which is returned for it."

Even Charlotte, with all her prudence, had little to urge against this. There had been, indeed, a previous intention of selling the farm. The captain was ready immediately with a plan for breaking up the ground into small portions among the peasantry of the forest. Edward, however, had a simpler and shorter way of managing it. His present steward had already proposed to take it off his hands: he was to pay for it by instalments, and so gradually, as the money came in, they would get their work forward from point to point.

So reasonable and prudent a scheme was sure of universal approbation; and they began already in prospect to see their new walk winding along its way, and to imagine the many beautiful views and charming spots which they hoped to discover in its neighbourhood.

To bring it all before them with greater fulness of detail, in the evening they produced the new chart. With the help of this they went over again the way that they had come, and found various places where the walk might take a rather different direction with advantage. Their other scheme was now once more talked through, and connected with the fresh design. The site for the new house in the park, opposite the castle, was a second time examined into and approved, and fixed upon for the termination of the intended circuit.

Ottilie had said nothing all this time. At length Edward pushed the chart, which had hitherto been lying before Charlotte, across to her, begging her to give her opinion: she still hesitated for a moment.

Edward in his gentlest way again pressed her to let them know what she thought: nothing had as yet been settled, it was all as yet in embryo.

"I would have the house built here," she said, as she pointed with her finger to the highest point of the slope on the hill. "It is true you cannot see the castle from there, for it is hidden by the wood; but for that very reason you find yourself in another quite new world: you lose village and houses and all at the same time. The view of the ponds, with the mill, and the hills and mountains in the distance, is singularly beautiful. I noticed it when passing."

"She is right!" Edward cried: "how could we have overlooked it? This is what you mean, Ottilie, is it not?" He took a lead-pencil, and drew a great black rectangular figure on the summit of the hill.

It pierced the captain's soul to see his carefully and clearly drawn chart disfigured in such a way. He collected himself, however, after a slight expression of his disapproval, and took up the idea. "Ottilie is right," he said: "we are ready enough to walk any distance to drink tea or eat fish, because they would not have tasted as well at home: we require change of scene and change of objects. Your ancestors showed their judgment in choosing this spot for their castle; for it is sheltered from the wind, with the conveniences of life close at hand. A place, on the contrary, which is more for pleasure-parties than for a regular residence would do very well there; and in the fair time of the year the most agreeable hours may be spent in it."

The more they talked it over, the more conclusive was their judgment in favour of Ottilie; and Edward could not conceal his triumph that the thought had been hers. He was as proud as if he had hit upon it himself.

CHAPTER VIII.

EARLY the following morning, the captain examined the spot. He first threw off a sketch of what should be done; and afterward, when the thing had been more completely decided on, he made a complete design, with accurate calculations and measurements. It cost him a good deal of labour, and the business connected with the sale of the farm had to be gone into: so that both the gentlemen now found a fresh impulse to activity.

The captain made Edward observe that it would be proper, indeed that it would be a kind of duty, to celebrate Charlotte's birthday with laying the foundation-stone. Not much was wanted to overcome Edward's disinclination for such festivities; for he quickly recollected, that, a little later, Ottilie's birthday would follow, and that he could have a magnificent celebration for that.

Charlotte, to whom all this work and what it would involve was a subject for much serious and almost anxious thought, busied herself in carefully going through the time and outlay which it was calculated would be expended on it. During the day they rarely saw each other: so that the evening meeting was looked forward to with all the more anxiety.

Ottilie was, in the meantime, complete mistress of the household; and how could it be otherwise, with her quick, methodical ways of working? Indeed, her whole mode of thought was suited better to home-life than to the world, and to a more free existence. Ed-

ward soon observed that she only walked about with them out of a desire to please; that, when she stayed out late with them in the evening, it was because she thought it a sort of social duty; and that she would often find a pretext in some household matter for going in again, — consequently, he soon managed so to arrange the walks they took together, that they should be at home before sunset; and he began again, what he had long left off, to read aloud poetry, particularly such as had for its subject the expression of a pure but passionate love.

They ordinarily sat in the evening in the same places round a small table. — Charlotte on the sofa, Ottilie on a chair opposite to her, and the gentlemen on each side. Ottilie's place was on Edward's right, the side where he put the candle when he was reading: at such times she would draw her chair a little nearer, to look over him; for Ottilie also trusted her own eyes better than another person's lips; and Edward would then always make a move toward her, that it might be as easy as possible for her, — indeed, he would frequently make longer stops than necessary, that he might not turn over before she had got to the bottom of the page.

Charlotte and the captain observed this, and would often look at each other, smiling; but they were both taken by surprise at another symptom, in which Ottilie's latent feeling accidentally displayed itself.

One evening, which had been partly spoiled for them by a tedious visit, Edward proposed that they should not separate so early, — he felt inclined for music, — he would take his flute, which he had not done for many days past. Charlotte looked for the sonatas they generally played together, and they were not to be found. Ottilie, with some hesitation, said she had taken them to her room.

"And you can, you will, accompany me on the piano?" cried Edward, his eyes sparkling with pleas-

ure. "I think perhaps I can," Ottilie answered. She brought the music, and sat down to the instrument. The others listened, and were sufficiently surprised to hear how perfectly Ottilie had taught herself the piece; but far more surprised were they at the way in which she contrived to adapt herself to Edward's style of playing. Adapt herself is not the right expression: Charlotte's skill and power enabled her, in order to please her husband, to keep up with him when he played too fast, and hold in for him if he hesitated; but Ottilie, who had several times heard them play the sonata together, seemed to have learned it according to the idea in which they accompanied each other: she had so completely made his defects her own, that a kind of living whole resulted from it, which did not move, indeed, according to exact rule; but the effect of it was in the highest degree pleasant and delightful. The composer himself would have been pleased to hear his work disfigured in so charming a manner.

Charlotte and the captain watched this strange, unexpected occurrence in silence, with the kind of feeling with which we often observe the actions of children, — unable, exactly, to approve of them, from the serious consequences which may follow, and yet without being able to find fault, perhaps with a kind of envy. For, indeed, the regard of these two for one another was growing also, as well as that of the others; and it was, perhaps, only the more perilous because they were both more staid, more certain of themselves, and better able to restrain themselves.

The captain had already begun to feel that a habit he could not resist was threatening to bind him to Charlotte. He forced himself to stay away at the hour when she commonly used to be at the works; by getting up very early in the morning, he contrived to finish there whatever he had to do, and retired to the

castle, in order to work in his own room. The first day or two Charlotte thought it was an accident: she looked for him in every place where she thought he might possibly be. Then she thought she understood him, and admired him all the more.

Avoiding, as the captain now did, being alone with Charlotte, the more industriously did he labour to hurry forward the preparations for keeping her rapidly approaching birthday with all splendour. While he was bringing up the new road from below, behind the village, he made the men, under pretence that he wanted stones, begin working at the top as well, and work down, to meet the others: and he had calculated his arrangements so that the two should exactly meet on the eve of the day. The excavations for the new house were already done: the rock was blown away with gunpowder; and a fair foundation-stone had been hewn, with a hollow chamber, and a flat slab adjusted to cover it.

This outward activity, these little mysterious purposes of friendship, prompted by feelings they were obliged to repress more or less, rather prevented the little party when together from being as lively as usual. Edward, who felt that there was a sort of void, one evening called upon the captain to fetch his violin, — Charlotte should play the piano, and he should accompany her. The captain was unable to refuse the general request; and they executed together one of the most difficult pieces of music with an ease and freedom and feeling which could not but afford themselves, and the two who were listening to them, the greatest delight. They promised themselves a frequent repetition of it, as well as further practice together. "They do it better than we, Ottilie," said Edward: "we will admire them — but we can enjoy ourselves together, too."

CHAPTER IX.

THE birthday had come, and everything was ready. The wall was all complete which protected the raised village road against the water, and so was the walk: passing the church, for a short time it followed the path which had been laid out by Charlotte, and then, winding upwards among the rocks, inclined first under the summer-house to the right, and then, after a wide sweep, passed back above it to the right again, and so by degrees out on to the summit.

A large party had assembled for the occasion. They went first to church, where they found the whole congregation collected together in their holiday dresses. After service, they filed out in order: first the boys, then the young men, then the old; after them came the party from the castle, with their visitors and retinue; and the village maidens, young girls, and women brought up the rear.

At the turn of the walk, a raised stone seat had been contrived, where the captain made Charlotte and the visitors stop and rest. From here they could look over the whole distance from the beginning to the end, — the troops of men who had gone up before them, the file of women following, and now drawing up to where they were. It was lovely weather, and the whole effect was singularly beautiful. Charlotte was taken by surprise: she was touched, and she pressed the captain's hand warmly.

They followed the crowd, who had slowly ascended, and were now forming a circle round the spot where

the future house was to stand. The lord of the castle, his family, and the principal strangers were now invited to descend into the vault, where the foundation-stone, supported on one side, lay ready to be let down. A well-dressed mason, a trowel in one hand and a hammer in the other, came forward, and, with much grace, spoke an address in verse, of which in prose we can give but an imperfect rendering.

"Three things," he began, "are to be looked to in a building: that it stand on the right spot, that it be securely founded, that it be successfully executed. The first is the business of the master of the house, — his, and his only. As in the city the prince and the council alone determine where a building shall he: so in the country it is the right of the lord of the soil that he shall say, 'Here my dwelling shall stand, — here, and nowhere else.'"

Edward and Ottilie were standing opposite one another as these words were spoken, but they did not venture to look up and exchange glances.

"To the third, the execution, there is neither art nor handicraft which must not in some way contribute. But the second, the founding, is the province of the mason; and, boldly to speak it out, it is the head and front of all the undertaking. A solemn thing it is, and our bidding you descend hither is full of meaning. You are celebrating your festival in the depth of the earth. Here, within this narrow excavation, you show us the honour of appearing as witnesses of our mysterious craft. Presently we shall lower down this carefully hewn stone into its place; and soon these earth walls, now ornamented with fair and worthy persons, will be no more accessible, but will be closed in for ever.

"This foundation-stone, which with its angles typifies the just angles of the building; with the sharpness of its moulding, the regularity of it; and with the truth of its lines to the horizonal and perpendicular,

the uprightness and equal height of all the walls,—we might now without more ado let down: it would rest in its place with its own weight. But even here there shall not fail of lime and means to bind it. For as human beings, who may be well inclined to each other by nature, yet hold more firmly together when the law cements them: so are stones also, whose forms may already fit together, united far better by these binding forces. It is not seemly to be idle amidst the busy, and here you will not refuse to be our fellow labourer." With these words he reached the trowel to Charlotte, who threw mortar with it under the stone; several of the others were then desired to do the same, and then it was at once let fall. Upon which the hammer was placed next in Charlotte's, and then in the others', hands, to strike three times with it, and conclude, in this expression, the union of the stone with the soil.

"The work of the mason," the speaker continued, "now under the free sky as we are, if it be not done in concealment, yet must pass into concealment; the soil will be laid smoothly in, and thrown over this stone; and, with the walls which we rear into the daylight, we in the end are seldom remembered. The works of the stone-cutter and the carver remain under the eyes: but for us it is not to complain when the plasterer blots out the last trace of our hands, and appropriates our work to himself; when he overlays, smooths, and colours it.

"Not from regard for the opinion of others, but from respect for himself, the mason will be faithful in his calling. There is no one who has more need to feel in himself the consciousness of what he is. When the house has been erected, when the soil is levelled, and the surface paved, and the outside all overwrought with ornament, he can even see in yet through all disguises, and still recognise those exact and careful

adjustments to which the whole is indebted for its existence and support.

"But as the man who commits some evil deed has to fear, that, notwithstanding all precautions, it will one day come to light: so too must he expect who has done some good thing in secret, that it also, in spite of him, will appear in the day; and therefore we make this foundation-stone at the same time a memorial-stone. Here, in these various cavities which have been hewn into it, many things are now to be buried, to bear witness to distant posterity. These metal cases hermetically sealed contain documents in writing; matters of various note are engraved on these plates; in these beautiful glass bottles we bury the best old wine, with the date of its vintage. We have coins, too, of many kinds, from the mint of the current year. All this we have received through the liberality of him for whom we build. There is still some space left, if any guest or spectator desire to offer something for posterity."

After a slight pause the speaker looked round: but, as is commonly the case on such occasions, no one was prepared; they were all taken by surprise. At last, a merry-looking young officer set the example, and said, "If I am to contribute anything, which as yet is not to be found in this treasure-chamber, it shall be a pair of buttons from my uniform. — I don't see why they do not deserve to go down to posterity!" No sooner said than done, and then a number of persons found something of the same sort which they could do: the young ladies did not hesitate to throw in some of their side hair-combs; smelling-bottles and other trinkets were not spared. Only Ottilie hung back, till a kind word from Edward roused her from the abstraction in which she was watching the various things being heaped in. Then she unclasped from her neck the gold chain on which her father's picture had hung, and with a light,

gentle hand laid it down on the other jewels. Edward rather disarranged the proceedings by at once, in some haste, having the cover let fall, and fastened down.

The young journeyman mason who had been most active through all this, again took his place as orator, and went on, "We lay down this stone for ever, for the establishing the present and the future possessors of this house. But in that we bury this treasure together with it, we do it in the remembrance — in this most enduring of works — of the perishableness of all human things. We remember that a time may come when this lid so firmly sealed shall again be lifted; and that can only be when all shall again be destroyed, which as yet we have not brought into being.

"But now — now that at once it may begin to be, back with our thoughts out of the future, — back into the present. At once, after the feast which we have this day kept together, let us on with our labour: let no one of all those trades which are to work on our foundation, through us keep unwilling holiday. Let the building rise swiftly to its height; and, from the windows which as yet have no existence, may the master of the house, his family, and guests look forth with a glad heart over his broad lands. To him and to all here present herewith be health and happiness."

With these word he drained a richly cut tumbler at a draught, and flung it into the air, thereby to signify the excess of pleasure by destroying the vessel which had served for such a solemn occasion. This time, however, it fell out otherwise. The glass did not fall back to the earth, and indeed without a miracle.

In order to get forward with the buildings, they had already excavated the whole ground at the opposite corner; indeed, they had begun to raise the wall, and, for this purpose, reared a scaffold as high as was absolutely necessary. On the occasion of the festival, boards had been laid along the top of this; and a num-

ber of spectators were allowed to stand there. It had been meant principally for the advantage of the workmen themselves. The glass had flown up there, and had been caught by one of them, who took it as a sign of good luck for himself. He waved it round without letting it go from his hand; and the letters E and O were to be seen very richly cut upon it, running one into the other. It was one of the glasses which had been made to order for Edward when he was a boy.

The scaffoldings were again deserted; and the most active among the party climbed up to look round, and could not say enough in praise of the beauty of the prospect on all sides. How many new discoveries a person makes when, on some high point, he ascends a somewhat higher eminence. Inland many fresh villages came in sight. The line of the river could be traced like a thread of silver; indeed, one of the party thought that he distinguished the spires of the capital. On the other side, behind the wooded hill, the blue peaks of the far-off mountains were seen rising; and the country immediately about them was spread out like a map.

"If the three ponds," cried some one, "were but thrown together to make a single sheet of water, there would be everything here which is noblest and most excellent."

"That might easily be effected," the captain said. "In early times they must have formed all one lake among the hills here."

"Only I must beseech you to spare my clump of plane-trees and poplars that stand so prettily by the centre pond," said Edward. "Look," he said, turning to Ottilie, bringing her a few steps forward, and pointing down, "those trees I planted myself."

"How long have they been standing there?" asked Ottilie.

"Just about as long as you have been in the world,"

replied Edward. "Yes, my dear child, I planted them when you were still lying in your cradle."

The party now betook themselves back to the castle. When dinner was over, they were invited to walk through the village to take a glance at what had been done there as well. At a hint from the captain, the inhabitants had collected in front of the houses. They were not standing in rows, but formed in natural family groups, partly occupied at their evening work, partly enjoying themselves on the new benches. They had determined, as an agreeable duty which they imposed upon themselves, to have everything in its present order and cleanliness, at least every Sunday and holiday.

A small party, held together by such feelings as had grown up among our friends, is always unpleasantly interrupted by a large concourse of people. All four were delighted to find themselves again alone in the large drawing-room; but this sense of home was a little disturbed by a letter which was brought to Edward, giving notice of fresh guests who were to arrive the following day.

"It is as we supposed," Edward cried to Charlotte. "The count will not stay away; he is coming to-morrow."

"Then, the baroness, too, is not far off," answered Charlotte.

"Doubtless not," said Edward. "She is coming, too, to-morrow, from another place. They only beg to be allowed to stay for a night: the next day they will go on together."

"We must prepare for them in time, Ottilie," said Charlotte.

"What arrangement shall I desire to be made?" Ottilie asked.

Charlotte gave a general direction, and Ottilie left the room.

The captain inquired in what relation these two persons stood toward one another, and with which he was only very generally acquainted. They had some time before, both being already married, fallen violently in love with one another: a double marriage was not to be interfered with without attracting attention. A divorce was proposed. On the baroness's side it could be effected, on that of the count it could not. They were obliged seemingly to separate, but their position toward one another remained unchanged; and though in winter at the Residence they were unable to be together, they indemnified themselves in summer, while making tours and staying at watering-places.

They were both slightly older than Edward and Charlotte, and had been intimate with them from early times at court. The connection had never been absolutely broken off, although it was impossible to approve of their proceedings. On the present occasion, their coming was most unwelcome to Charlotte; and, if she had looked closely into her reasons for feeling it so, she would have found it was on account of Ottilie. The poor, innocent girl should not have been brought so early in contact with such an example.

"It would have been just as well if they had not come till a couple of days later," Edward was saying, as Ottilie reëntered, "till we had finished with this business of the farm. The deed of sale is complete. One copy of it I have here; but we want a second, and our old clerk has fallen ill." The captain offered his services, and so did Charlotte; but there was something or other to object to both of them.

"Give it to me," cried Ottilie, a little hastily.

"You will never be able to finish it," said Charlotte.

"And really I must have it early the day after tomorrow, and it is long," Edward added.

"It shall be ready," Ottilie cried; and the paper was already in her hands.

The next morning, as they were looking out from their highest windows for their visitors, whom they intended to go some way and meet, Edward said, "Who is that yonder, slowly riding along the road?"

The captain described accurately the figure of the horseman.

"Then, it is he," said Edward: "the particulars, which you can see better than I, agree very well with the general figure, which I can see too. It is Mittler; but what is he doing, coming riding at such a pace as that?"

The figure came nearer, and Mittler it veritably was. They received him with warm greetings, as he came slowly up the steps.

"Why did you not come yesterday?" Edward cried, as he approached.

"I do not like your grand festivities," answered he; "but I have come to-day to keep my friend's birthday with you quietly."

"How are you able to find time enough?" asked Edward, with a laugh.

"My visit, if you can value it, you owe to an observation I made yesterday. I was spending a right happy afternoon in a house where I had established peace, and then I heard that a birthday was being kept here. 'Now, this is what I call selfish, after all,' said I to myself: 'you will only enjoy yourself with those whose broken peace you have mended. Why cannot you, for once, go and be happy with friends who keep the peace for themselves?' No sooner said than done. Here I am, as I determined with myself that I would be."

"Yesterday you would have met a large party here: to-day you will find but a small one," said Charlotte. "You will meet the count and the baroness, with whom you have had enough to do already, I believe."

Out of the middle of the party, who had all four come down to welcome him, the strange man dashed

in the keenest disgust, seizing, at the same time, his hat and whip. "Some unlucky star is always over me," he cried, "directly I try to rest and enjoy myself. What business have I going out of my proper character? I ought never to have come, and now I am expelled. Under one roof with those two I will not remain, and you take care of yourselves. They bring nothing but mischief. Their nature is like leaven, and propagates its own contagion."

They tried to pacify him, but it was in vain. "Whoever strikes at marriage," he cried, — "whoever, either by word or deed, undermines this, the foundation of all moral society, that man has to settle with me; and, if I cannot become his master, I take care to settle myself out of his way. Marriage is the beginning and end of all culture. It makes the savage mild, and the most cultivated has no better opportunity for displaying his gentleness. Indissoluble it must be, because it brings so much happiness that what small, exceptional unhappiness it may bring counts for nothing in the balance. And what do men mean by talking of unhappiness? All men have, at times, fits of impatience, when they fancy themselves unhappy. Let them wait till the moment is gone by, and then they will bless their good fortune that what has stood so long continues standing. There never can be any adequate ground for separation. The condition of man is pitched so high, in its joys and in its sorrows, that what a married couple owe to one another defies calculation. It is an infinite debt, which can only be discharged through all eternity.

"Its annoyances marriage may often have: I can well believe that, and it is as it should be. We are all married to our consciences, and there are times when we should be glad to be divorced from them. Mine gives me more annoyance than ever a man or a woman can give."

Such were his words, uttered with great vivacity; and he would very likely have gone on speaking, had not the sound of the postilions' horns announced the arrival of the visitors, who, as if by a preconcerted arrangement, at the same moment drove into the castle courtyard from opposite sides. Mittler slipped away as their host hastened to receive them, and, desiring that his horse might be brought out immediately, rode angrily off.

CHAPTER X.

THE visitors were welcomed, and brought in. They were delighted to find themselves again in the same house and in the same rooms where in early times they had passed many happy days, but which they had not seen for a long time. Their friends, too, were very glad to see them. Both the count and the baroness had those tall, fine figures, which please in middle life almost better than in youth. For, although their first bloom had somewhat faded, there was an air in their appearance which was always irresistibly attractive. Their manners, too, were thoroughly charming. Their free way of taking hold of life, and dealing with it, their mirthfulness, apparent ease, and freedom from embarrassment, communicated itself at once to the rest; and a lighter atmosphere hung about the whole party, without their having observed it stealing on them.

The effect was immediately felt on the entrance of the newcomers. They were fresh from the fashionable world, as was to be seen at once in their dress, in their equipment, and in everything about them; and they formed a contrast, not a little striking, with our friends, their rural style, and the vehement feelings actuating them in secret. This, however, very soon disappeared in the stream of past recollection and present interests; and a rapid, lively conversation soon united them all. After a short time, they again separated. The ladies withdrew to their own apartments, and there found amusement enough in the many things they had to

tell each other, and in setting to work, at the same time, to examine the new fashions, the spring dresses, bonnets, and such like; while the gentlemen busied themselves looking at the new travelling-chariots, trotting out the horses, and beginning at once to bargain and exchange.

They did not meet again till dinner: in the meantime they had changed their dress. And here, too, the newly arrived pair showed to all advantage. Everything they wore was new, and of a style such as their friends at the castle had never seen; and yet, being accustomed to it themselves, it appeared perfectly natural and graceful.

The conversation was brilliant and varied; as, indeed, in the presence of such persons, everything and nothing seems to be of interest. They spoke in French, that the attendants might not understand what they said, and swept, in happiest humour, over all that was passing in the great or the middle world. On one particular subject they remained, however, longer than was desirable. It was occasioned by Charlotte asking after one of her early friends, of whom she had to learn, with some distress, that she was on the point of being separated from her husband.

"It is a melancholy thing," Charlotte said, "when we fancy our absent friends are finally settled, when we believe persons very dear to us to be provided for for life, suddenly to hear that their fortunes are cast loose once more; that they have to strike into a fresh path of life, and very likely a most insecure one."

"Indeed, my dear friend," the count answered, "it is our own fault if we allow ourselves to be surprised at such things. We please ourselves with imagining matters of this earth, and particularly matrimonial connections, as very enduring: and, as concerns this last point, the plays which we see over and over again help to mislead us; being, as they are, so untrue to the course

of the world. In a comedy we see a marriage as the last aim of a desire which is hindered and crossed through a number of acts; and at the instant when it is reached the curtain falls, and the momentary satisfaction continues to ring on in our ears. But in the world it is very different. The play goes on still behind the scenes; and, when the curtain rises again, we may see and hear, perhaps, little enough of the marriage."

"It cannot be so very bad, however," said Charlotte, smiling. "We see people who have gone off the boards of the theatre, ready enough to undertake a part upon them again."

"There is nothing to be said against that," said the count. "In a new character a man may readily venture on a second trial; and, when we know the world, we see clearly that it is only this positive, eternal duration of marriage in a world where everything is in motion, which has anything unbecoming about it. A friend of mine, whose good humour shone forth principally in suggestions for new laws, maintained that every marriage should be concluded only for five years. Five, he said, was a sacred number, — pretty and uneven. Such a period would be long enough for people to learn one another's character, bring a child or two into the world, quarrel, separate, and, what was best, get reconciled again. He would often exclaim, 'How happily the first part of the time would pass away!' Two or three years, at least, would be perfect bliss. On one side or other, there would not fail to be a wish to have the relation continue longer; and the amiability would increase, the nearer they got to the time of parting. The indifferent, even the dissatisfied, party, would be softened and gained over by such behaviour: they would forget, as in pleasant company the hours pass always unobserved, how the time went by, and would be delightfully surprised when, after

the term had run out, they first observed that they had unknowingly prolonged it."

Charming and pleasant as all this sounded, and deep (Charlotte felt it to her soul) as was the moral significance which lay below it, expressions of this kind, on Ottilie's account, were most distasteful to her. She knew very well that nothing was more dangerous than the licentious conversation which treats culpable or semi-culpable actions as if they were common, ordinary, and even laudable; and of such undesirable kind assuredly was whatever touched on the sacredness of marriage. She therefore endeavoured, in her skilful way, to give the conversation another turn; and, when she found that she could not, it vexed her that Ottilie had managed everything so well that there was no occasion for her to leave the table. In her quiet, observant way, a nod or a look was enough for her to signify to the head servant whatever was to be done; and everything went off perfectly, although there were a couple of strange men in livery in the way, who were rather a trouble than a convenience. And so the count, without perceiving Charlotte's hints, went on giving his opinions on the same subject. It was not his wont to be tedious in conversation; but this was a thing which weighed so heavily on his heart, and the difficulties he found in getting separated from his wife were so great, that it had made him bitter against everything concerning the marriage bond, — that very bond which, nevertheless, he so anxiously desired for himself and the baroness.

"The same friend," he went on, "has another law to propose. A marriage is to be held indissoluble, only either when both parties, or at least one, enter into it for the third time. Such persons must be supposed to acknowledge beyond a doubt that they find marriage indispensable for themselves; they have had opportunities of thoroughly knowing themselves; of knowing

how they conducted themselves in their earlier unions; whether they have any peculiarities of temper, which are a more frequent cause of separation than bad dispositions. People would then observe one another more closely: they would pay as much attention to the married as to the unmarried, no one being able to tell how things may turn out."

"That would add no little to the interest of society," said Edward. "As things are now, when a man is married, nobody cares any more, either for his virtues or for his vices."

"Under this arrangement," the baroness rejoined, smiling, "our dear hosts have passed successfully two stages, and may make themselves ready for their third."

"Things have gone happily with them," said the count. "In their case, death has done with a good grace what in other cases the consistorial courts do with a very bad one."

"Let the dead rest," said Charlotte, with a half-serious look.

"Why so," replied the count, "when we can remember them with honour? They were generous enough to content themselves with less than their number of years for the sake of the larger good which they could leave behind them."

"Alas! that in such cases," said the baroness, with a suppressed sigh, "happiness is only bought with the sacrifice of our fairest years."

"Yes, indeed," answered the count; "and it might drive us to despair, if it were not the same with everything in this world. Nothing goes as we hope. Children do not fulfil what they promise; young people very seldom; and, if they do, the world does not."

Charlotte, who was delighted that the conversation had changed at last, replied cheerfully:

"Well, then, we must content ourselves with enjoying what good we are to have in fragments and pieces,

as we can get it; and the sooner we can accustom ourselves to this the better."

"Certainly," the count answered, "you two have had the enjoyment of very happy times. When I recall the years when you and Edward were the loveliest couple at the court, I see nothing now to be compared with those brilliant times and such magnificent figures. When you two used to dance together, all eyes were turned upon you, fastened upon you; while you saw nothing but each other."

"So much has changed since those days," said Charlotte, "that we can listen to such pretty things about ourselves without our modesty being shocked at them."

"I often privately found fault with Edward," said the count, "for not being more firm. Those singular parents of his would certainly have given way at last, and ten fair years is no trifle to gain."

"I must take Edward's part," struck in the baroness. "Charlotte was not altogether without fault, — not altogether free from what we must call prudential considerations: and although she had a real, hearty love for Edward, and did in her secret soul intend to marry him, I can bear witness how sorely she often tried him; and it was through this that he was at last unluckily prevailed upon to leave her and go abroad, and try to forget her."

Edward nodded to the baroness, and seemed grateful for her advocacy.

"And then I must add this," she continued, "in excuse for Charlotte. The man who was at that time wooing her had for a long time given proofs of his constant attachment to her, and, when one came to know him well, was a far more lovable person than the rest of you may like to acknowledge."

"Dear friend," the count replied, a little pointedly, "confess, now, that he was not altogether indifferent to yourself, and that Charlotte had more to fear from you

than from any other rival. I find it one of the highest traits in women, that they preserve so long their regard for a man, and that absence of no duration will serve to disturb or remove it."

"This fine feature men possess, perhaps, even more," answered the baroness. "At any rate, I have observed with you, my dear count, that no one has more influence over you than a lady to whom you were once attached. I have seen you take more trouble to do things when a certain person has asked you, than the friend of this moment would have obtained of you, if she had tried."

"Such a charge as that one must bear the best way one can," replied the count. "But, as to what concerns Charlotte's first husband, I could not endure him; because he parted so sweet a pair from one another, — a really predestined pair, who, once brought together, have no reason to fear the five years, or be thinking of a second or third marriage."

"We must try," Charlotte said, "to make up for what we then allowed to slip from us."

"Ay, and you must keep to that," said the count: "your first marriages," he continued, with some vehemence, "were exactly marriages of the true detestable sort. And, unhappily, marriages generally, even the best, have (forgive me for using a strong expression) something awkward about them. They destroy the delicacy of the relation: everything is made to rest on the broad certainty out of which one side or other, at least, is too apt to make their own advantage. It is all a matter of course; and they seem only to have got themselves tied together, that one or the other, or both, may go their own way the more easily."

At this moment, Charlotte, who was determined once for all that she would put an end to the conversation, made a bold effort at turning it, and succeeded. It then became more general. She and her husband and

the captain were able to take a part in it. Even Ottilie had to give her opinion, and the dessert was enjoyed in the happiest humour. It was particularly beautiful, being composed almost entirely of the rich summer fruits in elegant baskets, with epergnes of lovely summer flowers arranged in exquisite taste.

The new laying-out of the park came to be spoken of, and immediately after dinner they went to look at what was going on. Ottilie withdrew, under pretence of having household matters to look to; in reality, it was to set to work again at the transcribing. The count fell into conversation with the captain, and Charlotte afterward joined them. When they were at the summit, the captain good-naturedly ran back to fetch the plan; and, in his absence, the count said to Charlotte:

"He is an exceedingly pleasing person. He is very well informed, and his knowledge is always ready. His practical power, too, seems methodical and vigorous. What he is doing here would be of great importance in some higher sphere."

Charlotte listened to the captain's praises with an inward delight. She collected herself, however, and composedly and clearly confirmed what the count had said. But she was not a little startled when he continued:

"This acquaintance falls most opportunely for me. I know of a situation for which he is perfectly suited; and I shall be doing the greatest favour to a friend of mine, a man of high rank, by recommending to him a person who is so exactly everything which he desires."

Charlotte felt as if a stroke of thunder had fallen on her. The count did not observe it: women, being accustomed at all times to hold themselves in restraint, are always able, even in the most extraordinary cases to, maintain an apparent composure; but she heard not a

word more of what the count said, though he went on speaking.

"When I have made up my mind upon a thing," he added, "I am quick about it. I have put my letter together already in my head, and I shall write it immediately. You can find me some messenger, who can ride off with it this evening."

Charlotte was suffering agonies. Startled with the proposal, and shocked at herself, she was unable to utter a word. Happily the count continued talking of his plans for the captain, the desirableness of which was only too apparent to Charlotte.

It was time that the captain returned. He came up, and unrolled his design before the count. But with what changed eyes Charlotte now looked at the friend whom she was to lose! In her necessity she bowed, and turned away, and hurried down to the summer-house. Before she had gone half-way, the tears were streaming from her eyes; and she flung herself into the narrow room in the little hermitage, and gave herself up to an agony, a passion, a despair, of the possibility of which, but a few moments before, she had not had the slightest conception.

Edward had gone with the baroness in the other direction, toward the ponds. This ready-witted lady, who liked to be in the secret about everything, soon observed, in a few conversational feelers which she threw out, that Edward was very fluent and free-spoken in praise of Ottilie. She contrived in the most natural way to draw him out by degrees so completely, that at last she had not a doubt remaining that here was not merely an incipient fancy, but a veritable, full-grown passion.

Married women, if they have no particular love for one another, yet are silently in league together, especially against young girls. The consequences of such an inclination presented themselves only too quickly

to her world-experienced spirit. Added to this, she had been already, in the course of the day, talking to Charlotte about Ottilie: she had disapproved of her remaining in the country, particularly being a girl of so retiring a character; and she had proposed to take Ottilie with her to the residence of a friend, who was just then bestowing great expense on the education of an only daughter, and who was only looking about to find some well-disposed companion for her, to put her in the place of a second child, and let her share in every advantage. Charlotte had taken time to consider. But now this glimpse of the baroness into Edward's heart changed what had been but a suggestion at once into a settled determination; and the more rapidly she made up her mind about it, the more she outwardly seemed to flatter Edward's wishes. Never was there any one more self-possessed than this lady; and to have mastered ourselves in extraordinary cases disposes us to treat even a common case with dissimulation: it makes us inclined, as we have had to do so much violence to ourselves, to extend our control over others, and hold ourselves in a degree compensated in what we outwardly gain for what we inwardly have been obliged to sacrifice. To this feeling there is often joined a kind of secret, spiteful pleasure in the blind, unconscious ignorance with which the victim walks on into the snare. It is not immediate success we enjoy, but the thought of the surprise and exposure which is to follow. And thus was the baroness malicious enough to invite Edward to come with Charlotte, and pay her a visit at the grape-gathering, and, to his question whether they might bring Ottilie with them, to frame an answer which, if he pleased, he might interpret to his wishes.

Edward had already begun to pour out his delight at the beautiful scenery, the broad river, the hills, the rocks, the vineyard, the old castles, the water-parties,

and the jubilee at the grape-gathering, the wine-pressing, etc., — in all of which, in the innocence of his heart, he was only exuberating in the anticipation of the impression which these scenes were to make on the fresh spirits of Ottilie. At this moment they saw her approach: and the baroness said quickly to Edward that he had better say nothing to her of this intended autumn expedition, things which we set our hearts upon so long before so often failing to come to pass. Edward gave his promise: but he obliged his companion to move more quickly to meet her; and at last, when they came very close, he ran on several steps in advance. A heartfelt happiness was expressed in his whole being. He kissed her hand as he pressed into it a nosegay of wild-flowers, which he had gathered on his way.

The baroness felt bitter to her heart at the sight of it. At the same time that she was able to disapprove of what was really objectionable in this affection, she could not bear to see what was sweet and beautiful in it thrown away on such a poor, paltry girl.

When they had collected again at the supper-table, an entirely different temper was spread over the party. The count, who had in the meantime written his letter and despatched a messenger with it, occupied himself with the captain, whom he had been drawing out more and more, spending the whole evening at his side, talking of serious matters. The baroness, who sat on the count's right, found but small amusement in this; nor did Edward find any more. The latter, first because he was thirsty, and then because he was excited, did not spare the wine, and attached himself entirely to Ottilie, whom he had made sit by him. On the other side, next to the captain, sat Charlotte: for her it was hard, it was almost impossible, to conceal the emotion under which she was suffering.

The baroness had sufficient time to make her obser-

vations at leisure. She perceived Charlotte's uneasiness, and, occupied as she was with Edward's passion for Ottilie, easily satisfied herself that her abstraction and distress were owing to her husband's behaviour; and she set herself to consider in what way she could best compass her ends.

Supper was over, and the party remained divided. The count, whose object was to probe the captain to the bottom, had to try many turns before he could arrive at what he wished with so quiet, so little vain, but so exceedingly laconic, a person. They walked up and down together on one side of the saloon; while Edward, excited with wine and hope, was laughing with Ottilie at a window; and Charlotte and the baroness were walking backward and forward, without speaking, on the other side. Their being so silent, and their standing about in this uneasy, listless way, had its effect at last in breaking up the rest of the party. The ladies withdrew to their rooms, the gentlemen to the other wing of the castle; and so this day appeared to be concluded.

CHAPTER XI.

EDWARD went with the count to his room. They continued talking, and he was easily prevailed upon to stay a little longer time there. The count lost himself in old times, spoke eagerly of Charlotte's beauty, which, as a critic, he dwelt upon with much warmth.

"A pretty foot is a great gift of nature," he said. "It is a grace which never perishes. I observed it to-day, as she was walking. I should almost have liked to have kissed her shoe, and repeat that somewhat barbarous but significant practice of the Sarmatians, who know no better way of showing reverence for any one they love or respect, than by using his shoe to drink his health out of."

The point of the foot did not remain the only subject of praise between two old acquaintances: they went from the person back upon old stories and adventures, and came on the hinderances people at that time had thrown in the way of the lovers' meetings, — what trouble they had taken, what arts they had been obliged to devise, only to be able to tell each other that they loved.

"Do you remember," continued the count, "an adventure in which I most unselfishly stood your friend when their Highnesses were on a visit to your uncle, and were all together in that great, straggling castle? The day went in festivities and glitter of all sorts, and a part of the night at least in pleasant conversation."

"And you, in the meantime, had observed the back

way which led to the court ladies' quarter," said Edward, "and so managed to effect an interview for me with my beloved."

"And she," replied the count, "thinking more of propriety than of my enjoyment, had kept a frightful old duenna with her. So that, while you two, between looks and words, got on extremely well together, my lot, in the meanwhile, was far from pleasant."

"Only yesterday," answered Edward, "when you sent word you were coming, I was recalling the story to my wife, and describing our adventure on returning. We missed the road, and got into the entrance-hall from the garden. Knowing our way from thence so well as we did, we supposed we could get along easily enough. But you remember our surprise on opening the door. The floor was covered over with mattresses, on which the giants lay in rows stretched out and sleeping. The single sentinel at his post looked wonderingly at us; but we, in the cool way young men do things, strode quietly on over the outstretched boots, without disturbing a single one of the snoring children of Anak."

"I had the strongest inclination to stumble," the count said, "that there might be an alarm given. What a resurrection we should have witnessed."

At this moment the castle clock struck twelve.

"It is deep midnight," the count added, laughing, "and just the proper time: I must ask you, my dear baron, to show me a kindness. Do you guide me to-night, as I guided you then. I promised the baroness that I would see her before going to bed. We have had no opportunity of any private talk together the whole day. We have not seen each other for a long time, and it is only natural that we should wish for a confidential hour. If you will show me the way there, I will manage to get back

again; and, in any case, there will be no boots for me to stumble over."

"I shall be very glad to show you such a piece of hospitality," answered Edward, "only the three ladies are together in the same wing. Who knows whether we shall not find them still with one another, or make some other mistake, which may have a strange appearance?"

"Do not be afraid," said the count: "the baroness expects me. She is sure by this time to be in her own room, and alone."

"Well, then, the thing is easy enough," Edward answered. He took a candle, and lighted the count down a private staircase leading into a long gallery. At the end of this, he opened a small door. They mounted a winding flight of stairs, which brought them out upon a narrow landing-place; and then, putting the candle in the count's hand, he pointed to a tapestried door on the right, which opened readily at the first trial, and admitted the count, leaving Edward outside in the dark.

Another door on the left led into Charlotte's sleeping-room. He heard her voice, and listened. She was speaking to her maid. "Is Ottilie in bed?" she asked. "No," was the answer: "she is sitting writing in the room below." "You may light the night-lamp," said Charlotte: "I shall not want you any more. It is late. I can put out the candle, and do whatever I may want else myself."

It was a delight to Edward to hear that Ottilie was still writing. She is working for me, he thought triumphantly. Through the darkness, he fancied he could see her sitting all alone at her desk. He thought he would go to her, and see her; and how she would turn to receive him. He felt a longing, which he could not resist, to be near her once more. But, from where he was, there was no way to the apartments

which she occupied. He now found himself immediately at his wife's door. A singular change of feeling came over him. He tried the handle, but the door was bolted. He knocked gently. Charlotte did not hear him. She was walking rapidly up and down in the large dressing-room adjoining. She was repeating over and over what, since the count's unexpected proposal, she had often enough had to say to herself. The captain seemed to stand before her. At home and everywhere, he had become her all in all. And now he was to go, and it was all to be desolate again. She repeated whatever wise things one can say to one's self; she even anticipated, as people so often do, the wretched comfort, that time would come at last to her relief; and then she cursed the time which would have to pass before it could lighten her sufferings — she cursed the dead, cold time when they would be lightened. At last she burst into tears, which were the more welcome as she rarely wept. She flung herself on the sofa, and gave herself up unreservedly to her sufferings. Edward, meanwhile, could not take himself from the door. He knocked again, and a third time somewhat louder; so that Charlotte, in the stillness of the night, distinctly heard it, and started up in fright. Her first thought was, it can only be, it must be, the captain; her second, that it was impossible. She thought she must have been deceived. But surely she had heard it, and she wished and she feared to have heard it. She went into her sleeping-room, and walked lightly up to the bolted tapestry-door. She blamed herself for her fears. "Possibly it may be the baroness wanting something," she said to herself; and she called out quietly and calmly, "Is anybody there?" A light voice answered, "It is I." "Who?" returned Charlotte, not being able to make out the voice. She thought she saw the captain's figure standing at the door. In a slightly louder tone,

she heard the word "Edward." She drew back the bolt, and her husband stood before her. He greeted her with some light jest. She was unable to reply in the same tone. He complicated the mysterious visit by his mysterious explanation of it.

"Well, then," he said at last, "I will confess, the real reason why I am come is, that I have made a vow to kiss your shoe this evening."

"It is long since you thought of such a thing as that," said Charlotte.

"So much the worse," he answered, "and so much the better."

She sat down in an armchair to prevent him from seeing the scantiness of her dress. He flung himself down before her, and she could not prevent him from giving her shoe a kiss. And, when the shoe came off in his hand, he caught her foot, and pressed it tenderly against his breast.

Charlotte was one of those women who, being of a naturally calm temperament, continue in marriage, without any purpose or any effort, the air and character of lovers. She was never expressive toward her husband; generally, indeed, she rather shrank from any warm demonstration on his part. It was not that she was cold, or at all hard and repulsive; but she remained always like a loving bride, who draws back with a kind of shyness, even from what is permitted. And so Edward found her this evening, in a double sense. How greatly she longed that her husband would go: the figure of his friend seemed to hover in the air and reproach her. But what should have had the effect of driving Edward away only attracted him the more. There were visible traces of emotion about her. She had been crying; and tears, which with weak persons detract from their graces, add immeasurably to the attractiveness of those whom we know commonly as strong and self-possessed.

Edward was so agreeable, so gentle, so pressing: he begged to be allowed to stay with her. He did not demand it; but half in fun, half in earnest, he tried to persuade her: he never thought of his rights. At last, as if in mischief, he blew out the candle.

In the dim lamplight, the inward affection, the imagination, maintained their rights over the real: it was Ottilie that was resting in Edward's arms; and the captain, now faintly, now clearly, hovered before Charlotte's soul. And so, strangely intermingled, the absent and the present flowed in a sweet enchantment one into the other.

And yet the present would not let itself be robbed of its own unlovely right. They spent a part of the night talking and laughing at all sorts of things, the more freely, as the heart had no part in it. But when Edward awoke in the morning, on the bosom of his wife, the day seemed to stare in with a sad, awful look, and the sun to be shining in upon a crime. He stole lightly from her side; and she found herself, with strange enough feelings, when she awoke, alone.

CHAPTER XII.

When the party assembled again at breakfast, an attentive observer might have read in the behaviour of its various members the different things which were passing in their inner thoughts and feelings. The count and the baroness met with the air of happiness which a pair of lovers feel, who, after having been forced to endure a long separation, have mutually assured each other of their unaltered affection. On the other hand, Charlotte and Edward equally came into the presence of the captain and Ottilie with a sense of shame and remorse. For such is the nature of love that it believes in no rights except its own, and all other rights vanish away before it. Ottilie was in childlike spirits. For her, she was almost what might be called open. The captain appeared serious. His conversation with the count, which had roused in him feelings that for some time past had been at rest and dormant, had made him only too keenly conscious that here he was not fulfilling his work, and at bottom was but squandering himself in a half-activity of idleness.

Hardly had their guests departed, when fresh visitors were announced, — to Charlotte most welcomely, all she wished for being to be taken out of herself, and to have her attention dissipated. They annoyed Edward, who was longing to devote himself to Ottilie; and Ottilie did not wish for them either, the copy which had to be finished the next morning early being still incomplete. They stayed a long time, and immediately that they were gone she hurried off to her room.

It was now evening. Edward, Charlotte, and the captain had accompanied the strangers some little way on foot, before the latter got into their carriage; and, previous to returning home, they agreed to take a walk along the water-side.

A boat had come, which Edward had had fetched from a distance at no little expense; and they decided that they would try whether it was easy to manage. It was made fast on the bank of the middle pond, not far from some old ash-trees, on which they calculated to make an effect in their future improvements. There was to be a landing-place made there, and under the trees a seat was to be raised and architecturally adorned: it was to be the spot for which people were to make when they went across the water.

"And where had we better have the landing-place on the other side?" said Edward. "I should think, under my plane-trees."

"They stand a little too far to the right," said the captain. "You are nearer the castle if you land farther down. However, we must think about it."

The captain was already standing in the stern of the boat, and had taken up an oar. Charlotte got in, and Edward with her, — he took the other oar; but, as he was on the point of pushing off, he thought of Ottilie, — he recollected that joining in the sail would detain him too long; who could tell when he would get back? He made up his mind shortly and promptly, sprang back to the bank, and, reaching the other oar to the captain, hurried home, making excuses to himself as he ran.

Arriving there, he learned that Ottilie had shut herself up, — she was writing. In spite of the agreeable feeling that she was doing something for him, it was the keenest mortification to him not to be able to see her. His impatience increased every moment. He walked up and down the large drawing-room: he tried a

thousand things, and could not fix his attention upon any. He was longing to see her alone, before Charlotte came back with the captain. It was dark by this time, and the candles were lighted.

At last she came in, beaming with loveliness: the sense that she had done something for her friend had lifted all her being above itself. She put down the original and her transcript on the table before Edward.

"Shall we collate them?" she said, with a smile.

Edward did not know what to answer. He looked at her — he looked at the transcript. The first few sheets were written with the greatest carefulness in a delicate woman's hand; then the strokes appeared to alter, to become more light and free; but who can describe his surprise as he ran his eyes over the concluding page? "For Heaven's sake!" he cried, "what is this? this is my hand!" He looked at Ottilie, and again at the paper: the conclusion, especially, was exactly as if he had written it himself. Ottilie said nothing, but she looked at him with her eyes full of the warmest delight. Edward stretched out his arms. "You love me!" he cried: "Ottilie, you love me!" They fell on each other's breast: which had been the first to catch the other it would have been impossible to distinguish.

From that moment the world was all changed for Edward. He was no longer what he had been, and the world was no longer what it had been. They parted — he held her hands; they gazed in each other's eyes. They were on the point of embracing each other again.

Charlotte entered with the captain. Edward inwardly smiled at their excuses for having stayed out so long. "Oh! how far too soon you have returned," he said to himself.

They sat down to supper. They talked about the people who had been there that day. Edward, full of

love and ecstasy, spoke well of every one, — always sparing, often approving. Charlotte, who was not altogether of his opinion, remarked this temper in him, and jested with him about it, — he, who had always the sharpest thing to say on departed visitors, was this evening so gentle and tolerant.

With fervour and heartfelt conviction, Edward cried, "One has only to love a single creature with all one's heart, and the whole world at once looks lovely!"

Ottilie dropped her eyes on the ground, and Charlotte looked straight before her.

The captain took up the word, and said, "It is the same with deep feelings of respect and reverence: we first learn to recognise what there is that is to be valued in the world, when we find occasion to entertain such sentiments toward a particular object."

Charlotte made an excuse to retire early to her room, where she could give herself up to thinking over what had passed in the course of the evening between herself and the captain.

When Edward, jumping on shore, and, pushing off the boat, had himself committed his wife and his friend to the uncertain element, Charlotte found herself face to face with the man on whose account she had been already secretly suffering so bitterly, sitting in the twilight before her, and sweeping along the boat with the sculls in easy motion. She felt a depth of sadness, very rare with her, weighing on her spirits. The undulating movement of the boat, the splash of the oars, the faint breeze playing over the watery mirror, the sighing of the reeds, the long flight of the birds, the fitful twinkling of the first stars, — there was something spectral about it all in the universal stillness. She fancied her friend was bearing her away to set her on some far-off shore, and leave her there alone; strange emotions were passing through her, and she could not give way to them and weep.

The captain was describing to her the manner in which, according to his opinion, the improvements should be continued. He praised the construction of the boat: it was so convenient, he said, because one person could so easily manage it with a pair of oars. She should herself learn how to do this: there was often a delicious feeling in floating along alone upon the water, one's own ferryman and steersman.

The parting which was impending sank on Charlotte's heart as he was speaking. Is he saying this on purpose? she thought to herself. Does he know it yet? Does he suspect it? or is it only accident, and is he unconsciously foretelling me my fate?

A weary, impatient heaviness took hold of her: she begged him to make for land as soon as possible, and return with her to the castle.

It was the first time the captain had sailed on the ponds; and although he had, upon the whole, ascertained their depth, he did not know accurately the particular spots. Dusk was coming on: he directed his course to a place where he thought it would be easy to get on shore, and from which he knew the foot-path which led to the castle was not far distant. Charlotte, however, repeated her wish to get to land quickly; and the place which he thought of being at a short distance, he gave it up, and, exerting himself as much as he possibly could, made straight for the bank. Unhappily the water was shallow, and he ran aground some way off from it. Owing to the rate at which he was going, the boat got stuck; and all his efforts to move it were in vain. What was to be done? There was no alternative but to get into the water and carry his companion ashore.

It was done without difficulty or danger. He was strong enough not to totter with her, or give her any cause for anxiety; but in her agitation she had thrown her arms about his neck. He held her fast, and

pressed her to himself, and at last laid her down upon a grassy bank, not without emotion and confusion . . . she was still lying on his neck . . . he once more locked her in his arms, and pressed a warm kiss upon her lips. The next moment he was at her feet: he took her hand, and held it to his mouth, and cried:

"Charlotte, will you forgive me?"

The kiss which he had ventured to give, and which she had all but returned to him, brought Charlotte to herself again: she pressed his hand, but she did not attempt to raise him up. She bent down over him, and laid her hand upon his shoulder, and said:

"We cannot now prevent this moment from forming an epoch in our lives, but it depends on us to bear ourselves in a manner which shall be worthy of us. You must go away, my dear friend; and you are going. The count has plans for you, to give you better prospects: I am glad, and I am sorry. I did not mean to speak of it till it was certain, but this moment obliges me to tell you my secret. . . . Since it does not depend on ourselves to alter our feelings, I can only forgive you, I can only forgive myself, if we have the courage to alter our situation." She raised him up, took his arm to support herself, and they walked back to the castle without speaking.

But now she was standing in her own room, where she could not but feel and know that she was Edward's wife. Her strength, and the various discipline in which through life she had trained herself, came to her assistance in the conflict. Accustomed as she had always been to look steadily into herself and to control herself, she did not now find it difficult, with an earnest effort, to come to the resolution which she desired. She could almost smile when she remembered the strange visit of the night before. Suddenly she was seized with a wonderful instinctive feeling, a thrill of fearful delight which changed into holy hope and long-

ing. She knelt earnestly down, and repeated the oath which she had taken to Edward before the altar.

Friendship, affection, renunciation, floated in glad, happy images before her. She felt restored to health and to herself. A sweet weariness came over her, and she calmly fell asleep.

CHAPTER XIII.

EDWARD, on his part, was in a very different temper. So little he thought of sleeping, that it did not once occur to him even to undress himself. A thousand times he kissed the transcript of the document; but it was the beginning of it, in Ottilie's childish, timid hand: the end he scarcely dared to kiss, for he thought it was his own hand which he saw. Oh, that it were another document! he whispered to himself; and, as it was, he felt it was the sweetest assurance that his highest wish would be fulfilled. Thus it remained in his hands, thus he continued to press it to his heart, although disfigured by a third name subscribed to it. The waning moon rose up over the wood. The warmth of the night drew Edward out into the free air. He wandered this way and that way: he was at once the most restless and the happiest of mortals. He strayed through the gardens — they seemed too narrow for him; he hurried out into the park, and it was too wide. He was drawn back toward the castle: he stood under Ottilie's window. He threw himself down on the steps of the terrace below. "Walls and bolts," he said to himself, "may still divide us, but our hearts are not divided. If she were here before me, into my arms she would fall, and I into hers; and what can one desire but that sweet certainty!" All was stillness round him; not a breath was moving; so still it was, that he could hear the unresting creatures underground at their work, to whom day or night are alike. He abandoned himself to his delicious dreams: at last

he fell asleep, and did not wake till the sun with his royal beams was mounting up in the sky and scattering the early mists.

He found that he was the first person awake on his domain. The labourers seemed to be staying away too long; they came; he thought they were too few, and the work set out for the day too slight for his desires. He inquired for more workmen: they were promised, and in the course of the day they came. But these, too, were not enough for him to carry his plans out as rapidly as he wished. To do the work gave him no pleasure any longer: it should all be done. And for whom? The paths should be gravelled, that Ottilie might walk pleasantly upon them; seats should be made at every spot and corner, that Ottilie might rest on them. The new building, too, was hurried forward. It should be finished for Ottilie's birthday. In all he thought and all he did, there was no more moderation. The sense of loving and of being loved urged him out into the unlimited. How changed was now to him the look of all the rooms, their furniture and their decorations! He did not feel as if he was in his own house any more. Ottilie's presence absorbed everything. He was utterly lost in her: no other thought ever rose before him, no conscience disturbed him, every restraint which had been laid upon his nature burst loose. His whole being centred upon Ottilie. This impetuosity of passion did not escape the captain, who longed to prevent, if he could, its evil consequences. All those plans which were now being hurried on with this immoderate speed had been drawn out and calculated for a long, quiet, easy execution. The sale of the farm had been completed, the first instalment had been paid. Charlotte, according to the arrangement, had taken possession of it. But the very first week after, she found it more than usually necessary to exercise patience and resolution, and to

keep her eye on what was being done. In the present hasty style of proceeding, the money which had been set apart for the purpose would not go far.

Much had been begun, and much yet remained to be done. How could the captain leave Charlotte in such a situation? They consulted together, and agreed that it would be better that they themselves should hurry on the works, and for this purpose employ money which could be made good again at the period fixed for the discharge of the second instalment of what was to be paid for the farm. It could be done almost without loss. They would have a freer hand. Everything would progress simultaneously. There were labourers enough at hand; and they could get more accomplished at once, and arrive swiftly and surely at their aim. Edward gladly gave his consent to a plan which so entirely coincided with his own views.

During this time Charlotte persisted with all her heart in what she had determined for herself, and her friend stood by her with a like purpose manfully. This very circumstance, however, produced a greater intimacy between them. They spoke openly to one another of Edward's passion, and consulted what had better be done. Charlotte kept Ottilie more about herself, watching her narrowly; and, the more she understood her own heart, the deeper she was able to penetrate into the heart of the poor girl. She saw no help for it, except in sending her away.

It now appeared a happy thing to her that Luciana had gained such high honours at the school; for her great aunt, as soon as she heard of it, desired to take her entirely to herself, to keep her with her, and bring her out into the world. Ottilie could, therefore, return thither. The captain would leave them well provided for, and everything would be as it had been a few months before; indeed, in many respects better. Charlotte thought she could soon recover her own place in

Edward's affection; and she settled it all, and laid it all out before herself so sensibly, that she only strengthened herself more completely in her delusion — as if it were possible for them to return within their old limits, — as if a bond which had been violently broken could again be joined together as before.

In the meantime, Edward felt very deeply the hindrances which were thrown in his way. He soon observed that they were keeping him and Ottilie separate; that they made it difficult for him to speak with her alone, or even to approach her, except in the presence of others. And, while he was angry about this, he was angry at many things besides. If he caught an opportunity for a few hasty words with Ottilie, it was not only to assure her of his love, but to complain of his wife and of the captain. He never felt, that, with his own irrational haste, he was on the way to exhaust the cash-box. He bitterly complained, that, in the execution of the work, they were not keeping to the first agreement: and yet he had been himself a consenting party to the second; indeed, it was he who had occasioned it and made it necessary.

Hatred is a partisan, but love is even more so. Ottilie also estranged herself from Charlotte and the captain. As Edward was complaining one day to Ottilie of the latter, saying that he was not treating him like a friend, or, under the circumstances, acting quite uprightly, she answered unthinkingly, "I have once or twice had a painful feeling that he was not quite honest with you. I heard him say once to Charlotte, 'If Edward would but spare us that eternal flute of his! He can make nothing of it, and it is too disagreeable to listen to him.' You may imagine how it hurt me, when I like accompanying you so much."

She had scarcely uttered the words when her conscience whispered to her that she had much better

have been silent. However, the thing was said. Edward's features worked violently. Never had anything stung him more. He was touched on his tenderest point. It was his amusement: he followed it like a child. He never made the slightest pretensions: what gave him pleasure should be treated with forbearance by his friends. He never thought how intolerable it is for a third person to have his ears offended by insufficient skill. He was indignant: he was hurt in a way which he could not forgive. He felt himself discharged from all obligations.

The necessity of being with Ottilie, of seeing her, whispering to her, exchanging his confidence with her, increased with every day. He determined to write to her, and ask her to carry on a secret correspondence with him. The strip of paper on which he had, laconically enough, made his request, lay on his writing-table, and was swept off by a draught of wind as his valet entered to dress his hair. The latter was in the habit of picking up bits of paper which might be lying about, to try the heat of the iron. This time he got hold of the little note, and he twisted it up hastily: it was singed. Edward, observing the mistake, snatched it out of his hand. After the man was gone, he sat down to write it over again. The second time it would not run so readily off his pen. It gave him a little uneasiness: he hesitated, but he got over it. He squeezed the paper into Ottilie's hand the first moment he was able to approach her. Ottilie answered him immediately. He put the note unread in his waistcoat pocket, which, being made short in the fashion of the time, was shallow, and did not hold it as it ought. It worked out, and fell without his observing it on the ground. Charlotte saw it, picked it up, and, after giving a hasty glance at it, reached it to him.

"Here is something in your handwriting," she said, "which you may be sorry to lose."

He was perplexed. Is she dissembling? he thought. Does she know what is in the note, or is she deceived by the resemblance of the hand? He hoped, he believed, the latter. He was warned — doubly warned; but those strange accidents, through which a higher intelligence seems to be speaking to us, his passion was not able to interpret. Rather, as he went farther and farther on, he felt the restraint under which his friend and his wife seemed to be holding him the more intolerable. His pleasure in their society was gone. His heart was closed against them; and, though he was obliged to endure their society, he could not succeed in rediscovering or in reanimating within his heart anything of his old affection for them. The silent reproaches which he was forced to make to himself about it were disagreeable to him. He tried to help himself with a kind of humour, which, however, being without love, was also without its usual grace.

Over all such trials, Charlotte found assistance to rise in her own inward feelings. She knew her own determination. Her own affection, fair and noble as it was, she would utterly renounce.

And sorely she longed to go to the assistance of the other two. Separation, she knew well, would not alone suffice to heal so deep a wound. She resolved that she would speak openly about it to Ottilie herself. But she could not do it. The recollection of her own weakness stood in her way. She thought she could talk generally to her about the sort of thing. But general expressions about "the sort of thing" fitted her own case equally well, and she could not bear to touch it. Whatever hint she would give Ottilie recoiled back on her own heart. She would warn, and she was obliged to feel that she might herself still be in need of warning.

She contented herself, therefore, with silently keeping the lovers more apart, and by this gained nothing.

The slight hints which frequently escaped her had no effect upon Ottilie; for Ottilie had been assured by Edward that Charlotte was devoted to the captain, that Charlotte herself wished for a separation, and that he was at this moment considering the readiest means by which it could be brought about.

Ottilie, led by the sense of her own innocence along the road to the happiness for which she longed, only lived for Edward. Strengthened by her love for him in all good, more light and happy in her work for his sake, and more frank and open toward others, she found herself in a heaven upon earth.

So, all together, each in his or her own fashion, reflecting or unreflecting, they continued the routine of their lives. All seemed to go its ordinary way; as, in monstrous cases, when everything is at stake, men will still live on, as if it were all nothing.

CHAPTER XIV.

In the meantime a letter came from the count to the captain, — two indeed, — one which he might produce, holding out fair, excellent prospects in the distance; the other containing a distinct offer of an immediate situation, a place of high importance and responsibility at the court, his rank as major, a very considerable salary, and other advantages. A number of circumstances, however, made it desirable, that, for the moment, he should not speak of it; and consequently he only informed his friends of his remote expectations, concealing what was so close at hand.

He went warmly on, at the same time, with his present occupation, and quietly made arrangements to secure the works being all continued without interruption after his departure. He was now himself desirous that as much as possible should be finished off at once, and was ready to hasten things forward to prepare for Ottilie's birthday. And so, though without having to come to any express understanding, the two friends worked side by side together. Edward was now well pleased that the cash-box was filled by their having taken up money. The whole affair went froward at fullest speed.

The captain had done his best to oppose the plan to throwing the three ponds together into a single sheet of water. The lower embankment would have to be made much stronger, the two intermediate embankments to be taken away; and altogether, in more than

one sense, it seemed a very questionable proceeding. However, both these schemes had been already undertaken; the soil which was removed above, being carried at once down to where it was wanted. And here there came opportunely on the scene a young architect, an old pupil of the captain, who, partly by introducing workmen who understood work of this nature, and partly by himself, whenever it was possible, contracting for the work itself, advanced things not a little; while, at the same time, they could feel more confidence in their being securely and lastingly executed. In secret, this was a great pleasure to the captain. He could now be confident that his absence would not be so severely felt. It was one of the points on which he was most resolute with himself, never to leave anything which he had taken in hand uncompleted, unless he could see his place satisfactorily supplied. And he could not but hold in small respect persons who introduce confusion around themselves only to make their absence felt, and are ready to disturb, in wanton selfishness, what they will not be at hand to restore.

So they laboured on, straining every nerve to make Ottilie's birthday splendid, without any open acknowledgment that this was what they were aiming at, or, indeed, without their directly acknowledging it to themselves. Charlotte, wholly free from jealousy as she was, could not think it right to keep it as a real festival. Ottilie's youth, the circumstances of her fortune, and her relationship to their family, were not at all such as made it fit that she should appear as the queen of the day; and Edward would not have it talked about, because everything was to spring out, as it were, of itself, with a natural and delightful surprise.

They therefore came, all of them, to a sort of tacit understanding, that on this day, without further circumstance, the new house in the park was to be

opened, and they might take the occasion to invite the neighbourhood, and give a holiday to their own people. Edward's passion, however, knew no bounds. Longing as he did to give himself to Ottilie, his presents and promises there were no limits to. The birthday gifts which on the great occasion he was to offer her seemed, as Charlotte had arranged them, far too insignificant. He spoke to his valet, who had the care of his wardrobe, and who, consequently, had extensive acquaintance among the tailors and mercers and fashionable milliners; and he, who not only understood himself what valuable presents were, but also the most graceful way in which they should be offered, immediately ordered an elegant box, covered with red morocco, and studded with steel nails, to be filled with presents worthy of such a shell. Another thing, too, he suggested to Edward. Among the stores at the castle was a small stock of fireworks which had never been let off. It would be easy to get some more, and have something really fine. Edward caught the idea, and his servant promised to see to its being executed. This matter was to remain a secret.

While this was going on, the captain, as the day drew nearer, had been making arrangements for a body of police to be present, — a precaution which he always thought desirable when large numbers of men are to be brought together. And, indeed, against beggars, and against all other inconveniences by which the pleasure of a festival might be disturbed, he had made effectual provision.

Edward and his confidant, on the contrary, were mainly occupied with their fireworks. They were to be let off on the side of the middle water in front of the great ash-tree. The party were to take up their station on the opposite side, under the planes, that at a sufficient distance from the scene, in ease and safety, they might see them to the best effect, with the reflec-

tions on the water, the water-rockets, and floating-lights, and all the other designs.

Under some other pretext, Edward had the ground underneath the plane-trees cleared of bushes and grass and moss. And now first could be seen the beauty of their forms, together with their full height and spread right up from the earth. He was delighted with them. It was just this very time of the year that he had planted them. "How long ago could it have been?" he said to himself. As soon as he got home, he turned over the old diary-books, which his father, especially when in the country, was very careful in keeping. He might not find an entry of this particular planting; but another important domestic matter, which Edward well remembered, and which had occurred on the same day, would surely be mentioned. He turned over a few volumes. The circumstance he was looking for was there. How amazed, how overjoyed he was, when he discovered the strangest coincidence! The day and the year on which he had planted those trees, was the very day, the very year, when Ottilie was born.

CHAPTER XV.

THE long-wished-for morning dawned at last on Edward, and very soon a number of guests arrived. They had sent out a large number of invitations; and many who had missed the laying of the foundation-stone, which was reported to have been so charming, were the more careful not to be absent on the second festivity.

Before dinner the carpenter's people appeared, with music, in the court of the castle. They bore an immense garland of flowers, composed of a number of single wreaths, winding in and out, one above the other; saluting the company, they made request, according to custom, for silk handkerchiefs and ribbons, at the hands of the fair sex, with which to dress themselves out. While dinner was going on in the castle, they marched off, singing and shouting; and, after amusing themselves awhile in the village, and coaxing many a ribbon out of the women there, old and young, they came at last, with crowds behind them, and crowds expecting them, out upon the height where the park-house was now standing. After dinner, Charlotte rather held back her guests. She did not wish that there should be any solemn or formal procession; and they found their way in little parties, broken up as they pleased, without rule or order, to the scene of action. Charlotte stayed behind with Ottilie, and did not improve matters by doing so. For Ottilie being really the last that appeared, it seemed as if the trumpets and the clarionets had only been waiting for her,

and as if the gaieties had been ordered to commence directly on her arrival.

To remove the rough exterior from the house, it had been hung with green boughs and flowers. They had dressed it out in an architectural fashion, according to a design of the captain's: only that, without his knowledge, Edward had desired the architect to work in the date upon the cornice in flowers; and this was necessarily permitted to remain. The captain had only arrived on the scene in time to prevent Ottilie's name from figuring in splendour on the gable. The beginning, which had been made for this, he contrived to turn skilfully to some other use, and to get rid of such of the letters as had been already finished.

The wreath was set up, and was to be seen far and wide about the country. The flags and the ribbons fluttered gaily in the air; and a short oration was, the greater part of it, dispersed by the wind. The solemnity was at an end. There was now to be a dance on the smooth lawn in front of the building, which had been enclosed with boughs and branches. A handsome journeyman carpenter led up to Edward a bright girl of the village, and called himself upon Ottilie, who stood out with him. These two couples speedily found others to follow them; and Edward contrived pretty soon to change partners, catching Ottilie, and making the round with her. The younger part of the company joined merrily in the dance with the people, while the elder among them stood and looked on.

Then, before they broke up and walked about, an order was given that they should all collect again at sunset under the plane-trees. Edward was the first upon the spot, ordering everything, and making his arrangements with his valet, who was to be on the other side, in company with the firework-maker, managing his exhibition of the spectacle.

The captain was far from satisfied at some of the preparations which he saw made, and he endeavoured to get a word with Edward about the crush of spectators which was to be expected. But the latter, somewhat hastily, begged that he might be allowed to manage this part of the day's amusements himself.

The upper end of the embankment, having been recently raised, was still far from compact. It had been staked; but there was no grass upon it, and the earth was uneven and insecure. The crowd pressed on, however, in great numbers. The sun went down; and the company was served with refreshments under the plane-trees, to pass the time till it should have become sufficiently dark. The place was approved of beyond measure; and they looked forward to frequently enjoying the view, over so lovely a sheet of water, on future occasions.

A calm evening — a perfect calm — promised everything in favour of the spectacle, when suddenly loud and violent shrieks were heard. Large masses of the earth had given way on the edge of the embankment, and a number of people were precipitated into the water. The pressure from the throng had gone on increasing till at last it had become more than the newly laid soil would bear, and the bank had fallen in. Everybody wanted to obtain the best place, and now there was no getting either backwards or forwards.

People ran this and that way, more to see what was going on than to render assistance. What could be done when no one could reach the place?

The captain, with a few determined persons, hurried down and drove the crowd off the embankment back upon the shore, in order that those who were really of service might have free room to move. One way or another they contrived to seize hold of such as were sinking; and, with or without assistance, all who had been in the water were got out safe upon the bank,

with the exception of one boy, whose struggles in his fright, instead of bringing him nearer to the embankment, had only carried him farther from it. His strength seemed to be failing — now only a hand was seen above the surface, and now a foot. By an unlucky chance the boat was on the opposite shore filled with fireworks: it was a long business to unload it, and help was slow in coming. The captain's resolution was taken: he flung off his coat; all eyes were directed toward him, and his sturdy, vigorous figure gave every one hope and confidence; but a cry of surprise rose out of the crowd as they saw him fling himself into the water: every eye watched him as the strong swimmer swiftly reached the boy, and bore him, although to appearance dead, to the embankment.

Now the boat came up. The captain stepped in, and inquired of those who were present whether all had been saved. The surgeon was speedily on the spot, and took charge of the inanimate boy. Charlotte joined them, and entreated the captain to go now and take care of himself, to hurry back to the castle and change his clothes. He would not go, however, till persons on whose sense he could rely, who had been close to the spot at the time of the accident, and who had assisted in saving those who had fallen in, assured him that all were safe.

Charlotte saw him on his way to the house; and then she remembered that the wine and the tea, and everything else which he could want, had been locked up, for fear any of the servants should take advantage of the disorder of the holiday, as on such occasions they are too apt to do. She hurried through the scattered groups of her company, which were loitering about the plane-trees. Edward was there, talking to every one — beseeching every one to stay. He would give the signal directly, and the fireworks should begin. Charlotte went up to him, and entreated

him to put off an amusement which was no longer in place, and which at the present moment no one could enjoy. She reminded him of what ought to be done for the boy who had been saved, and for his preserver.

"The surgeon will do whatever is right, no doubt," replied Edward. "He is provided with everything which he can want, and we should only be in the way if we crowded about him with our anxieties."

Charlotte persisted in her opinion, and made a sign to Ottilie, who at once prepared to retire with her. Edward seized her hand, and cried, "We will not end this day in a lazaretto. She is too good for a sister of mercy. Without us, I should think, the half-dead may wake, and the living dry themselves."

Charlotte did not answer, but went. Some followed her; others followed these; in the end, no one wished to be the last, and all followed. Edward and Ottilie found themselves alone under the plane-trees. He most urgently insisted on staying, notwithstanding the anxiety with which she entreated him to go back with her to the castle. "No, Ottilie!" he cried: "the extraordinary is not brought to pass in the smooth, common way, — the wonderful accident of this evening brings us more speedily together. You are mine, — I have often said it to you, and sworn it to you. We will not say it and swear it any more — we will make it BE."

The boat came over from the other side. The valet was in it: he asked, with some embarrassment, what his master wished to have done with the fireworks.

"Let them off!" Edward cried to him, "let them off! It was only for you that they were provided, Ottilie; and you shall be the only one to see them. Let me sit beside you, and enjoy them with you." Tenderly, timidly, he sat down at her side, without touching her.

Rockets went hissing up, cannon thundered, Roman

candles shot out their blazing balls, squibs flashed and darted, wheels spun round, first singly, then in pairs, then all at once, faster and faster, one after the other, and more and more together. Edward, whose bosom was on fire, watched the blazing spectacle with eyes gleaming with delight; but Ottilie, with her delicate and nervous feelings, in all this noise and fitful blazing and flashing found more to distress her than to please. She leaned shrinking against Edward; and he, as she drew to him and clung to him, felt the delightful sense that she belonged entirely to him.

The night had scarcely reassumed its rights, when the moon rose, and lighted their path as they walked back. A figure, with his hat in his hand, stepped across their way, and begged an alms of them: in the general holiday he said that he had been forgotten. The moon shone upon his face, and Edward recognised the features of the importunate beggar; but, happy as he then was, it was impossible for him to be angry with any one. He could not recollect, that, especially for that particular day, begging had been forbidden under the heaviest penalties: he thrust his hand into his pocket, took the first coin which he found, and gave the fellow a piece of gold. His own happiness was so unbounded that he would have liked to have shared it with every one.

In the meantime all had gone well at the castle. The skill of the surgeon, everything which was required being ready at hand, Charlotte's assistance, — all had worked together, and the boy was brought to life again. The guests dispersed, wishing to catch a glimpse or two of what was to be seen of the fireworks from the distance; and, after a scene of such confusion, were glad to get back to their own quiet homes.

The captain also, after having rapidly changed his dress, had taken an active part in what required to be done. It was now all quiet again, and he found him-

self alone with Charlotte. Gently and affectionately he now told her that his time for leaving them approached. She had gone through so much that evening that this discovery made but a slight impression upon her: she had seen how her friend could sacrifice himself; how he had saved another, and had himself been saved. These strange incidents seemed to foretell an important future to her, but not an unhappy one.

Edward, who now entered with Ottilie, was likewise informed of the captain's impending departure. He suspected that Charlotte had known longer how near it was; but he was far too much occupied with himself, and with his own plans, to take it amiss, or care about it.

On the contrary, he listened attentively, and with signs of pleasure, to the account of the excellent and honourable position in which the captain was to be placed. The course of the future was hurried impetuously forward by his own secret wishes. Already he saw the captain married to Charlotte, and himself married to Ottilie. It would have been the richest present which any one could have made him, on the occasion of the day's festival.

But how surprised was Ottilie, when, on going to her room, she found upon the table the beautiful box! Instantly she opened it; inside, all the things were so nicely packed and arranged, that she did not venture to take them out, she scarcely even ventured to lift them. There were muslin, cambric, silk, shawls, and lace, all rivalling each other in delicacy, beauty, and costliness: nor were ornaments forgotten. The intention had been, as she saw well, to supply her with more than one complete suit of clothes; but it was all so costly, so little like what she had been accustomed to, that she scarcely dared, even in thought, to believe it could be really for her.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE next morning the captain had disappeared, having left a grateful, feeling letter, addressed to his friends, upon his table. He and Charlotte had already taken a half-leave of each other the evening before. She felt that the parting was for ever, and she resigned herself to it; for in the count's second letter, which the captain had at last shown to her, there was a hint of a prospect of an advantageous marriage; and, although he had paid no attention to it at all, she accepted it for as good as certain, and gave him up firmly and fully.

Now, therefore, she thought that she had a right to require of others the same control over themselves which she had exercised herself: it had not been impossible to her, and it ought not to be impossible to them. With this feeling, she began the conversation with her husband; and she entered upon it the more openly and easily, from a sense that the question must now, once for all, be decisively set at rest.

"Our friend has left us," she said: "we are now once more together as we were, and it depends upon ourselves whether we choose to return altogether into our old position."

Edward, who heard nothing except what flattered his own passion, believed that Charlotte, in these words, was alluding to her previous widowed state, and, in a roundabout way, was making a suggestion for a separation; so that he answered, with a laugh, "Why not? all we want is, to come to an understanding." But he

found himself sorely enough undeceived, as Charlotte continued, "And we have now a choice of opportunities for placing Ottilie in another situation. Two openings have offered themselves for her, either of which will do very well. Either she can return to the school, as my daughter has left it, and is with her great-aunt; or she can be received into a desirable family, where, as the companion of an only child, she will enjoy all the advantages of a solid education."

Edward, with a tolerably successful effort at commanding himself, replied, "Ottilie has been so much spoiled, by living so long with us here, that she will scarcely like to leave us now."

"We have all of us been too much spoiled," said Charlotte, "and yourself not least. This is an epoch which requires us seriously to bethink ourselves. It is a solemn warning to us to consider what is really for the good of all the members of our little circle, and we ourselves must not be afraid of making sacrifices."

"At any rate, I cannot see that it is right that Ottilie should be sacrificed," replied Edward; "and that would be the case if we were now to allow her to be sent away among strangers. The captain's good genius has sought him out here; we can feel easy, we can feel happy, at seeing him leave us: but who can tell what may be before Ottilie? There is no occasion for haste."

"What is before us is sufficiently clear," Charlotte answered with some emotion; and, as she was determined to have it all out at once, she went on, "You love Ottilie: every day you are becoming more attached to her. A reciprocal feeling is rising on her side as well, and feeding itself in the same way. Why should we not acknowledge in words what every hour makes obvious? And are we not to have the common prudence to ask ourselves in what it is to end?"

"We may not be able to find an answer on the

moment," replied Edward, collecting himself; "but so much may be said, that, if we cannot exactly tell what will come of it, we may resign ourselves to wait and see what the future may tell us about it."

"No great wisdom is required to prophesy here," answered Charlotte; "and, at any rate, we ought to feel that you and I are past the age when people may walk blindly where they should not or ought not to go. There is no one else to take care of us: we must be our own friends, our own managers. No one expects us to commit ourselves in an outrage upon decency; no one expects that we are going to expose ourselves to censure or to ridicule."

"How can you so mistake me?" said Edward, unable to reply to his wife's clear, open words. "Can you find it a fault in me, if I am anxious about Ottilie's happiness? I do not mean future happiness, — no one can count on that, — but what is present, palpable, and immediate. Consider — don't deceive yourself — consider frankly Ottilie's case, torn away from us, and sent to live among strangers. I, at least, am not cruel enough to propose such a change for her."

Charlotte saw too clearly into her husband's intentions through this disguise. For the first time she felt how far he had estranged himself from her. Her voice shook a little. "Will Ottilie be happy if she divides us?" she said. "If she deprives me of a husband, and his children of a father?"

"Our children, I should have thought, were sufficiently provided for," said Edward with a cold smile, adding rather more kindly, "but why at once expect the very worst?"

"The very worst is too sure to follow this passion of yours," returned Charlotte. "Do not refuse good advice while there is yet time; do not throw away the means which I propose to save us. In troubled cases those must work and help who see the clearest:

this time it is I. Dear, dearest Edward! listen to me! Can you propose to me that now at once I shall renounce my happiness, renounce my fairest rights, renounce you?"

"Who says that?" replied Edward with some embarrassment.

"You yourself," answered Charlotte: "in determining to keep Ottilie here, are you not acknowledging everything which must arise out of it? I will urge nothing on you; but, if you cannot conquer yourself, at least you will not be able much longer to deceive yourself."

Edward felt how right she was. It is fearful to hear spoken out in words what the heart has gone on long permitting to itself in secret. To escape only for a moment, Edward answered, "It is not yet clear to me what you want."

"My intention," she replied, "was to talk over with you these two proposals: each of them has its advantages. The school would be best suited to her, as she now is; but the other situation is larger and wider, and promises more, when I think what she may become." She then detailed to her husband circumstantially what would lie before Ottilie in each position, and concluded with the words, "For my own part, I should prefer the lady's house to the school, for more reasons than one, but particularly because I should not like the affection, the love indeed, of the young man there which Ottilie has gained, to increase."

Edward appeared to assent, but only in order to find some means of delay. Charlotte, who desired to commit him to a definite step, seized the opportunity, as Edward made no immediate opposition, to settle Ottilie's departure, for which she had already privately made all preparations, for the next day.

Edward shuddered: he thought he was betrayed. His wife's affectionate speech he fancied was an art-

fully contrived trick to separate him for ever from his happiness. He appeared to leave the thing entirely to her, but in his heart his resolution was already taken. To gain time to breathe, to put off the immediate, intolerable misery of Ottilie's being sent away, he determined to leave his house. He told Charlotte he was going; but he had blinded her to his real reason by telling her that he would not be present at Ottilie's departure, indeed, that from that moment he would see her no more. Charlotte, who believed that she had gained her point, approved most cordially. He ordered his horse, gave his valet the necessary directions what to pack up, and where he should follow him; and then, on the point of departure, he sat down and wrote:

"EDWARD TO CHARLOTTE.

"The misfortune, my love, which has befallen us may or may not admit of remedy; only this I feel, that, if I am not at once to be driven to despair, I must find some means of delay for myself and for all of us. In making myself the sacrifice, I have a right to make a request. I am leaving my home, and I only return to it under happier and more peaceful auspices. While I am away, you keep possession of it — *but with Ottilie.* I choose to know that she is with you, and not among strangers. Take care of her: treat her as you have treated her, only more lovingly, more kindly, more tenderly! I promise that I will not attempt any secret intercourse with her. Leave me, as long a time as you please, without knowing anything about you. I will not allow myself to be anxious, nor need you be uneasy about me; only, with all my heart and soul, I beseech you, make no attempt to send Ottilie away, or to introduce her into any other situation. Beyond the circle of the castle and the park, placed in the hands of strangers, she belongs to me; and I will take posses-

sion of her! If you have any regard for my affection, for my wishes, for my sufferings, you will leave me alone to my madness; and, if any hope of recovery from it should ever hereafter offer itself to me, I will not resist."

This last sentence had proceeded from his pen, not from his heart. Even when he saw it upon the paper, he began bitterly to weep. That he, under any circumstances, should renounce the happiness — even the wretchedness — of loving Ottilie! He only now began to feel what he was doing: he was going away without knowing what was to be the result. At any rate, he was not to see her again *now:* with what certainty could he promise himself that he would ever see her again? But the letter was written, the horses were at the door: every moment he was afraid he might see Ottilie somewhere, and then his whole purpose would go to the winds. He collected himself: he remembered, that, at any rate, he would be able to return at any moment he pleased, and that by his absence he would have advanced nearer to his wishes; on the other side, he pictured Ottilie to himself forced to leave the house if he stayed. He sealed the letter, ran down the steps, and sprang upon his horse.

As he rode past the inn, he saw the beggar, to whom he had given so much money the night before, sitting under the trees: the man was comfortably enjoying his dinner, and, as Edward passed, stood up, and made him the humblest obeisance. That figure had appeared to him yesterday, when Ottilie was on his arm; now it only served as a bitter reminiscence of the happiest hour of his life. His grief redoubled. The feeling of what he was leaving behind was intolerable. He looked again at the beggar. "Happy wretch!" he cried, "you can still feed upon the alms of yesterday, and I cannot any more on the happiness of yesterday!"

CHAPTER XVII.

Ottilie heard some one ride away, and went to the window in time just to catch a sight of Edward's back. It was strange, she thought, that he should have left the house without seeing her, without having even wished her good morning. She grew uncomfortable; and her anxiety did not diminish when Charlotte took her out for a long walk, and talked of various other things, but not once, and apparently on purpose, mentioning her husband. When they returned, she found the table laid only with two covers.

It is unpleasant to miss even the most trifling thing to which we have been accustomed. In serious things, such a loss becomes miserably painful. Edward and the captain were not there. This had been the first time after a long interval that Charlotte herself had set out the table, and it seemed to Ottilie as if she was deposed. The two ladies sat opposite each other: Charlotte talked, without the least embarrassment, of the captain and his appointment, and of the little hope there was of seeing him again for a long time. The only comfort Ottilie could find for herself was in the idea that Edward had ridden after his friend, to accompany him a part of his journey.

On rising from table, however, they saw Edward's travelling-carriage under the window. Charlotte, a little as if she was put out, asked who had had it brought round there. She was told it was the valet, who had some things there to pack up. It required all Ottilie's self-command to conceal her wonder and her distress.

The valet came in, and asked if they would be so good as to let him have a drinking-cup of his master's, a pair of silver spoons, and a number of other things, which seemed to Ottilie to imply that he had gone some distance, and would be away for a long time.

Charlotte gave him a very cold, dry answer. She did not know what he meant, — he had everything belonging to his master under his own care. What the man wanted was, to speak a word to Ottilie, and on some pretence or other to get her out of the room: he made some clever excuse, and persisted in his request so far that Ottilie asked if she should go to look for the things for him. But Charlotte quietly said that she had better not. The valet had to depart, and the carriage rolled away.

It was a dreadful moment for Ottilie. She understood nothing, comprehended nothing. She could only feel that Edward had been parted from her for a long time. Charlotte felt for her situation, and left her to herself.

We will not attempt to describe what she went through, or how she wept. She suffered infinitely. She prayed that God would help her only over this one day. The day passed, and the night; and, when she came to herself again, she felt herself a changed being.

She had not regained her composure. She was not resigned: but, after having lost what she had lost, she was still alive; and there was still something for her to fear. Her anxiety, after returning to consciousness, was at once lest, now that the gentlemen were gone, she might be sent away too. She never guessed at Edward's threats, which had secured her remaining with her aunt. Yet Charlotte's manner served partially to reassure her. The latter exerted herself to find employment for the poor girl, and hardly ever — never if she could help it — left her out of her sight; and although she knew well how little words can do

against the power of passion, yet she knew, too, the sure though slow influence of thought and reflection, and therefore missed no opportunity of inducing Ottilie to talk with her on every variety of subject.

It was no little comfort to Ottilie when one day Charlotte took an opportunity of making (she did it on purpose) the wise observation, "How keenly grateful people were to us when we were able by stilling and calming them to help them out of the entanglements of passion! Let us set cheerfully to work," she said, "at what the men have left incomplete: we shall be preparing the most charming surprise for them when they return to us, and our temperate proceedings will have carried through and executed what their impatient natures would have spoiled."

"Speaking of temperance, my dear aunt, I cannot help saying how I am struck with the intemperance of men, particularly in respect of wine. It has often pained and distressed me, when I have observed how, for hours together, clearness of understanding, judgment, considerateness, and whatever is most amiable about them, will be utterly gone, and, instead of the good which they might have done if they had been themselves, most disagreeable things sometimes threaten. How often may not wrong, rash determinations have arisen entirely from that one cause!"

Charlotte assented, but she did not go on with the subject. She saw only too clearly that it was Edward of whom Ottilie was thinking. It was not exactly habitual with him, but he allowed himself much more frequently than was at all desirable to stimulate his enjoyment and his power of talking and acting by such indulgence. If what Charlotte had just said had set Ottilie thinking again about men, and particularly about Edward, she was all the more struck and startled when her aunt began to speak of the impending marriage of the captain as of a thing quite settled

and acknowledged, whereby everything appeared quite different from what Edward had previously led her to entertain. It made her watch every expression of Charlotte's, every hint, every action, every step. Ottilie had become jealous, sharp-eyed, and suspicious, without knowing it.

Meanwhile, Charlotte with her clear glance looked through all the circumstances of their situation, and made arrangements which would provide, among other advantages, full employment for Ottilie. She contracted her household, not parsimoniously, but into narrower dimensions; and indeed, in one point of view, these moral aberrations might be taken for a not unfortunate accident. For in the style in which they had been going on, they had fallen imperceptibly into extravagance; and from a want of seasonable reflection, from the rate at which they had been living, and from the variety of schemes into which they had been launching out, their fine fortune, which had been in excellent condition, had been shaken, if not seriously injured.

She did not interfere with the improvements going on in the park, but, on the contrary, sought to advance whatever might form a basis for future operations. But here, too, she assigned herself a limit. Her husband on his return should still find abundance to amuse himself with.

In all this work she could not sufficiently value the assistance of the young architect. In a short time the lake lay stretched out under her eyes, its new shores turfed and planted with the most discriminating and excellent judgment. The rough work at the new house was all finished. Everything which was necessary to protect it from the weather she took care to see provided, and there for the present she allowed it to rest in a condition in which what remained to be done could hereafter be readily commenced again. Thus

hour by hour she recovered her spirits and her cheerfulness. Ottilie only seemed to have done so. She was only for ever watching, in all that was said and done, for symptoms which might show her whether Edward would be soon returning; and this one thought was the only one in which she felt any interest.

She therefore welcomed the proposal that they should get together the boys of the peasants, and employ them in keeping the park clean and neat. Edward had long entertained the idea. A pleasant-looking sort of uniform was made for them, which they were to put on in the evenings, after they had been properly cleaned and washed. The wardrobe was kept in the castle; the more sensible and ready of the boys themselves were entrusted with the management of it, the architect acting as chief director. In a very short time, the children acquired a kind of character. It was found easy to mould them into what was desired, and they went through their work not without a sort of manœuvre. As they marched along, with their garden shears, their long-handled pruning-knives, their rakes, their little spades and hoes and sweeping-brooms; others following after these with baskets to carry off the stones and rubbish; and others, last of all, trailing along the heavy iron roller, — it was a thoroughly pretty, delightful procession. The architect observed in it a beautiful series of situations and occupations to ornament the frieze of a garden-house. Ottilie, on the other hand, could see nothing in it but a kind of parade, to salute the master of the house on his near return.

And this stimulated her, and made her wish to begin something of the sort herself. They had before endeavoured to encourage the girls of the village in knitting and sewing and spinning, and whatever else women could do; and, since what had been done for the improvement of the village itself, there had been a perceptible advance in these descriptions of industry.

Ottilie had given what assistance was in her power; but she had given it at random, as opportunity or inclination prompted her: now she thought she would go to work more satisfactorily and methodically. But a company is not to be formed out of a number of girls as easily as out of a number of boys. She followed her own good sense: and, without being exactly conscious of it, her efforts were solely directed toward connecting every girl as closely as possible each with her own home, her own parents, brothers, and sisters; and she succeeded with many of them. One lively little creature only was incessantly complained of as showing no capacity for work, and as never likely to do anything if she were left at home.

Ottilie could not be angry with the girl, for to herself the little thing was especially attached: she clung to her, went after her, and ran about with her, whenever she was permitted; and then she would be active and cheerful, and never tire. It appeared to be a necessity of the child's nature to hang about a beautiful mistress. At first Ottilie allowed her to be her companion: then she herself began to feel a sort of affection for her; and, at last, they never parted at all, and Nanny attended her mistress wherever she went.

The latter's footsteps were often bent toward the garden, where she liked to watch the beautiful show of fruit. It was just the end of the raspberry and cherry season, the few remains of which were no little delight to Nanny. On the other trees there was a promise of a magnificent crop for the autumn; and the gardener talked of nothing but his master, and how he wished that he might be at home to enjoy it. Ottilie could listen to the good old man for ever! He thoroughly understood his business; and Edward — Edward — Edward — was for ever the theme of his praise.

Ottilie observed how well all the grafts which had been budded in the spring had taken. "I only wish," the gardener answered, "my good master may come to enjoy them. If he were here this autumn, he would see what beautiful sorts there are in the old castle garden, which the late lord, his honoured father, put there. I think the fruit-gardeners that are now don't succeed as well as the Carthusians used to do.. We find many fine names in the catalogue; and then we bud from them, and bring up the shoots; and, at last, when they come to bear, it is not worth while to have such trees standing in our garden."

Over and over again, whenever the faithful old servant saw Ottilie, he asked when his master might be expected home; and, when Ottilie had nothing to tell him, he would look vexed, and let her see in his manner that he thought she did not care to tell him: the sense of uncertainty which was thus forced upon her became painful beyond measure, and yet she could never be absent from these beds and borders. What she and Edward had sown and planted together were now in full flower, requiring no further care from her, except that Nanny should be at hand with the watering-pot: and who shall say with what sensations she watched the later flowers, which were just beginning to show, and which were to be in the bloom of their beauty on Edward's birthday, the holiday to which she had looked forward with such eagerness, when these flowers were to have expressed her affection and her gratitude to him; but the hopes which she had formed of that festival were dead now, and doubt and anxiety never ceased to haunt the soul of the poor girl.

Into real, open, hearty understanding with Charlotte, there was no more a chance of her being able to return; for, indeed, the position of these two ladies was very different. If things could remain in their old

state, if it were possible that they could return again into the smooth, even way of calm, ordered life, Charlotte gained everything: she gained happiness for the present, and a happy future opened before her. On the other hand, for Ottilie all was lost, — one may say all, for she had first found in Edward what life and happiness meant; and, in her present position, she felt an infinite and dreary chasm of which before she could have formed no conception. For a heart which seeks, does indeed feel that it wants something; a heart which has lost, feels that something is gone, — its yearning and its longing changes into uneasy impatience: and a woman's spirit, which is accustomed to waiting and to enduring, must now pass out from its proper sphere, become active, and attempt and do something to make its own happiness.

Ottilie had not given up Edward — how could she? — although Charlotte, wisely enough, in spite of her conviction to the contrary, assumed it as a thing of course, and resolutely took it as decided that a quiet, rational regard was possible between her husband and Ottilie. How often, however, did not Ottilie remain at nights, after bolting herself into her room, on her knees before the open box, gazing at the birthday presents, of which as yet she had not touched a single thing, — not cut out or made up a single dress! How often with the sunrise did the poor girl hurry out of the house, in which she once had found all her happiness, away into the free air, into the country which then had had no charms for her. Even on the solid earth she could not bear to stay: she would spring into the boat, and row out into the middle of the lake, and there, drawing out some book of travels, lie rocked by the motion of the waves, reading and dreaming that she was far away, where she would never fail to find her friend, — she remaining ever nearest to his heart, and he to hers.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It may easily be supposed that Mittler, — the strange, busy gentleman, whose acquaintance we have already made, — when he had received information of the calamity that had come upon his friends, felt desirous, though neither side had as yet called on him for assistance, to give proof of his friendship, and do what he could to help them in their misfortune. He thought it advisable, however, to wait first a little while; knowing too well, as he did, that it was more difficult to persons of culture in their moral perplexities, than the uncultivated. He left them, therefore, for some time to themselves: but at last he could withhold no longer; and he hastened to find Edward, whom he had already traced. His road led him to a pleasant valley, with green, sweetly wooded meadows, down the centre of which ran a never-failing stream, sometimes winding slowly along, then tumbling and rushing among rocks and stones. The gently sloping hills were covered with rich corn-fields and well-kept orchards. The villages not being situated too near each other, the whole had a peaceful character about it; and the detached scenes seemed designed expressly, if not for painting, at least for life.

At last he caught sight of a neatly kept farm, with a clean, modest dwelling-house situated in the middle of a garden. He conjectured that this was Edward's present abode, and he was not mistaken.

As for the latter, in his solitude he gave himself up entirely to his passion, thinking out plan after plan

and indulging in all sorts of hopes. He could not deny that he longed to see Ottilie there; that he would like to carry her off there, to tempt her there; and whatever else (putting, as he now did, no check upon his thoughts) pleased to suggest itself, whether permitted or unpermitted. Then his imagination wavered, picturing every manner of possibility. If he could not have her there, if he could not lawfully possess her, he would secure to her the possession of the property for her own. There she should live for herself, silent, independently; she should be happy in that spot, — sometimes his self-torturing mood would lead him farther, — be happy in it, perhaps, with another.

Thus days passed in incessant oscillation between hope and suffering, between tears and happiness, between purposes, preparations, and despair. The sight of Mittler did not surprise him: he had long expected that he would come; and, now that he did, he was rather glad to see him. He believed that he had been sent by Charlotte. He had prepared all manner of excuses and delays, and, if these would not serve, decided refusals; or else, perhaps, he might hope to learn something of Ottilie, — and then he would welcome him as a messenger from heaven.

Not a little vexed and annoyed was Edward, therefore, when Mittler told him he had not come from the castle, but of his own accord. His heart closed up, and at first the conversation was at a standstill. Mittler, however, knew very well that a heart preoccupied with love has urgent need of utterance, of fully confiding to a friend what is passing within it; and he allowed himself, therefore, after a short interchange of words, for this once to go out of his character, and act the part of confidant in place of mediator. He had calculated justly. He had been finding fault in a good-natured way with Edward,

for burying himself in that lonely place, whereupon Edward replied:

"I do not know how I could spend my time more agreeably. I am always occupied with her, I am always close to her. I have the inestimable comfort of being able to think where Ottilie is at each moment, — where she is going, where she is standing, where she is reposing. I see her moving and acting before me as usual, ever doing or designing something which is to give me pleasure. But this will not always answer, for how can I be happy away from her? And then my fancy begins to work: I think what Ottilie should do to come to me; I write sweet, loving letters in her name to myself; and then I answer them, and collect the sheets. I have promised that I will take no steps to seek her, and that promise I will keep. But what ties her, that she should make no advances to me? Has Charlotte had the barbarity to exact a promise, to exact an oath, from her, not to write to me, not to send me a word, a hint, about herself? Very likely she has. It is but natural; and yet to me it is monstrous, it is horrible. If she loves me, — as I think, as I know, she does, — why does not she come to a resolution? why does not she venture to flee to me, and throw herself into my arms? I often think she ought to do it; and she could do it. If I ever hear a noise in the hall, I look toward the door. It must be she — she is coming — I look up to see her enter. Alas! because the possible is impossible, I let myself imagine that the impossible must become possible. At night, when I lie awake, and the lamp is casting an uncertain light about the room, I wish her form, her spirit, a sense of her presence, to hover past me, approach me, seize me, but for a moment, so that I might have an assurance that she is thinking of me, that she is mine. Only one pleasure remains to me. When I was with her I never dreamed of her; now

when I am far away, and, oddly enough, since I have made the acquaintance of other attractive persons in this neighbourhood, for the first time her figure appears to me in my dreams, as if she would say to me, 'Look at them, and at me. You will not find one more beautiful, more lovely, than I.' And thus her image mingles with my every dream. In whatever happens to me with her, our two beings become intertwined. Now we are signing a contract together. There is her handwriting, and there is mine; there is her name, and there is mine; and they are interwoven with, extinguished by, each other. Sometimes she does something which injures the pure idea I have of her; and then I feel how intensely I love her, by the indescribable anguish it causes me. Again, unlike herself, she will tease and vex me; and then at once the figure changes, her sweet, round, heavenly face becomes lengthened: it is not she, it is another; but I lie vexed, dissatisfied, and wretched. Laugh not, dear Mittler, or laugh on as you will. I am not ashamed of this attachment, of this — if you please to call it so — foolish, frantic passion. No, I never loved before. It is only now that I know what to love means. Till now, what I have called life was nothing but its prelude, — amusement, sport to kill the time with. I never lived till I knew her, till I loved her — entirely and only loved her. People have often said of me, not to my face, but behind my back, that in most things I was but a botcher and a bungler. It may be so, for I had not then found in what I could show myself a master. I should like to see the man who outdoes me in the talent of love. A miserable life it is, full of anguish and tears; but it is so natural, so dear, to me, that I could hardly change it for another."

Edward had relieved himself slightly by this violent unloading of his heart. But, in doing so, every feature of his strange condition had been brought out so clearly

before his eyes, that, overpowered by the pain of the struggle, he burst into tears, which flowed all the more freely as the heart had been made weak by telling it all.

Mittler, who was the less disposed to put a check on his inexorable good sense and strong, vigorous feeling, because by this violent outbreak of passion on Edward's part he saw himself driven far from the purpose of his coming, showed sufficiently decided marks of his disapprobation. Edward should act as a man, he said: he should remember what he owed to himself as a man. He should not forget that the highest honour was to command ourselves in misfortune; to bear pain, if it must be so, with equanimity and self-collectedness. That was what we should do, if we wished to be valued and looked up to as examples of what was right.

Stirred and penetrated as Edward was with the bitterest feelings, words like these could but have a hollow, worthless sound.

"It is well," he cried, "for the man who is happy, who has all that he desires, to talk; but he would be ashamed of it if he could see how intolerable it was to the sufferer. Nothing short of an infinite endurance would be enough; and, easy and contented as he was, what could he know of an infinite agony? There are cases," he continued, "yes, there are, where comfort is a lie, and despair is a duty. Go, heap your scorn upon the noble Greek, who well knows how to delineate heroes, when in their anguish he lets those heroes weep. He has even a proverb, 'Men who can weep are good.' Leave me, all you with dry heart and dry eye. Curses on the happy, to whom the wretched serve but for a spectacle! When body and soul are torn in pieces with agony, they are to bear it, — yes, to be noble and bear it, if they are to be allowed to go off the scene with applause. Like the gladiators, they

must die gracefully before the eyes of the multitude. My dear Mittler, I thank you for your visit; but really you would oblige me much, if you would go out, and look about you in the garden. We will meet again. I will try to compose myself, and become more like you."

Mittler was unwilling to let a conversation drop, which it might be difficult to begin again, and still persevered. Edward, too, was quite ready to go on with it; besides that of itself, it was tending toward the issue which he desired.

"Indeed," said the latter, "this thinking and arguing backwards and forwards leads to nothing. In this very conversation I myself have first come to understand myself: I have first felt decided as to what I must make up my mind to do. My present and my future life I see before me: I have to choose only between misery and happiness. Do you, my best friend, bring about the separation which must take place, which, in fact, is already made; gain Charlotte's consent for me. I will not enter into the reasons why I believe there will be the less difficulty in prevailing upon her. You, my dear friend, must go. Go, and give us all peace; make us all happy."

Mittler hesitated. Edward continued:

"My fate and Ottilie's cannot be divided, and shall not be shipwrecked. Look at this glass: our initials are engraved upon it. A gay reveller flung it into the air, that no one should drink of it more. It was to fall on the rock and be dashed to pieces; but it did not fall, it was caught. At a high price I bought it back: and now I drink out of it daily to convince myself that the connection between us cannot be broken; that destiny has decided."

"Alas, alas!" cried Mittler, "what must I not endure with my friends? Here comes superstition, which of all things I hate the worst, — the most mischievous

and accursed of all the plagues of mankind. We trifle with prophecies, with forebodings, and dreams, and give a seriousness to our every-day life with them; but when the seriousness of life itself begins to show, when everything around us is heaving and rolling, then come in these spectres to make the storm more terrible."

"In this uncertainty of life," cried Edward, "poised as it is between hope and fear, leave the poor heart its guiding-star. It may gaze toward it, if it cannot steer toward it."

"Yes, I might leave it; and it would be very well," replied Mittler, "if there were but one consequence to expect: but I have always found that nobody will attend to symptoms of warning. Man cares for nothing except what flatters him, and promises him fair; and his faith is alive exclusively for the sunny side."

Mittler, finding himself carried off into the shadowy regions, in which the longer he remained in them the more uncomfortable he always felt, was the more ready to assent to Edward's eager wish that he should go to Charlotte. Indeed, if he stayed, what was there further which at that moment he could urge on Edward? To gain time, to inquire in what state things were with the ladies, was the best thing which even he himself could suggest as at present possible.

He hastened to Charlotte, whom he found as usual, calm and in good spirits. She told him readily of everything which had occurred; for, from what Edward had said, he had only been able to gather the effects. On his own side, he felt his way with the utmost caution. He could not prevail upon himself even cursorily to mention the word separation. It was indeed a surprise to him, but, from his point of view, an unspeakably delightful one, when Charlotte, at the end of a number of unpleasant things, finished with saying:

"I must believe, I must hope, that things will all

work round again, and that Edward will return to me. How can it be otherwise, as soon as I become a mother?"

"Do I understand you right?" returned Mittler.

"Perfectly," Charlotte answered.

"A thousand times blessed be this news!" he cried, clasping his hands together. "I know the strength of this argument on the mind of a man. Many a marriage have I seen first cemented by it, and restored again when broken. Such a good hope as this is worth more than a thousand words. Now, indeed, it is the best hope which we can have. For myself, though," he continued, "I have all reason to be vexed about it. In this case I can see clearly no self-love of mine will be flattered. I shall earn no thanks from you by my services: my case is the same as that of a certain medical friend of mine, who succeeds in all cures which he undertakes with the poor for the love of God, but can seldom do anything for the rich who will pay him. Here, thank God, the thing cures itself, after all my talking and trying had proved fruitless!"

Charlotte now asked him if he would carry the news to Edward; if he would take a letter to him from her, and then see what should be done. But he declined undertaking this. "All is done," he cried: "do you write your letter — any messenger will do as well as I — I will come back to wish you joy. I will come to the christening!"

For this refusal she was vexed with him, as she frequently was. His eager, impetuous character brought about much good; but his over-haste was the occasion of many a failure. No one was more dependent than he on the impressions which he formed on the moment.

Charlotte's messenger came to Edward, who received him half in terror. The letter was to decide his fate, and it might as well contain No as Yes. He did not venture, for a long time, to open it. At last he tore

off the cover, and stood petrified at the following passage, with which it concluded:

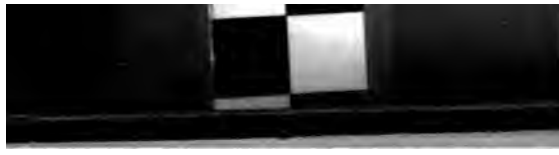
"Remember the night-adventure when you visited your wife as a lover, — how you drew her to you, and clasped her as a well-beloved bride in your arms. In this strange accident let us revere the providence of Heaven, which has woven a new link to bind us, at the moment when the happiness of our lives was threatening to fall asunder, and to vanish."

What passed from that moment in Edward's soul it would be difficult to describe. Under the weight of such a stroke, old habits and fancies come out again to assist to kill the time and fill up the chasms of life. Hunting and fighting are an ever-ready resource of this kind for a nobleman: Edward longed for some outward peril, as a counterbalance to the storm within him. He craved for death, because the burden of life threatened to become too heavy for him to bear. It comforted him to think that he would soon cease to be, and so would make those whom he loved happy by his departure.

No one made any difficulty in his doing what he purposed, because he kept his intention a secret. He made his will with all due formalities. It gave him a very sweet feeling to secure Ottilie's fortune; provision was made for Charlotte, for the unborn child, for the captain, and for the servants. The war, which had again broken out, favoured his wishes: he had disliked exceedingly the half-soldiering which had fallen to him in his youth, and that was the reason why he had left the service. Now it gave him a fine exhilarating feeling to be able to rejoin it, under a commander of whom it could be said, that under his conduct death was likely and victory was sure.

Ottilie, when Charlotte's secret was made known to

her, bewildered by it, like Edward, and more than he, retired into herself, — she had nothing further to say: hope she could not, and wish she dared not. A glimpse into what was passing in her we can gather from her diary, some passages of which we think tc communicate.



Elective Affinities

Part II.

CHAPTER I.

THERE often happens to us in common life what, in an epic poem, we are accustomed to praise as a stroke of art in the poet; namely, that when the chief figures go off the scene, withdraw into inactivity, some other or others, whom hitherto we have scarcely observed, come forward and fill their places. And these, putting out all their force, at once fix our attention and sympathy on themselves, and earn our praise and admiration.

Thus, after the captain and Edward were gone, the architect, of whom we have spoken, appeared every day a more important person. The ordering and executing of a number of undertakings depended entirely upon him, and he proved himself thoroughly understanding and businesslike in the style in which he went to work; while in a number of other ways he was able also to make himself of assistance to the ladies, and find amusement for their weary hours. His outward air and appearance were of the kind which win confidence and awake affection. A youth in the full sense of the word, well-formed, tall, perhaps a little too stout; modest without being timid, and easy without being obtrusive, — there was no work and no trouble which he was not delighted to take upon himself; and as he could keep accounts with great facility, the whole economy of the household soon was no secret to him: and everywhere his salutary influence made itself felt. Any stranger who came he was commonly set to entertain; and he was skilful, either at declining unexpected visits, or at least so far preparing the ladies for them as to spare them any disagreeableness.

One day he had a good deal of trouble with a young lawyer, who had been sent by a neighbouring nobleman to speak about a matter which, although of no particular moment, yet touched Charlotte to the quick. We have to mention this incident because it gave occasion for a number of things which otherwise might perhaps have remained long untouched.

We remember certain alterations which Charlotte had made in the churchyard. The entire body of the monuments had been removed from their places, and had been ranged along the walls of the church, leaning against the string-course. The remaining space had been levelled, except a broad walk which led up to the church, and past it to the opposite gate; and it had been all sown with various kinds of trefoil, which had shot up and flowered most beautifully.

The new graves were to follow one after another in a regular order from the end, but the spot on each occasion was to be carefully smoothed over and again sown. No one could deny, that on Sundays and holidays, when the people went to church, the change had given it a most cheerful and pleasant appearance. At the same time, the clergyman, an old man clinging to old customs, who at first had not been especially pleased with the alteration, had become thoroughly delighted with it, all the more because when, like Philemon with his Baucis, resting under the old linden-trees at his back door, instead of the humps and mounds, he had a beautiful, clean lawn to look out upon; which, moreover, Charlotte having secured the use of the spot to the parsonage, was no little convenience to his household.

Notwithstanding this, however, many members of the congregation had been displeased that the means of marking the spots where their forefathers rested had been removed, and all memorials of them thereby obliterated. However well preserved the monuments

might be, they could only show who had been buried, but not where he had been buried; and the *where*, as many maintained, was everything.

Of this opinion was a family in the neighbourhood, who for many years had been in possession of a considerable vault for a general resting-place of themselves and their relations, and in consequence had settled a small annual sum for the use of the church. And now this young lawyer had been sent to cancel this settlement, and to show that his client did not intend to pay it any more, because the condition under which it had been hitherto made had not been observed by the other party, and no regard had been paid to objection and remonstrance. Charlotte, who was the originator of the alteration herself, chose to speak to the young man, who, in a decided though not a violent manner, laid down the grounds on which his client proceeded, and gave occasion in what he said for much serious reflection.

"You see," he said, after a slight introduction, in which he sought to justify his peremptoriness, "you see, it is right for the lowest as well as for the highest to mark the spot which holds those who are dearest to him. The poorest peasant, who buries a child, finds it some consolation to plant a light wooden cross upon the grave, and hang a garland upon it, to keep alive the memorial, at least as long as the sorrow remains; although such a mark, like the mourning, will pass away with time. Those better off exchange these wooden crosses for others made of iron, and fix and protect them in various ways; and here we have endurance for many years. But because this too will sink at last, and become invisible, those who are able to bear the expense see nothing fitter than to raise a stone which shall promise to endure for generations, and which can be restored and made fresh again by posterity. Yet it is not this stone which attracts us:

it is that which is contained beneath it, which is entrusted, where it stands, to the earth. It is not the memorial so much, of which we speak, as the person himself; not of what once was, but of what is. Far better, far more closely, can I embrace some dear departed one in the mound which rises over his bed, than in a monumental writing which only tells us that once he was. In itself, indeed, it is but little; but around it, as around a central mark, the wife, the husband, the kinsman, the friend, after their departure, shall gather again: and the living shall have the right to keep far off all strangers and evil wishers from the side of the dear one who is sleeping there.

"And, therefore, I hold it quite fair and fitting that my principal shall withdraw his grant to you. It is, indeed, but too reasonable that he should do it; for the members of his family are injured in a way for which no compensation could be even proposed. They are deprived of the sad, sweet feelings of laying offerings on the remains of their dead, and of the one comfort in their sorrow of one day lying down at their side."

"The matter is not of that importance," Charlotte answered, "that we should disquiet ourselves about it with the vexation of a lawsuit. I regret so little what I have done, that I will gladly myself indemnify the church for what it loses through you. Only I must confess candidly to you, your arguments have not convinced me: the pure feeling of a universal equality at last after death seems to me more composing than this hard, determined persistence in our personalities, and in the conditions and circumstances of our lives. What do you say to it?" she added, turning to the architect.

"It is not for me," replied he, "either to argue or to attempt to judge in such a case. Let me venture, however, to say what my own art and my own habits of thinking suggest to me. Since we are no longer so happy

as to be able to press to our breasts the inurned remains of those we have loved; since we are neither wealthy enough nor of cheerful heart enough to preserve them undecayed in large elaborate sarcophagi; since, indeed, we cannot even find place any more for ourselves and ours in the churches, and are banished out into the open air, — we all, I think, ought to approve the method which you, my gracious lady, have introduced. If the members of a congregation are laid out side by side, they are resting by the side of and among their kindred: and, since the earth has to receive us all, I can find nothing more natural or more desirable than that the mounds, which, if they are thrown up, are sure to sink slowly in again together, should be smoothed off at once; and the covering, which all bear alike, will press lighter upon each."

"And is it all, is it all to pass away," said Ottilie, "without one token of remembrance, without anything to call back the past?"

"By no means," continued the architect: "it is not from remembrance, it is from *place*, that men should be set free. The architect, the sculptor, are highly interested that men should look to their art, to their hand, for a continuance of their being; and, therefore, I should wish to see well designed, well executed monuments, not sown up and down by themselves at random, but erected all in a single spot, where they can promise themselves endurance. Inasmuch as even the good and the great are contented to surrender the privilege of resting in person in the churches, *we* may, at least, erect there, or in some fair hall near the burying-place, either monuments or monumental writings. A thousand forms might be suggested for them, and a thousand ornaments with which they might be decorated."

"If the artists are so rich," replied Charlotte, "then, tell me how it is that they are never able to escape

from little obelisks, dwarf pillars, and urns for ashes. Instead of your thousand forms of which you boast, I have never seen anything but a thousand repetitions."

"It is very generally so with us," returned the architect, "but it is not universal; and very likely the right taste and the proper application of it may be a peculiar art. In this case especially we have this great difficulty, that the monument must be something cheerful, and yet commemorate a solemn subject; while its matter is melancholy, it must not itself be melancholy. As regards designs for monuments of all kinds, I have collected numbers of them; and I will take some opportunity of showing them to you: but at all times the fairest memorial of a man remains some likeness of himself. This, better than anything else, will give a notion of what he was: it is the best text for many or for few notes, — only it ought to be made when he is at his best age, and that is generally neglected. No one thinks of preserving forms while they are alive; and, if it is done at all, it is done carelessly and incompletely: and then comes death; a cast is swiftly taken, this mask is set upon a block of stone, — and that is what is called a bust. How seldom is the artist in a position to put any real life into such things as these!"

"You have contrived," said Charlotte, "without perhaps knowing it or wishing it, to lead the conversation altogether in my favour. The likeness of a man is quite independent: everywhere that it stands, it stands for itself; and we do not require it to mark the site of a particular grave. But I must acknowledge to you to having a strange feeling: even to portraits I have a kind of dislike. Whenever I see them, they seem to be silently reproaching me. They point to something far away from us, gone from us; and they remind me how difficult it is to pay right honour to the present. If we think how many people we have seen and known, and consider how little we have been to them, and how

little they have been to us, it is no very pleasant reflection. We have met a man of genius without having enjoyed much with him, a learned man without having learned from him, a traveller without having been instructed, a man to love without having shown him any kindness.

"And unhappily this is not the case only with accidental meetings. Societies and families behave in the same way toward their dearest members, towns toward their worthiest citizens, people toward their most admirable princes, nations toward their most distinguished men.

"I have heard people asked why we heard nothing but good spoken of the dead, while of the living it is never without some exception. The reply was, because from the former we have nothing any more to fear; while the latter may still, here or there, fall in our way. So unreal is our anxiety to preserve the memory of others, generally no more than a mere selfish amusement; and the real, holy, earnest feeling would be what should prompt us to be more diligent and assiduous in our attentions toward those who still are left to us."

CHAPTER II.

UNDER the stimulus of this accident, and of the conversations which arose out of it, they went the following day to look over the burying-place, for the ornamenting of which, and relieving it in some degree of its sombre look, the architect made many a happy proposal. His interest, too, had to extend itself to the church as well, a building which had attracted his attention from the moment of his arrival.

It had been standing for many centuries, built in old German style, the proportions good, the decorating elaborate and excellent; and one might easily gather that the architect of the neighbouring monastery had left the stamp of his art and of his love on this smaller building also: on the spectator it still made a solemn and agreeable impression, although the change in its internal arrangements for the Protestant service had taken from it something of its repose and majesty.

The architect found no great difficulty in prevailing on Charlotte to give him a considerable sum of money to restore it externally and internally, in the original spirit; and thus, as he thought, to bring it into harmony with the resurrection-field which lay in front of it. He had himself much practical skill; and a few labourers, who were still busy at the lodge, might easily be kept together until this pious work, too, should be completed.

The building itself, therefore, with all its environs, and whatever was attached to it, was now carefully and thoroughly examined; and then showed itself, to

the greatest surprise and delight of the architect, a little side chapel, which nobody had thought of, beautifully and delicately proportioned, and displaying still greater care and pains in its decoration. It contained, at the same time, many remnants, carved and painted, of the implements used in the old services, when the different festivals were distinguished by a variety of pictures and ceremonies, and each was celebrated in its own peculiar style.

It was impossible for him not at once to take this chapel into his plan; and he determined to bestow especial pains on the restoring of this little spot as a memorial of old times, and of their taste. He saw exactly how he would like to have the vacant surfaces of the walls ornamented, and delighted himself with the prospect of exercising his talent for painting upon them; but of this, at first, he made a secret to the rest of the party.

Before doing anything else, he fulfilled his promise of showing the ladies the various imitations of, and designs from, old monuments, vases, and other such things which he had made; and, when they came to speak of the simple barrow-sepulchres of the northern nations, he brought a collection of weapons and implements which had been found in them. He had got them exceedingly nicely and conveniently arranged in drawers and compartments, laid on boards cut to fit them, and covered over with cloth; so that these solemn old things, in the way he treated them, had a smart, dressy appearance; and it was like looking into the box of a trinket merchant.

Having once begun to show his curiosities, and finding them prove serviceable to entertain our friends in their loneliness, every evening he would produce one or other of his treasures. They were most of them of German origin, — pieces of metal, old coins, seals, and such like. All these things directed the imagination

back upon old times; and when at last they came to amuse themselves with the first specimens of printing, woodcuts, and the earliest copperplate engraving; and when the church, in the same spirit, was growing out, every day, more and more in form and colour like the past, — they had almost to ask themselves whether they really were living in a modern time, whether it were not a dream that manners, customs, modes of life, and convictions were all really so changed.

After such preparation, a great portfolio, which at last he produced, had the best possible effect. It contained, indeed, principally only outlines and figures; but, as these had been traced upon original pictures, they retained perfectly their ancient character; and most captivating indeed this character was to the spectators. All the figures breathed only the purest feeling; every one, if not noble, at any rate was good; cheerful composure, ready recognition of One above us, to whom all reverence is due; silent devotion, in love and tranquil expectation, was expressed on every face, on every gesture. The old bald-headed man, the curly-pated boy, the light-hearted youth, the earnest man, the glorified saint, the angel hovering in the air, — all seemed happy in an innocent, satisfied, pious expectation. The commonest object had a trait of celestial life; and every nature seemed adapted to the service of God, and to be, in some way or other, employed upon it.

Toward such a region most of them gazed as toward a vanished golden age, or on some lost paradise; only, perhaps, Ottilie had a chance of finding herself among beings of her own nature. Who could offer any opposition when the architect asked to be allowed to paint the spaces between the arches and the walls of the chapel in the style of these old pictures, and thereby leave his own distinct memorial at a place where life had gone so pleasantly with him?

He spoke of it with some sadness; for he could see, in the state in which things were, that his sojourn in such delightful society could not last for ever, — indeed, that perhaps it would now soon be ended.

For the rest, these days were not rich in incidents, yet full of occasions for serious entertainment. We therefore take the opportunity of communicating something of the remarks Ottilie noted down among her manuscripts, to which we cannot find a fitter transition than through a simile that suggested itself to us on contemplating her exquisite pages.

There is, we are told, a curious contrivance in the service of the English marine. The ropes in use in the royal navy, from the largest to the smallest, are so twisted that a red thread runs through them from end to end, which cannot be extracted without undoing the whole, and by which the smallest pieces may be recognised as belonging to the Crown.

Just so is there drawn through Ottilie's diary a thread of attachment and affection which connects it all together and characterises the whole. And thus these remarks, these observations, these extracted sentences, and whatever else it may contain, were, to the writer, of peculiar meaning. Even the few separate pieces which we select and transcribe will sufficiently explain our meaning.

FROM OTTILIE'S DIARY.

"To rest hereafter at the side of those whom we love is the most delightful thought which man can have when once he looks out beyond the boundary of life. What a sweet expression is that, 'He was gathered to his fathers!'"

"Of the various memorials and tokens which bring nearer to us the distant and the separated, none is so

satisfactory as a picture. To sit and talk to a beloved picture, even though it be unlike, has a charm in it, like the charm which there sometimes is in quarrelling with a friend. We feel, in a strange, sweet way, that we are divided and yet cannot separate."

"A person, in whose company we happen to be, affords us, sometimes, entertainment similar to that of a picture. He need not speak to us, he need not look at us, or take any notice of us; we look at him, we feel the relation in which we stand to him; such relation can even grow without his doing anything toward it, without his having any feeling of it: he is to us exactly as a picture."

"One is never satisfied with a portrait of a person that one knows. I have always felt for the portrait-painter on this account. One so seldom requires of people what is impossible, and of them we do really require what is impossible: they must gather up into their picture the relation of everybody to its subject, all their likings and all dislikings; they must not only paint a man as they see him, but as every one else sees him. It does not surprise me if such artists become by degree stunted, indifferent, and of but one idea; and, indeed, it would not matter what came of it, if it were not that in consequence we have to go without the pictures of so many persons near and dear to us."

"It is too true, the architect's collection of weapons and old implements, which were found with the bodies of their owners, covered in with great hills of earth and rock, proves to us how useless is man's so great anxiety to preserve his personality after he is dead; and so inconsistent people are! The architect confesses to have himself opened these barrows of his

forefathers, and yet goes on occupying himself with memorials for posterity."

"But after all why should we take it so much to heart? Is all that we do, done for eternity? Do we not put on our dress in the morning, to throw it off again at night? Do we not go abroad to return home again? And why should we not wish to rest by the side of our friends, though it were but for a century?"

"When we see the many gravestones which have fallen in, which have been defaced by the footsteps of the congregation, which lie buried under the ruins of the churches, that have themselves crumbled together over them, we may fancy the life after death to be as a second life, into which a man enters in the figure, or the picture, or the inscription, and lives longer there than when he was really alive. But this figure also, this second existence, dies out too, sooner or later. Time will not allow himself to be cheated of his rights with the monuments of men or with themselves."

CHAPTER III.

It causes us so agreeable a sensation to occupy ourselves with what we can only half do, that no person ought to find fault with the amateur applying himself to an art he can never learn, nor blame an artist disposed to pass beyond the boundaries of his art, and amuse himself in some other branch of art akin to his own. With such complacency of feeling we regard the preparation of the architect for the painting the chapel. The colours were got ready, the measurements taken, the cartoons designed. He had made no attempt at originality, but kept close to his outlines: his only care was to make a proper distribution of the sitting and floating figures, so as tastefully to ornament his space with them.

The scaffoldings were erected. The work went forward; and, as soon as anything had been done on which the eye could rest, he could have no objection to Charlotte and Ottilie coming to see how he was getting on.

The lifelike faces of the angels, their robes waving against the blue sky-ground, delighted the eye; while their still and holy air calmed and composed the spirit, and produced the most delicate effect.

The ladies had joined him on the scaffolding; and Ottilie had scarcely observed how easily and regularly the work was being done, than the power which had been fostered in her by her early education at once appeared to develop. She took a brush, and, with a few words of direction, painted a richly folding robe with as much delicacy as skill.

Charlotte, who was always glad when Ottilie would occupy or amuse herself with anything, left them both in the chapel, and went to follow the train of her own thoughts, and work her way for herself through her cares and anxieties which she was unable to communicate to a creature.

When ordinary men allow themselves to be worked up by common, every-day difficulties into fever-fits of passion, we can give them nothing but a compassionate smile. But we look with a kind of awe on a spirit in which the seed of a great destiny has been sown, which must abide the unfolding of the germ, and neither dare nor can do anything to precipitate either the good or the ill, either the happiness or the misery, which is to arise out of it.

Edward had sent an answer by Charlotte's messenger, who had come to him in his solitude. It was written with kindness and interest, but was rather composed and serious than warm and affectionate. He had vanished almost immediately after, and Charlotte could learn no news about him; till, at last, she accidentally found his name in the newspaper, where he was mentioned with honour among those who had most distinguished themselves in a late important engagement. She now understood the method which he had taken; she perceived that he had escaped from great danger; only she was convinced at the same time that he would seek out greater; and it was all too clear to her, that, in every sense, he would hardly be withheld from any extremity.

She had to bear about this perpetual anxiety in her thoughts; and, turn which way she would, there was no light in which she could look at it that would give her comfort.

Ottilie, never dreaming of anything of this, had taken to the work in the chapel with the greatest interest; and she had easily obtained Charlotte's per-

mission to go on with it regularly. So now all went swiftly forward, and the azure heaven was soon peopled with worthy inhabitants. By continual practice, both Ottilie and the architect had gained more freedom with the last figures: they became perceptibly better. The faces, too, which had been all left to the architect to paint, showed by degrees a very singular peculiarity. They began all of them to resemble Ottilie. The contact with the beautiful girl had made so strong an impression on the soul of the young man, who had no variety of faces preconceived in his mind, that by degrees, on the way from the eye to the hand, nothing was lost, and both worked in exact harmony together. Enough; one of the last faces succeeded perfectly, so that it seemed as if Ottilie herself was looking down out of the spaces of the sky.

They had finished the vault. The walls they proposed to leave plain, and only to cover them over with a bright brown colour. The delicate pillars and the quaintly moulded ornaments were to be distinguished from them by a dark shade. But, as in such things one thing always leads on to another, they determined at least on having festoons of flowers and fruit, which should, as it were, unite together heaven and earth. Here Ottilie was in her element. The gardens provided the most perfect patterns; and, although the wreaths were as rich as they could make them, it was all finished sooner than they had supposed possible.

It was still looking rough and disorderly. The scaffolding-poles had been run together, the planks thrown one on the top of the other, the uneven pavement was yet more disfigured by the party-coloured stains of the paint which had been spilt on it.

The architect begged that the ladies would give him a week to himself, and during that time would not

enter the chapel. One fine evening he came to them, and begged them both to go and see it. He did not wish to accompany them, he said, and at once took his leave.

"Whatever surprise he may have designed for us," said Charlotte, as soon as he was gone, "I cannot myself just now go down there. You can go by yourself, and tell me all about it. No doubt he has been doing something which we shall like. I will enjoy it first in your description, and afterward it will be the more charming in the reality."

Ottilie, who knew well that in many cases Charlotte took care to avoid everything which could produce emotion, and particularly disliked to be surprised, set off down the walk by herself, and looked round involuntarily for the architect, who, however, was nowhere to be seen, and must have concealed himself somewhere. She walked into the church, which she found open. It had been finished before, cleaned, and consecrated. She went on to the chapel-door; its heavy mass, all overlaid with iron, yielded easily to her touch; and she found an unexpected sight in a familiar spot.

A solemn, beautiful light streamed in through the one tall window. It was filled with stained glass, gracefully put together. The entire chapel had thus received a strange tone, and called forth a peculiar frame of mind. The beauty of the vaulted ceiling and the walls was set off by the elegance of the pavement, which was composed of peculiarly shaped tiles, fastened together with gypsum, and forming exquisite patterns as they lay. This, and the coloured glass for the windows, the architect had prepared without their knowledge; and a short time was sufficient to have it put in its place.

Seats had been provided as well. Among the relics of the old church some finely carved chancel-chairs

had been discovered, which now were standing about at convenient places along the walls.

The parts which she knew so well, now meeting her as an unfamiliar whole, delighted Ottilie. She stood still, walked up and down, looked and looked again. At last she seated herself in one of the chairs; and it seemed, as she gazed up and down, as if she was, and yet was not; as if she felt, and did not feel; as if all this would vanish from before her, and she would vanish from herself; and it was only when the sun left the window, on which before it had been shining full, that she awoke to possession of herself, and hastened back to the castle.

She did not hide from herself the strange epoch at which this surprise had occurred to her. It was the evening of Edward's birthday. Very differently she had hoped to keep it. How was not everything to be dressed out for this festival! and now all the splendour of the autumn flowers remained ungathered. Those sunflowers were still turned to the sky; those asters still looked out with quiet, modest eye; and whatever of them all had been wound into wreaths had served as patterns for the decorating a spot which, if it was not to remain a mere artist's fancy, was only adapted as a general mausoleum.

And then she had to remember the impetuous eagerness with which Edward had kept her birthday-feast. She thought of the newly erected lodge, under the roof of which they had promised themselves so much enjoyment. The fireworks flashed and hissed again before her eyes and ears: the more lonely she was, the more keenly her imagination brought it all before her. But she felt herself only the more alone. She no longer leaned upon his arm, and she had no hope ever any more to rest herself upon it.

FROM OTTILIE'S DIARY

"I have been struck with an observation of the young architect.

"In the case of the creative artist, as in that of the artisan, it is clear that man is least permitted to appropriate to himself what is most entirely his own. His works forsake him as the birds forsake the nest in which they were hatched.

"The fate of the architect is the strangest of all in this way. How often he expends his whole soul, his whole heart and passion, to produce buildings into which he himself may never enter. The halls of kings owe their magnificence to him, but he has no enjoyment of them in their splendour. In the temple he draws a partition-line between himself and the holy of holies: he may never more set his foot upon the steps which he has laid down for the heart-thrilling ceremonial, as the goldsmith may only adore from far off the monstrance whose enamel and whose jewels he has himself set together. The builder surrenders to the rich man, with the key of his palace, all pleasure and all right there, and never shares with him in the enjoyment of it. And must not art in this way, step by step, draw off from the artist, when the work, like a child who is provided for, has no more to fall back upon its father? And what a power there must be in art itself, for its own self-advancing, when it has been obliged to shape itself almost solely out of what was open to all, only out of what was the property of every one, and therefore also of the artist!"

"There is a conception among ancient nations, which is awful, and may almost seem terrible. They pictured their forefathers to themselves sitting round on thrones, in enormous caverns, in silent converse; when a newcomer entered, if he were worthy enough,

they rose up, and inclined their heads to welcome him. Yesterday, as I was sitting in the chapel, and other carved chairs stood round like that in which I was, the thought of this came over me, with a soft, pleasant feeling. Why cannot you stay sitting here? I said to myself; stay here sitting, meditating with yourself long, long, long, till at last your friends come, and you rise up to them, and with a gentle inclination direct them to their places. The coloured window-panes convert the day into a solemn twilight; and some one should set up for us an ever-burning lamp, that the night might not be utter darkness."

"We may imagine ourselves in what situation we please, we always conceive ourselves as *seeing*. I believe man dreams only so that he may never cease to see. Some day, perhaps, the inner light will come out from within us; and we shall not any more require another.

"The year dies away: the wind sweeps over the stubble, and there is nothing left to stir under its touch. But the red berries on yonder tall tree seem as if they would still remind us of brighter things, and the stroke of the thrasher's flail awakes the thought how much of nourishment and life lies buried in the mowed ear."

CHAPTER IV.

How strangely, after all this, with the sense so vividly impressed on her of mutability and perishableness, must Ottilie have been affected by the news which could not any longer be kept concealed from her, that Edward had exposed himself to the uncertain chances of war! Unhappily, none of the observations which she had occasion to make upon it escaped her. But it is well for us that man can only endure a certain degree of unhappiness: what is beyond that either annihilates him, or passes by him, and leaves him apathetic. There are situations in which hope and fear run together, in which they mutually destroy one another, and lose themselves in a dull indifference. If it were not so, how could we bear to know of those who are most dear to us being in hourly peril, and yet go on as usual with our ordinary every-day life?

It was, therefore, as if some good genius was caring for Ottilie, that, all at once, this stillness, in which she seemed to be sinking from loneliness and want of occupation, was suddenly invaded by a wild army, which, while it gave her externally abundance of employment, and so took her out of herself, at the same time awoke in her the consciousness of her own power.

Charlotte's daughter, Luciana, had scarcely left the school and gone out into the great world; scarcely had she found herself at her aunt's house in the midst of a large society, — than her anxiety to please produced its effect in really pleasing: and a young, very wealthy, man soon experienced a passionate desire to make her

his own. His large property gave him a right to have the best of everything for his use; and nothing seemed to be wanting to him except a perfect wife, for whom, as for the rest of his good fortune, he should be the envy of the world.

This incident in her family had been for some time occupying Charlotte. It had engaged all her attention, and taken up her whole correspondence, except so far as this was directed to the obtaining news of Edward: so that latterly Ottilie had been left more than was usual to herself. She knew, indeed, of an intended visit from Luciana. She had been making various changes and arrangements in the house in preparation for it, but she had no notion that it was so near. Letters, she supposed, would first have to pass, setting the time, and making arrangements: when the storm broke suddenly over the castle and over herself.

Up drove, first, lady's maids and men servants, their carriage loaded with trunks and boxes. The household was already swelled to double or to treble its size, and then appeared the visitors themselves. There was the great-aunt, with Luciana and some of her friends, and then the bridegroom with some of his friends. The entrance-hall was full of things, — bags, portmanteaus, and leather articles of every sort. The boxes had to be got out of their covers, and that was infinite trouble; and of luggage and of rummage there was no end. At intervals, moreover, there were violent showers, giving rise to much inconvenience. Ottilie encountered all this confusion with the easiest equanimity, and her happy talent showed in its fairest light. In a very little time she had brought things to order, and disposed of them. Every one found his room; every one had his things exactly as they wished; and all thought themselves well attended to, because they were not prevented from attending on themselves.

The journey had been long and fatiguing, and they

would all have been glad of a little rest after it. The bridegroom would have liked to pay his respects to his mother-in-law, express his pleasure, his gratitude, and so on. But Luciana could not rest. She had now arrived at the happiness of being able to mount a horse. The bridegroom had beautiful horses, and mount they must on the spot. Clouds and wind, rain and storm, they were nothing to Luciana; and now it was as if they only lived to get wet through, and to dry themselves again. If she took a fancy to go out walking, she never thought what sort of dress she had on, or what her shoes were like; she must go and see the grounds of which she had heard so much: what could not be done on horseback, she ran through on foot. In a little while she had seen everything, and given her opinion about everything, and with such rapidity of character it was not easy to contradict or oppose her. The whole household had much to suffer, but most particularly the lady's maids, who were at work from morning to night, washing and ironing and stitching.

As soon as she had exhausted the house and the park, she thought it was her duty to pay visits all round the neighbourhood. As they rode and drove very fast, the visits extended to a considerable distance. The castle was overrun with people returning visits; and, that they might not miss one another, certain days were set apart for being at home.

Charlotte, in the meantime, with her aunt, and the man of business of the bridegroom, was occupied in determining about the settlements; and it was left to Ottilie, with those under her, to take care that all this crowd of people were properly provided for. Gamekeepers and gardeners, fishermen and shop-dealers, were set in motion; Luciana always showing herself like the blazing nucleus of a comet with its long tail trailing behind it. The ordinary amusements of the

parties soon became too insipid for her taste. Hardly would she leave the old people in peace at the card-table. Whoever could by any means be set moving (and who could resist the charm of being pressed by her into service?) must up, if not to dance, then to play at forfeits, or some other game, where they were to be victimised and tormented. Notwithstanding all that, however, and although afterward the redeeming of the forfeits had to be settled with herself, yet of those who played with her, never any one, especially never any man, let him be of what sort he would, went quite empty-handed away. Indeed, some old people of rank who were there, she succeeded in completely winning over to herself, by having contrived to find out their birthdays or christening-days, and marking them with some particular celebration. In all this she showed a skill not a little remarkable. Every one saw himself favoured, and each considered himself to be the one most favoured, — a weakness of which the oldest person of the party was the most notably guilty.

It seemed to be a sort of pride with her, that men who had anything remarkable about them, — rank, character, or fame, — she must and would gain for herself. Gravity and seriousness she made give way to her; and, wild, strange creature as she was, she found favour even with discretion itself. Not that the young were at all cut short in consequence. Everybody had his share, his day, his hour, in which she contrived to charm and to enchain him. It was, therefore, natural enough that before long she should have had the architect in her eye, looking out so unconsciously as he did from under his long black hair, and standing so calm and quiet in the background. To all her questions she received short, sensible answers; but he did not seem inclined to allow himself to be carried away farther: and at last, half provoked, half in malice,

she resolved that she would make him the hero of a day, and so gain him for her court.

It was not for nothing that she had brought that quantity of luggage with her. Much, indeed, had followed her afterward. She had provided herself with an endless variety of dresses. When it took her fancy, she would change her dress three or four times a day, usually wearing something of an ordinary kind, but making her appearance suddenly at intervals in a thorough masquerade-dress, as a peasant-girl or a fish-maiden, as a fairy or a flower-girl; and this would go on from morning till night. Sometimes she would even disguise herself as an old woman, that her young face might peep out the fresher from under the cap; and so utterly in this way did she confuse and mix together the actual and the fantastic, that people thought they were living with a sort of drawing-room witch.

But the principal use which she had for these disguises were pantomimic tableaux and dances, in which she was skilful in expressing a variety of character. A cavalier in her suite had arranged to play on the piano, by way of accompaniment to her gestures, what little music was required: they needed only to exchange a few words, and they at once understood one another.

One day, in a pause of a brilliant ball, they were called upon suddenly to extemporise (it was on a private hint from themselves) one of these exhibitions. Luciana seemed embarrassed, taken by surprise, and, contrary to her custom, let herself be asked more than once. She could not decide upon her character, desired the party to choose, and asked, like an *improvvisatore*, for a subject. At last her musical assistant, with whom all had been previously arranged, sat down at the instrument, and began to play a mourning-march, calling on her to give them the "Artemisia" which she had been studying so admirably. She consented, and,

after a short absence, reappeared, to the sad, tender music of the dead march, in the form of the royal widow, with measured step, carrying an urn of ashes before her. A large black tablet was borne in after her, and a carefully cut piece of chalk in a gold pencil case.

One of her admirers and helpers, into whose ear she whispered something, went directly to call the architect, to desire him, and, if he would not come, to drag him up, as master-builder, to draw the grave for the mausoleum, and to tell him at the same time that he was not to play the statist, but enter earnestly into his part as one of the performers.

Embarrassed as the architect outwardly appeared (for in his black, close-fitting, modern civilian's dress, he formed a wonderful contrast with the gauze, crape, fringes, tinsel, tassels, and crown), he very soon composed himself internally; and the scene became all the more strange. With the greatest gravity he placed himself in front of the tablet, which was supported by a couple of pages, and drew carefully an elaborate tomb, which, indeed, would have suited better a Lombard than a Carian prince; but it was in such beautiful proportions, so solemn in its parts, so full of genius in its decoration, that the spectators watched it growing with delight, and wondered at it when it was finished.

All this time he had not once turned toward the queen, but had given his whole attention to what he was doing. At last, when, bowing to her, he signified that he thought he had fulfilled her commands, she reached out the urn to him, expressing her desire to see it represented on the top of the monument. He complied, although unwillingly; as it would not suit the character of the rest of his design. Luciana was now at last freed from her impatience. Her intention had been by no means to get a scientific drawing out of him. If he had only made a few strokes, sketched

something which should have looked like a monument, and devoted the rest of his time to her, it would have been far more what she had wished, and would have pleased her a great deal better. His manner of proceeding had thrown her into the greatest embarrassment. For although in her sorrow, in her directions, in her gestures, in her approbation of the work as it slowly rose before her, she had tried to manage some sort of change of expression, and although she had hung about close to him, only to place herself into some sort of relation to him, yet he had kept himself throughout too stiff; so that too often she had been driven to take refuge with her urn: she had to press it to her heart and look up to heaven; and at last, a situation of that kind having a necessary tendency to intensify, she made herself more like a widow of Ephesus than a Queen of Caria. Thus the representation lasted a long time. The musician, who had usually patience enough, did not know any more what strain to strike up. He thanked God when he saw the urn stand on the pyramid, and involuntarily his tune, as the queen was going to express her gratitude, changed to a merry air, by which the whole thing lost its character. The company, however, was quite cheered up by it, and forthwith separated; some going up to express their delight and admiration of the lady for her excellent performance, and some praising the architect for his most artist-like and beautiful drawing.

The bridegroom especially paid marked attention to the architect. "I am vexed," he said, "that the drawing should be so perishable: you will permit me, however, to have it taken to my room, where I should much like to talk to you about it."

"If it would give you any pleasure," said the architect, "I can lay before you a number of highly finished designs for buildings and monuments of this kind, of which this is but a mere hasty sketch."

Ottilie was standing at no great distance, and went up to them. "Do not forget," she said to the architect, "to take an opportunity of letting the baron see your collection. He is a friend of art and of antiquity. I should like you to become better acquainted."

Luciana was passing at the moment. "What are they speaking of?" she asked.

"Of a collection of works of art," replied the baron, "which this gentleman possesses, and which he is good enough to say that he will show us."

"Oh, let him bring them immediately!" cried Luciana: "you will bring them, will you not?" she added, in a soft and sweet tone, taking both his hands in hers.

"The present is scarcely a fitting time," the architect answered.

"What!" Luciana cried, in a tone of authority: "you will not obey the command of your queen?" and then she begged him again with some piece of absurdity.

"Do not be obstinate," said Ottilie, in a scarcely audible voice.

The architect left them with a bow, signifying neither assent nor refusal.

He was hardly gone, when Luciana was flying up and down the saloon with a greyhound. "Alas!" she exclaimed, as she ran accidentally against her mother, "am I not an unfortunate creature? I have not brought my monkey with me. They told me I had better not, but I am sure it was nothing but the laziness of my people; and it is such a delight to me. But I will have it brought after me: somebody shall go and fetch it. If I could only see a picture of the dear creature, it would be a comfort to me: I certainly will have his picture taken, and it shall never be out of my sight."

"Perhaps I can comfort you," replied Charlotte. "There is a whole volume full of the most wonderful

ape-faces in the library, which you can have fetched if you like."

Luciana shrieked for joy. The great folio was produced instantly. The sight of these hideous creatures, so like to men, and with the resemblance even more caricatured by the artist, gave Luciana the greatest delight. It was her especial delight to find some one of her acquaintance whom the animals resembled. "Is that not like my uncle!" she remorselessly exclaimed; "and here, look, here is my milliner M——; and here is Parson S——; and here the image of that creature — bodily! After all, these monkeys are the real *incroyables;* and it is inconceivable why they are not admitted into the best society."

It was in the best society that she said this, and yet no one took it ill of her. People had become accustomed to allow her so many liberties in her prettinesses, that at last they came to allow them in what was unpretty.

During this time, Ottilie was talking to the bridegroom; she was looking anxiously for the return of the architect, whose serious and tasteful collection was to deliver the party from the apes; and, in the expectation of it, she had made it the subject of her conversation with the baron, and directed his attention on various things which he was to see. But the architect stayed away; and when at last he made his appearance he lost himself in the crowd, without having brought anything with him, and without seeming as if he had been asked for anything.

For a moment Ottilie became — what shall we call it? — annoyed, put out, perplexed. She had been saying so much about him — she had promised the bridegroom an hour of enjoyment after his own heart; and, with all the depth of his love for Luciana, he was evidently suffering from her present behaviour.

The monkeys had to give place to a collation. Round

games followed, and then more dancing; at last, a general uneasy vacancy, with fruitless attempts at resuscitating exhausted amusements, which lasted this time, as indeed they usually did, long past midnight. It had already become a habit with Luciana to be never able to get out of bed in the morning or into it at night.

About this time, the incidents noticed in Ottilie's diary become more rare; while we find a larger number of maxims and sentences drawn from life and relating to life. It is not conceivable that the larger proportion of these could have arisen from her own reflection; and most likely some one had shown her varieties of them, and she had written out what took her fancy. Many, however, with an internal bearing, can be easily recognised by the red thread.

FROM OTTILIE'S DIARY.

"We like to look into the future, because we feel as if we could guide by our silent wishes in our own favour the chances hovering in it."

"We seldom find ourselves in a large party without thinking, the accident which brings so many here together, should bring our friends to us as well."

"Let us live in as small a circle as we will, we are either debtors or creditors before we have had time to look round."

"If we meet a person who is under an obligation to us, we remember it immediately. But how often may we meet people to whom we are ourselves under obligation, without its even occurring to us!"

"It is nature to communicate one's self: it is culture to receive what is communicated as it is given."

"No one would talk much in society, if he only knew how often he misunderstands others."

"One alters so much what one has heard from others in repeating it, only because one has not understood it."

"Whoever indulges long in monologue in the presence of others, without flattering his listeners, provokes ill-will."

"Every word a man utters provokes the opposite opinion."

"Argument and flattery are but poor elements out of which to form a conversation."

"The most pleasant kind of society is that in which those composing it have an easy and natural respect for one another."

"There is nothing wherein people betray their character more than in what they find to laugh at."

"The ridiculous arises out of a moral contrast, in which two things are brought together before the mind in an innocent way."

"The material man often laughs where there is nothing to laugh at. Whatever moves him, his inner nature comes to the surface."

"The man of understanding finds almost everything ridiculous; the man of higher insight scarcely anything."

"Some one found fault with an elderly man for continuing to pay attention to young ladies. 'It is the only means,' he replied, 'of keeping one's self young; and everybody likes to do that.'"

"People will allow their faults to be shown them; they will let themselves be punished for them; they will patiently endure many things because of them; they only become impatient when they have to lay them aside."

"Certain defects are necessary for the existence of individuality. We should not be pleased if old friends were to lay aside certain peculiarities."

"There is a saying, 'He will die soon,' when a man acts unlike himself."

"What kind of defects may we bear with and even cultivate in ourselves? Such as rather give pleasure to others than injure them."

"The passions are defects or excellencies only in excess."

"Our passions are true phœnixes: as the old burn out, the new straight rise up out of the ashes."

"Violent passions are incurable diseases: the means which will cure them are what first make them thoroughly dangerous."

"Passion is both raised and softened by confession. In nothing, perhaps, were the middle way more desirable, than in knowing what to say and what not to say to those we love."

CHAPTER V.

So swept on Luciana in the social whirlpool, driving the rush of life along before her. Her court multiplied daily, partly because her impetuosity roused and attracted so many, partly because she knew how to attach the rest to her by kindness and attention. Generous she was in the highest degree: her aunt's affection for her, and her bridegroom's love, had heaped her with beautiful and costly presents; but she seemed as if nothing which she had was her own, and as if she did not know the value of the things which had streamed in upon her. One day she saw a young lady looking rather poorly dressed by the side of the rest of the party; and she did not hesitate a moment to take off a rich shawl which she was wearing, and hang it over her, — doing it, at the same time, in such a humourous, graceful way, that no one could refuse such a present so given. One of her courtiers always carried about a purse, with orders to inquire, in whatever place they passed through, for the most aged and most helpless persons, and give them relief, at least for the moment. In this way she gained for herself all round the country a reputation for charitableness, which grew, at times, somewhat inconvenient, through being molested by far too many persons needing help.

Nothing, however, so much added to her popularity as her steady and consistent kindness toward an unhappy young man, who shrank from society because, while otherwise handsome and well formed, he had lost his right hand, although with high honour, in

action. This mutilation weighed so heavily upon his spirits, it was so annoying to him that every new acquaintance he made had to be told the story of his misfortune, that he chose rather to shut himself up altogether, devoting himself to reading and other studious pursuits, and would have no dealings whatever with society.

She heard of the state of this young man. At once she contrived to prevail upon him to come to her, first to small parties, then to greater, and then out into the world with her. She showed more attention to him than to any other person: particularly she endeavoured, by the services which she pressed upon him, to make him sensible of what he had lost in labouring herself to supply it. At dinner, she would make him sit next to her: she cut up his food for him, that he might only have to use his fork. If people older or of higher rank prevented her from being close to him, she would extend her attention to him across the entire table; and the servants were hurried off to supply to him what distance threatened to deprive him of. At last she encouraged him to write with his left hand. All his attempts he was to address to her; and thus, whether far or near, she always kept herself in correspondence with him. The young man did not know what had happened to him, and from that moment a new life opened out before him.

One may perhaps suppose that such behaviour must have caused some uneasiness to her bridegroom. But, in fact, it was quite the reverse. He admired her exceedingly for her exertions, and had the more reason for feeling entirely satisfied about her, as she had certain features in her character almost in excess, which kept anything in the slightest degree dangerous utterly at a distance. She would run about with anybody, just as she fancied: no one was free from danger of a push or a pull, or of being made the object of some

sort of freak; but no person ever ventured to do the same to her, — no person dared to touch her, or return, in the remotest degree, any liberty which she had taken herself. She kept every one within the strictest bounds of propriety in their behaviour to herself; while she, in her own behaviour, was every moment overleaping them.

On the whole, one might have supposed it to be a maxim with her to expose herself indifferently to praise or blame, to regard or to dislike. If in various ways she took pains to win people's favour, she commonly herself spoiled all the good she had done, by an ill tongue which spared no one. Not a visit was ever paid in the neighbourhood, not a single piece of hospitality was ever shown to herself and her party among the surrounding castles or mansions, but what on her return her excessive recklessness let it appear that all men and all human things she was only inclined to see on the ridiculous side.

There were three brothers, who, purely out of compliment to each other which should marry first, had been overtaken by old age before they had got the question settled: here was a little, young wife with a great, old husband; there, on the other hand, was a dapper little man and an unwieldy giantess. In one house, every step one took one stumbled over a child; another, however many people were crammed into it, never would seem full, because there were no children there at all. Old couples (supposing the estate was not entailed) should get themselves buried as quickly as possible, that such a thing as a laugh might be heard again in the house. Young married people should travel: housekeeping did not sit well upon them. And as she treated the persons, so she treated what belonged to them, — their houses, their furniture, their dinner-services, — everything. The ornaments of the walls of the rooms most particularly provoked her

funny remarks. From the oldest tapestry to the most modern printed paper; from the noblest family pictures to the most frivolous new copperplate, — one as well as the other had to suffer, one as well as the other had to be pulled in pieces by her satirical tongue: so that, indeed, one had to wonder how, for twenty miles around, anything continued to exist.

It was not, perhaps, exactly malice which produced all this destructiveness; it was wilfulness and selfishness that ordinarily set her off upon it: but a genuine bitterness grew up in her feelings toward Ottilie.

She looked down with disdain on the calm, uninterrupted activity of the sweet girl, which every one had observed and admired: and, when something was said of the care which Ottilie took of the garden and of the hothouses, she not only spoke scornfully of it, in affecting to be surprised, if it were so, at there being neither flowers nor fruit to be seen, not caring to consider that they were living in the depth of winter, but every faintest scrap of green, every leaf, every bud which showed, she chose to have picked every day, and squandered on ornamenting the rooms and tables; and Ottilie and the gardener were not a little distressed to see their hopes for the next year, and perhaps for a longer time, destroyed in this wanton recklessness.

As little would she be content to leave Ottilie to her quiet work at home, in which she could live with so much comfort. Ottilie had to go with them on their pleasure-parties and sleighing-parties: she had to be at the balls which were being got up all about the neighbourhood. She was not to mind the snow, or the cold, or the night air, or the storm: other people did not die of such things, and why should she? The delicate girl suffered not a little from it all, but Luciana gained nothing. For although Ottilie went about very simply dressed, she was always, at least so the men thought, the most beautiful. A soft attractive-

ness gathered them all about her: no matter whereabouts in the great rooms she was, first or last, it was always the same. Even Luciana's bridegroom often conversed with her, — the more so, indeed, because he desired her advice and assistance in a matter just then engaging his attention.

He had cultivated the acquaintance of the architect. On seeing his collection of works of art, he had taken occasion to talk much with him on history and on other matters, and especially from seeing the chapel had learned to appreciate his talent. The baron was young and wealthy. He was a collector: he wished to build. His love for the arts was keen, his knowledge slight. In the architect he thought that he had found the man he wanted, that with his assistance there was more than one aim at which he could arrive at once. He had spoken to his bride of what he wished. She praised him for it, and was infinitely delighted with the proposal. But it was more, perhaps, that she might withdraw this young man from Ottilie (with whom she fancied she saw that he was somewhat in love), than because she thought of applying his talents to any purpose. He had shown himself, indeed, very ready to help at any of her extemporised festivities, and had suggested various resources for this thing and that. But she always thought she understood better than he what should be done; and, as her inventive genius was usually somewhat common, her designs could be as well executed with the help of a clever *valet de chambre* as with that of the most finished artist. Further than to an altar on which something was to be offered, or to a crowning, whether of a living head or of one of plaster of Paris, the force of her imagination could not ascend, when a birthday, or other such occasion, made her wish to pay some one an especial compliment.

Ottilie was able to give the baron the most satis-

factory answer to his inquiries as to the position the architect held in their family. Charlotte had already, as she was aware, been exerting herself to find some situation for him: had it not been indeed for the arrival of the party, the young man would have left them immediately on the completion of the chapel, the winter having brought all building operations to a standstill; and it was, therefore, most fortunate if a new patron could be found to assist him, and to make use of his talents.

Ottilie's own intercourse with the architect was as pure and unconscious as possible. His agreeable presence and his industrious nature had charmed and entertained her, as the presence of an elder brother might. Her feelings for him remained at the calm, unimpassioned level of blood relationship: for in her heart there was no room for more, — it was filled to overflowing with love for Edward; only God, who interpenetrates all things, could share with him the possession of that heart.

Soon they were in the depth of winter: the weather grew wilder, the roads more impracticable; and therefore it seemed all the pleasanter to spend the waning days in agreeable society. With short intervals of ebb, the crowd from time to time flooded up over the house. Officers found their way there from distant garrison towns; the cultivated among them being a most welcome addition, the ruder the inconvenience of every one. Of civilians, too, there was no lack; and one day the count and the baroness quite unexpectedly came driving up together.

Their presence gave the castle the air of a genuine court. The men of rank and character formed a circle about the count, and the ladies yielded precedence to the baroness. The surprise at seeing both together, and in such high spirits, was not allowed to be of long continuance. There was a report that the count's wife

was dead, and the new marriage was to take place as soon as ever decency would allow it.

Well did Ottilie remember their first visit, and every word which was then uttered about marriage and separation, binding and dividing, hope, expectation, disappointment, renunciation. Here were these two persons, at that time without prospect for the future, now standing before her, so near their wished-for happiness; and an involuntary sigh escaped from her heart.

No sooner did Luciana hear that the count was an amateur of music, than at once she must get up something of a concert. She herself would sing, and accompany herself on the guitar. It was done. The instrument she did not play without skill; her voice was agreeable; as for the words, one understood about as little of them as one commonly does when a German beauty sings to the guitar. However, every one assured her that she had sung with exquisite expression; and she found quite enough approbation to satisfy her. A singular misfortune befell her, however, on this occasion. Among the party there happened to be a poet, whom she hoped particularly to attach to herself, wishing to induce him to write a song or two, and address them to her. This evening, therefore, she produced scarcely anything except songs of his composing. Like the rest of the party, he was perfectly courteous to her; but she had looked for more. She spoke to him several times, going as near the subject as she dared; but nothing further could she get. At last, unable to bear it any longer, she sent one of her train to him, to sound him, and find out whether he had not been delighted to hear his beautiful poems so beautifully executed.

"My poems?" he replied with amazement. "Pray excuse me, my dear sir," he added: "I heard nothing but the vowels, and not all of those; however, I am in

duty bound to express my gratitude for so amiable an intention." The dandy said nothing, and kept his secret: the other endeavoured to get himself out of the scrape by a few well-timed compliments. She did not conceal her desire to have something of his which should be written for herself.

If it would not have been too ill-natured, he might have handed her the alphabet, to imagine for herself, out of that, such laudatory poem as would please her, and set it to the first melody that came to hand; but she was not to escape out of this business without mortification. A short time after, she had to learn that the very same evening he had written to one of Ottilie's favourite melodies a most lovely poem, which was something more than complimentary.

Luciana, like all persons of her sort, who never can distinguish between where they show to advantage and where to disadvantage, now determined to try her fortune in reciting. Her memory was good: but, if the truth must be told, her execution was spiritless; and she was vehement without being passionate. She recited ballad stories, and whatever else is usually delivered in declamation. At the same time she had contracted an unhappy habit of accompanying what she recited with gestures, by which, in a disagreeable way, what is purely epic and lyric is more confused than connected with the dramatic.

The count, a keen-sighted man, soon saw through the party, — their inclinations, dispositions, wishes, and capabilities, — and by some means or other contrived to bring Luciana to a new kind of exhibition, which was perfectly suited to her.

"I see here," he said, "a number of persons with fine figures, who would surely be able to imitate picturesque movements and postures. Suppose they were to try, if the thing is new to them, to represent some real and well-known picture. An imitation of this kind, if

it requires some labour in arrangement, has an inconceivably charming effect."

Luciana was quick enough in perceiving that here she was on her own ground entirely. Her fine shape, her well-rounded form, the regularity and yet expressiveness of her features, her light-brown braided hair, her long neck, — she ran them all over in her mind, and calculated on their pictorial effects; and if she had only known that her beauty showed to more advantage when she was still than when she was in motion, because in the last case certain ungracefulnesses continually escaped her, she would have entered even more eagerly than she did into this natural picture-making.

They brought forth some engravings of celebrated pictures, and the first which they chose was Van Dyck's "Belisarius." A large, well-proportioned man, somewhat advanced in years, was to represent the seated blind general. The architect was to be the affectionate soldier standing sorrowing before him, there really being some resemblance between them. Luciana, half from modesty, had chosen the part of the young woman in the background, counting out ample alms into the palm of his hand; while an old woman beside her is trying to prevent her, and representing that she is giving too much. Nor was another woman who is in the act of giving him something forgotten. Into this and other pictures they threw themselves with all earnestness. The count gave the architect a few hints as to the best style of arrangement; and he at once set up a kind of theatre, all necessary pains being taken for the proper lighting of it. They had already made many preparations, before they observed how large an outlay what they were undertaking would require, and that, in the country, in the middle of the winter, many things which they required, would be difficult to procure; consequently, to prevent a

stoppage, Luciana had nearly her whole wardrobe cut in pieces, to supply the various costumes which the original artist had arbitrarily selected.

The appointed evening came; and the exhibition was carried out in the presence of a large assemblage, and to the universal satisfaction. They had some good music to excite expectation, and the performance opened with the "Belisarius." The figures were so successful, the colours were so happily distributed, and the lighting managed so skilfully, that they might really have fancied themselves in another world; only that the presence of the real, instead of the apparent, produced a kind of uncomfortable sensation.

The curtain fell, and was more than once raised again by general desire. A musical interlude kept the assembly amused while preparation was going forward to surprise them with a picture of a higher stamp: it was the well-known design of Poussin, Ahasuerus and Esther. This time Luciana had done better for herself. As the fainting, sinking queen, she had put out all her charms; and, for the attendant maidens who were supporting her, she had cunningly selected pretty, well-shaped figures, not one among whom, however, had the slightest pretension to be compared with herself. From this picture, as from all the rest, Ottilie remained excluded. To sit on the golden throne, and represent the Zeus-like monarch, Luciana had picked out the finest and handsomest man of the party: so that this picture was really of incomparable perfection.

For a third they had taken the so-called "Father's Admonition" of Terburg; and who does not know Wille's admirable engraving of this picture? One foot thrown over the other, sits a noble, knightly-looking father: his daughter stands before him, to whose conscience he seems to be appealing. She, a fine, striking figure, in a folding drapery of white satin,

is only to be seen from behind; but her whole bearing appears to signify that she is collecting herself. That the admonition is not too severe, that she is not being utterly put to shame, is to be gathered from the air and attitude of the father; while the mother seems as if she were trying to conceal some slight embarrassment, — she is looking into a glass of wine, which she is on the point of drinking.

Here was an opportunity for Luciana to appear in her highest splendour. Her back hair, the form of her head, neck, and shoulders, were beautiful beyond all conception; and the waist, which in the modern antique of the ordinary dresses of young ladies is hardly visible, showed to the greatest advantage in all its graceful, slender elegance in the really old costume. The architect had contrived to dispose the rich folds of the white satin with the most artistic naturalness; and, without any question whatever, this living imitation far exceeded the original picture, and produced universal delight.

The spectators never ceased demanding a repetition of the performance; and the very natural wish to see the countenance of so lovely a creature, when they had done looking at her from behind, at last became so decided, that a merry, impatient young wit cried out aloud the words one is accustomed to write at the bottom of a page, "*Tournez, s'il vous plait,*" which was echoed all round the room.

The performers, however, understood their advantage too well, and had mastered too completely the idea of these works of art, to yield to the most general clamour. The daughter remained standing in her shame, without favouring the spectators with the expression of her face; the father retained his attitude of admonition; and the mother continued with her nose and eyes in the transparent glass, in which, although she seemed to be drinking, the wine never diminished.

We need not describe the number of smaller after-pieces, for which had been chosen Flemish public-house scenes and fair and market days.

The count and the baroness departed, promising to return in the first happy weeks of their approaching union. And Charlotte now had hopes, after having endured two weary months of it, of ridding herself of the rest of the party at the same time. She was assured of her daughter's happiness, as soon as the first tumult of youth and betrothal should have subsided in her; for the bridegroom considered himself the most fortunate person in the world. His income was large, his disposition moderate and rational; and now he found himself further wonderfully favoured in the happiness of becoming the possessor of a young lady with whom all the world must be charmed. He had so peculiar a way of referring everything to her, and only to himself through her, that it gave him an unpleasant feeling when any newly arrived person did not devote himself heart and soul to her, and was far from flattered if — as occasionally happened, particularly with elderly men — he neglected her for a close intimacy with himself. Everything was settled about the architect. On New-Year's Day he was to follow him, and spend the carnival at his house in the city, where Luciana was promising herself infinite happiness from a repetition of her charmingly successful pictures, as well as from a hundred other things; all the more so as her aunt and bridegroom seemed to make so light of whatever expense was required for her amusements.

And now they were to break up. But this could not be managed in an ordinary way. They were one day making fun of Charlotte aloud, declaring that they would soon have eaten out her winter stores, when the nobleman who had represented Belisarius, being fortunately a man of some wealth, carried away

by Luciana's charms, to which he had been so long devoting himself, cried out unthinkingly, "Why not manage, then, in the Polish fashion? you come now and eat up me, and then we will go on round the circle." No sooner said than done. Luciana acceded. The next day they all packed up, and the swarm alighted on a new property. There indeed they found room enough, but few conveniences, and no preparations to receive them. Out of this arose many *contretemps*, which entirely enchanted Luciana: their life became ever wilder and wilder. Hunting-parties were set on foot in the deep snow, attended with every sort of disagreeableness; women were not allowed to excuse themselves any more than men: and so they trooped on, hunting and riding, sleighing and shouting, from one place to another, till at last they approached the Residence; and there the news of the day, and the scandals, and what else forms the amusement of people at courts and cities, gave the imagination another direction: and Luciana with her train of attendants (her aunt had gone on some time before) swept at once into a new sphere of life.

FROM OTTILIE'S DIARY.

"In the world we accept every person as such as he gives himself out, only he must give himself out for something. We can put up with the unpleasant more easily than we can endure the insignificant.

"Anything may be forced upon society except what involves a consequence.

"We never learn to know people when they come to us: we must go to them to find out how things stand with them.

"I find it almost natural that we should see many faults in visitors, and that directly they are gone we should judge them not in the most amiable manner.

For we have, so to say, a right to measure them by our own standard. Even cautious, sensible men can scarcely keep themselves in such cases from being sharp censors.

"When, on the contrary, we are staying at the houses of others, when we have seen them in the midst of all their habits and environments among those necessary conditions from which they cannot escape, when we have seen how they affect those about them, and how they adapt themselves to their circumstances, it is ignorance, it is worse, it is ill-will, to find ridiculous what in more than one sense has a claim on our respect.

"That which we call politeness and good breeding effects what otherwise can only be obtained by violence, or not even by that.

"Intercourse with women is the element of good manners.

"How can the character, the individuality, of a man coexist with polish of manner?

"Peculiarity of character can only be properly made prominent through good manners. Every one likes what has something in it, only it must not be a disagreeable something.

"In life generally, and in society, no one has such high advantages as a well-cultivated soldier.

"Rough soldiers do, at least, betray their character; and generally behind their strength there is a certain latent good humour, so that in difficulties it is possible to get on even with them.

"No one is more intolerable than an underbred civilian. From him one has a right to look for a delicacy, as he has no rough work to do.

"When we are living with people who have a delicate sense of propriety, we are made uneasy on their account when anything unbecoming is committed. So I always feel for and with Charlotte

when a person is rocking his chair. She cannot endure it.

"No one would ever come into a mixed party with spectacles on his nose, if he did but know that at once we women lose all pleasure in looking at him or listening to what he has to say.

"Familiarity, when displayed instead of reverency, is always ridiculous. No one would put his hat down when he had scarcely paid the ordinary compliments if he knew how comical it looks.

"There is no outward sign of courtesy that does not rest on a deep moral foundation. The proper education would be that which communicated the sign and the foundation of it at the same time.

"Behaviour is a mirror in which every one displays his own image.

"There is a courtesy of the heart. It is akin to love. Out of it arises the easiest courtesy in outward behaviour.

"A freely offered homage is the most beautiful of all relations. And how were that possible without love?

"We are never farther from our wishes than when we imagine that we possess what we have desired.

"No one is more a slave than the man who thinks himself free while he is not.

"The moment a man declares he is free, he feels the conditions to which he is subject. Let him venture to declare that he is subject to conditions, and he will feel that he is free.

"Against great advantages in another, there are no means of defending ourselves except love.

"There is something terrible in the sight of a highly gifted man lying under obligations to a fool.

"'No man is a hero to his valet,' the proverb says. But that is only because it requires a hero to recognise a hero. The valet will probably know how to value the valet-hero.

"Mediocrity has no greater consolation than in the thought that genius is not immortal.

"The greatest men are connected with their own century always through some weakness.

"One is apt to regard people as more dangerous than they are.

"Fools and modest people are alike innocuous. It is only your half-fools and your half-wise who are really and truly dangerous.

"There is no better deliverance from the world than through art; and a man can form no surer bond with it than through art.

"Alike in the moment of our highest fortune and our deepest necessity, we require the artist.

"The business of art is with the difficult and the good.

"To see the difficult easily handled, gives us the feeling of the impossible.

"Difficulties increase the nearer we are to our end.

"Sowing is not so difficult as reaping."

CHAPTER VI.

CHARLOTTE was in some way compensated for the very serious discomfort this visit had caused her through the fuller insight it had enabled her to gain into her daughter's character. In this, her knowledge of the world was of no slight service to her. It was not the first time that so singular a character had come across her, although she had never seen any in which the unusual features were so highly developed; and she had had experience enough to show her that such persons, after having felt the discipline of life, after having gone through something of it and been in intercourse with older people, may come out at last really charming and amiable: the selfishness may soften, and eager, restless activity find a definite direction for itself. And therefore, as a mother, Charlotte was able to endure the appearance of symptoms which for others might perhaps have been unpleasing, from a sense that where strangers only desire to enjoy, or at least not to have their taste offended, the business of parents is rather to hope.

After her daughter's departure, however, she had to be pained in a singular and unlooked-for manner, in finding that, not so much through what there really was objectionable in her behaviour, as through what was good and praiseworthy in it, she had left an ill report of herself behind her. Luciana seemed to have prescribed it as a rule to herself, not only to be merry with the merry, but miserable with the miserable, and, in order to give full exercise to her spirit of contradiction, often to make the happy uncomfortable, and the

sad cheerful. In every family among whom she came, she inquired after such members of it as were ill or infirm, and unable to appear in society. She would go to see them in their rooms, act the part of physician, and insist on prescribing powerful doses for them out of her own travelling medicine-chest, which she constantly took with her in her carriage; her attempts at curing, as may be supposed, either succeeding or failing as chance happened to direct.

In this sort of benevolence she was thoroughly cruel, and would listen to nothing that was said to her, because she was convinced that she was managing admirably. One such attempt, made on a mental sufferer, failed most disastrously; and this it was which gave Charlotte so much trouble, inasmuch as it involved consequences, and every one was talking about it. She never had heard of the story till Luciana was gone: Ottilie, who had made one of the party present at the time, had to give her a circumstantial account of it.

One of several daughters of a family of rank had the misfortune to have caused the death of one of her younger sisters: it had destroyed her peace of mind, and she had never been able to recover from the shock. She lived in her own room, occupying herself, and keeping quiet; and she could only bear to see the members of her own family when they came one by one. If there were several together, she suspected at once that they were making reflections upon her and her condition. To each of them singly she would speak rationally enough, and talk freely for an hour at a time.

Luciana had heard of this, and had secretly determined with herself, as soon as she got into the house, that she would, as it were, work a miracle, and restore the young lady to society. She conducted herself in the matter more prudently than usual, managed to introduce herself alone to the poor, sick-souled girl,

and, as far as people could understand, had wound her way into her confidence through music. At last came her fatal mistake: wishing to cause a sensation, and fancying she had sufficiently prepared her for it, one evening she suddenly introduced the beautiful, pale creature into the midst of the brilliant, glittering assembly; and perhaps even then the attempt might not have so utterly failed, had not the company, from curiosity and apprehension, conducted themselves so unwisely, first gathering about the invalid, and avoiding her, and, with their whispers, and shaking their heads together, confusing and agitating her. Her delicate sensibility could not endure it. With a dreadful shriek, which expressed, as it seemed, a horror at some monster that was rushing upon her, she fainted. The crowd fell back in terror on every side, Ottilie being one of those who brought the fainting girl to her room.

Luciana meanwhile, just like herself, had been reading an angry lecture to the rest of the party, without reflecting for a moment that she herself was entirely to blame, and without letting herself be deterred, by this and other failures, from going on with her experimentalising.

The state of the invalid herself had since that time become more and more serious: indeed, the disorder had increased to such a degree that the parents were unable to keep their poor child any longer at home, and had been forced to confide her to the care of a public institution. Nothing remained for Charlotte except, by the delicacy of her own attention to the family, in some degree to alleviate the pain which had been occasioned by her daughter. On Ottilie the event had made a deep impression. She felt the more for the unhappy girl, as she was convinced, not withholding her opinion from Charlotte, that, by a careful treatment, the disorder might have been unquestionably removed.

So there came, too, as it often happens that we dwell more on past disagreeables than on past agreeables, a slight misunderstanding to be spoken of, which had led Ottilie to a wrong judgment of the architect, when he did not choose to produce his collection that evening, although she had so eagerly begged him to produce it. This decided refusal had remained, ever since, hanging about her heart: she herself could not tell why. Her feelings about the matter were undoubtedly just: what a young lady like Ottilie could desire, a young man like the architect ought not to have refused. The latter, however, when she took occasion to give him a gentle reproof for it, had a pretty good plea to offer.

"If you knew," he said, "how roughly even cultivated people allow themselves to handle the most valuable works of art, you would forgive me for not producing mine among the crowd. No one will take the trouble to hold a medal by the rim. They will finger the most beautiful impressions and the smoothest surfaces: they will take the rarest coins between the thumb and forefinger, and rub them up and down, as if they were testing the execution with the touch. Without remembering that a large sheet of paper ought to be held in two hands, they will lay hold with one of an invaluable engraving of some irretrievable drawing, as a conceited politician lays hold of a newspaper, and passing judgment by anticipation, as he is cutting the pages, on the occurrences of the world. Nobody cares to recollect, that, if twenty people, one after the other, treat a work of art in this way, the one and twentieth will not find much to see there."

"Have not I often vexed you in this way?" asked Ottilie. "Have not I, through my carelessness, many times injured your treasures?"

"Never once," answered the architect, "never. For you it would be impossible. In you the right thing is innate."

"In any case," replied Ottilie, "it would not be a bad plan, if, in the next edition of the book on good manners, after the chapters which tell us how we ought to eat and drink in company, an exhaustive chapter were inserted, how to behave among works of art and in museums."

"Undoubtedly," said the architect; "and then curiosity-collectors and amateurs would be better contented to show their valuable treasures to the world."

Ottilie had long, long forgiven him; but as he seemed to have taken her reproof sorely to heart, and assured her again and again that he would gladly produce everything, that he was delighted to do anything for his friends, she felt that she had wounded his feelings, and that she owed him some compensation. It was not easy for her, therefore, to give an absolute refusal to a request which he made her in the conclusion of this conversation; although, when she called her heart into council about it, she did not see how she could allow herself to do what he wished.

The circumstances of the matter were these: that Ottilie had been excluded from the picture-exhibition through Luciana's jealousy had irritated him in the highest degree; and at the same time he had observed with regret that Charlotte had been prevented by sickness from being often present at this, the most brilliant part of all the amusements; and now he did not wish to go away without some additional proof of his gratitude, and, for the honour of one and the entertainment of the other, preparing a far more beautiful exhibition than any of those which had preceded it. Perhaps, too, unknown to himself, another secret motive was working on him. It was so hard for him to leave the house and to leave the family. It seemed impossible to him to part from Ottilie's eyes, under the calm, sweet, gentle glances of which he had, the latter part of the time, been living almost entirely.

The Christmas holidays were approaching; and it became at once clear to him that the very thing which he wanted was a representation, with real figures, of one of those pictures of the scene in the stable, — a sacred exhibition such as at this holy season good Christians delight to offer to the divine mother and her child, of the manner in which she, in her seeming lowliness, was honoured first by the shepherds and afterward by kings.

He had formed a perfect conception how such a picture might be contrived. A handsome and blooming boy was found, and there would be no lack of shepherds and shepherdesses. But without Ottilie the thing could not be done. The young man had exalted her, in his design, to be the Mother of God; and, if she refused, there was no question but the undertaking must fall to the ground. Ottilie, half embarrassed at the proposal, referred him and his request to Charlotte. The latter gladly gave her permission, and lent her assistance in overcoming and overpersuading Ottilie's hesitation in assuming so sacred a personality. The architect worked day and night, that by Christmas Eve everything might be ready.

Day and night, indeed, in the literal sense. At all times he was a man who had but few necessities, and Ottilie's presence seemed to be to him in the place of all delicacies. When he was working for her, it was as if he required no sleep; when he was busy about her, as if he could do without food. Accordingly, by the hour of the evening solemnity, all was completed. He had found the means of collecting some well-toned wind instruments, to form an introduction, and produce the desired disposition. But, when the curtain rose, Charlotte was taken completely by surprise. The picture which presented itself to her had been repeated so often in the world, that one could scarcely have expected any new impression to be produced. But here

the reality, as representing the picture, had its especial advantages. The whole space was the colour rather of night than of twilight; and there was nothing, even of the details of the scene, which was obscure. The inimitable idea that all the light should proceed from the child, the artist had contrived to carry out by an ingenious method of illumination, which was concealed by the figures in the foreground, who were all in shadow. Merry boys and girls were standing round, their rosy faces sharply lighted from below; and there were angels, too, whose own brilliancy grew pale before the divine, whose ethereal bodies showed dim and dense, and needing other light in the presence of the body of the divine humanity. By good fortune the infant had fallen asleep in the loveliest attitude; so that nothing disturbed the contemplation when the eye rested on the seeming mother, who with infinite grace had lifted off a veil to reveal her hidden treasure. At this moment the picture seemed to have been caught, and there to have remained fixed. Physically dazzled, mentally surprised, the people round appeared to have just moved to turn away their half-blinded eyes, to be glancing again toward the child with curious delight, and to be showing more wonder and pleasure than awe and reverence, — although these emotions were not forgotten, and were to be traced upon the features of some of the older spectators.

But Ottilie's figure, expression, attitude, glance, excelled all that any painter has ever represented. A man possessed of true knowledge of art, could he have seen this spectacle, would have been in fear lest any portion of it should move: he would have doubted whether anything could ever so much please him again. Unluckily there was no one present who could comprehend the whole of this effect. The architect alone, who, as a tall, slender shepherd, was looking in from the side over those who were kneeling, enjoyed, al-

though he was not in the best position for seeing, the fullest pleasure. And who can describe the mien of the new-made queen of heaven? The purest humility, the most exquisite feeling of modesty, while having undeservedly bestowed upon her a great honour, an indescribable and immeasurable happiness was displayed upon her features, expressing as much her own emotion as that of the character which she was endeavouring to represent.

Charlotte was delighted with the beautiful figures, but what had most effect on her was the child. Her eyes filled with tears; and her imagination presented to her, in the liveliest colours, that she might soon hope to have such another darling creature on her own lap.

They had let down the curtain, partly to give the exhibitors some little rest, partly to make an alteration in the exhibition. The artist had proposed to himself to transmute the first scene of night and lowliness into a picture of splendour and glory, and for this purpose had prepared a blaze of light to fall in from every side, which this interval was required to kindle.

Ottilie, in the semi-theatrical position in which she found herself, had hitherto felt perfectly at her ease; because, with the exception of Charlotte and a few members of the household, no one had witnessed this pious piece of artistic display. She was, therefore, in some degree annoyed, when, in the interval, she learned that a stranger had come into the saloon, and had been warmly received by Charlotte. Who it was, no one was able to tell her. She resigned herself, in order not to produce a disturbance, and to go on with her character. Candles and lamps blazed out, and she was surrounded by splendour perfectly infinite. The curtain rose. It was a sight to startle the spectators. The whole picture was one blaze of light; and, instead of the full depth of shadow, there now were only

the colours left remaining, which, from the skill with which they had been selected, produced a gentle softening of tone. Looking out under her long eyelashes, Ottilie perceived the figure of a man sitting by Charlotte. She did not recognise him, but the voice she fancied was that of the assistant at the school. A singular emotion came over her. How many things had happened since she last heard the voice of her kind instructor! Like forked lightning the stream of her joys and her sorrow flashed through her soul; and the question rose in her heart, "Dare you confess, dare you acknowledge, it all to him? If not, how little can you deserve to appear before him under this sainted form! And how strange must it not seem to him, who has only known you as your natural self, to see you now under this disguise!" In an instant, swift as thought, feeling and reflection began to clash and gain within her. Her eyes filled with tears, while she forced herself to continue to appear as a rigid figure; and it was a relief indeed to her when the child began to stir, and the artist saw himself compelled to give the sign for the curtain to fall again.

If the painful feeling of being unable to meet a valued friend had, during the last few moments, been distressing Ottilie, in addition to her other emotions, she was now in still greater embarrassment. Was she to present herself to him in this strange disguise, or had she better change her dress? She did not hesitate: she did the latter, and in the interval she endeavoured to collect and to compose herself; nor did she properly recover her self-possession, until at last, in her ordinary costume, she had welcomed the new visitor.

CHAPTER VII.

In so far as the architect desired the happiness of his kind patronesses, it was a pleasure to him, now that at last he was obliged to go, to know that he was leaving them in good society with the estimable assistant. At the same time, however, when he thought of their goodness in its relation to himself, he could not help feeling it a little painful to see his place so soon, and, as it seemed to his modesty, so well, so completely, supplied. He had lingered and lingered, but now he forced himself away: what, after he was gone, he must endure as he could, at least he could not stay to witness with his own eyes.

To the great relief of this half-melancholy feeling, the ladies at his departure made him a present of a waistcoat, on which he had watched them both for some time past at work, with a silent envy of the fortunate man, as yet unknown to him, to whom it might one day belong. Such a present is the most agreeable which a true-hearted man can receive; for, while he thinks of the unwearied play of the beautiful fingers at the making of it, he cannot help flattering himself that in so long-sustained a labour the feeling could not have remained utterly without an interest in its accomplishment.

The ladies had now a new visitor to entertain, for whom they felt a real regard, and whose stay with them it would be their endeavour to make as agreeable as they could. There is in all women a peculiar circle of inward interests, which remain always the same, and from

which nothing in the world can divorce them. In outward social intercourse, on the other hand, they will gladly and easily allow themselves to take their tone from the person with whom at the moment they are occupied; and thus, by a mixture of impassiveness and susceptibility, by persisting and by yielding, they continue to keep the government to themselves: and no man of good behaviour can ever take it from them.

The architect, following at the same time his own fancy and his own inclination, had been exerting himself and putting out his talents for their gratification and for the purposes of his friends; and business and amusement, while he was with them, had been conducted in this spirit, and directed to the ends which most suited his taste. But now in a short time, through the presence of the assistant, quite another sort of life was commenced. His great gift was to talk well, and to treat, in his conversation, of men and human relations, particularly in reference to the cultivation of young people. Thus arose a very perceptible contrast to the life which had been going on hitherto, all the more as the assistant could not entirely approve of their having interested themselves in such subjects so exclusively.

Of the impersonated picture which received him on his arrival, he never said a single word. On the other hand, when they took him to see the church and the chapel with their new decorations, expecting that it would please him as much as they were pleased with it themselves, he did not refrain from expressing his opinion.

"This mixing up of the holy with the sensuous," he said, "is anything but pleasing to my taste: I cannot like men to set apart certain especial places, consecrate them, and deck them out, that by so doing they may nourish in themselves a temper of piety. No surroundings, not even the most common, must disturb in us

that sense of the divine which accompanies us wherever we are, and can consecrate every spot into a temple. What pleases me is, to see a home service of God held in the saloon where people come together to eat, where they have their parties, and amuse themselves with games and dances. What is highest, the most excellent in men, has no form; and one should be cautious how one gives it any form except noble action."

Charlotte, who was already generally acquainted with his mode of thinking, and, in the short time he had been at the castle, had already probed it more deeply, found something also which he might do for her in his own department; and she had her garden children, whom the architect had reviewed shortly before his departure, marshalled up into the great saloon. In their clean, bright uniforms, with their regular movement, and their own natural vivacity, they looked exceedingly well. The assistant examined them in his own way, and by a variety of questions, and by the turns he gave them, soon brought to light the capacities and dispositions of the children; and, without it seeming so, in the space of less than one hour he had really given them important instruction and assistance.

"How did you manage that?" said Charlotte, as the children marched away. "I listened with all my attention. Nothing was brought forward except things which were quite familiar; and yet I cannot tell the least how I should begin, to bring them to be discussed in so short a time so methodically, with all this questioning and answering."

"Perhaps," replied the assistant, "we ought to make a secret of the tricks of our own handicraft. However, I will not hide from you one very simple maxim, with the help of which you may do this, and a great deal more than this. Take any subject, a substance, an

idea, whatever you like, keep fast hold of it, make yourself thoroughly acquainted with it in all its parts; and then it will be easy for you, in conversation, to find out, with a mass of children, how much about it has already developed itself in them; what requires to be stimulated, what to be directly communicated. The answers to your questions may be as unsatisfactory as they will, they may wander wide of the mark: if you only take care that your counter-question shall draw their thoughts and senses inward again, if you do not allow yourself to be driven from your own position, the children will at last reflect, comprehend, learn only what the teacher desires them to learn; and the subject will be presented to them in the light in which he wishes them to see it. The greatest mistake which he can make is, to allow himself to be run away with from the subject, not to know how to keep fast to the point with which he is engaged. Try it the next time the children come: you will find you will be greatly entertained by it yourself."

"That is very pretty," said Charlotte. "The right method of teaching is the reverse, I see, of what we must do in life. In society we must keep the attention long upon nothing; and in instruction the first commandment is, to permit no dissipation of it."

"Variety, without dissipation, were the best motto for both teaching and life, if it were easy to preserve this desirable equipoise," said the assistant; and he was going on farther with the subject, when Charlotte desired him to look again at the children, whose merry band was at the moment moving across the court. He expressed his satisfaction at seeing them wearing a uniform. "Men," he said, "should wear a uniform from their childhood upward. They have to accustom themselves to work together; to lose themselves among their equals; to obey in masses, and to work on a large scale. Every kind of uniform, moreover, generates a

military habit of thought, and a smart, straightforward carriage. All boys are born soldiers, whatever you do with them. You have only to watch them at their mock fights and games, their storming-parties and scaling-parties."

"On the other hand, you will not blame me," replied Ottilie, "if I do not insist with my girls on such unity of costume. When I introduce them to you, I hope to gratify you by a party-coloured mixture."

"I approve of that entirely," replied the other. "Women should go about in every sort of variety of dress; each following her own style and her own likings, that each may learn to feel what sits well upon her, and becomes her. And for a more weighty reason as well, — because it is appointed for them to stand alone all their lives, and work alone."

"That seems to me to be a paradox," answered Charlotte. "Are we, then, to be never anything for ourselves?"

"Oh, yes!" replied the assistant. "In respect of other women assuredly. But observe a young lady as a lover, as a bride, as a housewife, as a mother. She always stands isolated. She is always alone, and will be alone. Even the most empty-headed woman is in the same case. Each one of them excludes all others. It is her nature to do so, because of each one of them is required everything which the entire sex have to do. With a man it is altogether different. He would make a second man if there were none. But a woman might live to all eternity, without even so much as thinking of producing a duplicate of herself."

"One has only to say the truth in a strange way," said Charlotte, "and at last the strangest thing will seem to be true. We will select what is good for us out of your observations; and yet as women we will stick to women, and do common work with them too, not to give the other sex too great an advantage over

us. Indeed, you must not take it ill of us, if in future we come to feel a little malicious satisfaction when our lords and masters do not get on in the very best way together."

With much care, this wise, sensible person went on to examine more closely how Ottilie proceeded with her little pupils, and expressed his decided approbation of it. "You are quite right," he said, "in directing these children only to what they can immediately and usefully put in practice. Cleanliness, for instance, will accustom them to wear their clothes with pleasure to themselves; and everything is gained if they can be induced to enter into what they do with cheerfulness and self-reflection."

In other ways he found, to his great satisfaction, that nothing had been done for outward display, but all was inward, and designed to supply what was indispensably necessary. "In how few words," he cried, "might the whole business of education be summed up, if people had but ears to hear!"

"Will you try whether I have?" said Ottilie, smiling.

"Indeed I will," answered he, "only you must not betray me. Educate the boys to be servants, and the girls to be mothers; and everything is as it should be."

"To be mothers?" replied Ottilie. "Women would scarcely think that sufficient. They have to look forward, without being mothers, to going out into service. And, indeed, our young men think themselves a great deal too good for servants. One can see easily in every one of them that he holds himself more fit to be a master."

"And for that reason we should say nothing about it to them," said the assistant. "We insinuate ourselves into life, but life is not insinuating to us. How many men would like to acknowledge at the outset what at the end they must acknowledge whether they

like it or not? But let us leave these considerations, which do not concern us here.

"I consider you very fortunate in having been able to go so methodically to work with your pupils. If your youngest girls run about with their dolls, and stitch together a few petticoats for them; if the elder sisters will then take care of the younger, and the whole household know how to supply its own wants, and one member of it help the others, — the further step into life will not then be great; and such a girl will find in her husband what she has lost in her parents.

"But, among the higher ranks, the problem is a sorely intricate one. We have to provide for higher, finer, more delicate relations, especially for such as arise out of society. We are, therefore, obliged to give our pupils an outward cultivation. It is indispensable, it is necessary; and it may be really valuable, if we keep within bounds. Only it is so easy, while one is proposing to cultivate the children for a wider circle, to drive them out into the indefinite, without keeping before our eyes the real requisites of the inner nature. Here lies the problem which is more or less solved by some educators, others failing to do so.

"Many things, with which we furnish our scholars at the school, do not please me; because experience tells me of how little service they are likely to be in after-life. It is impossible to state how much is at once stripped off, how much at once committed to oblivion, as soon as the young lady finds herself in the position of a housewife or a mother.

"In the meantime, since I have devoted myself to this occupation, I cannot but entertain a devout hope that one day, with the companionship of some faithful helpmate, I may succeed in cultivating purely in my pupils that, and that only, which they will require when they pass out into the field of independent activity and self-reliance; that I may be able to say to

myself, in this sense is their education completed. Another education there is indeed which will again speedily recommence, and work on well-nigh through all the years of our life, — the education which circumstances will give us, if we do not give it to ourselves."

"How true are these words!" thought Ottilie. What a great deal of passion, little dreamed of before, had done to educate her in the past year! What trials she saw hover before her if she looked forward only to what the immediate future had in store for her!

It was not without a purpose that the young man had spoken of a helpmate, — of a wife; for, with all his diffidence, he could not refrain from thus remotely hinting at his own wishes. A number of circumstances and accidents, indeed, combined to induce him on this visit to approach a few steps toward his aim.

The lady superior of the school was advanced in years. She had been already for some time looking about among her fellow labourers, male and female, for some person whom she could take into partnership with herself, and at last had made proposals to the assistant, in whom she had the highest ground for feeling confidence. He was to conduct the business of the school with herself. He was to work, together with her, as if it were his own, and after her death, as her heir, to enter upon it as sole proprietor.

The principal thing now seemed to be, that he should find a wife who would coöperate with him. Ottilie was secretly before his eyes and before his heart. A number of difficulties suggested themselves, and yet there were favourable circumstances on the other side to counterbalance them. Luciana had left the school: Ottilie could therefore return with the less difficulty. Of the relation in which she stood to Edward, some little had transpired. It passed, however, as many such things do, as a matter of indifference; and this

very circumstance might make it desirable that she should leave the castle. And yet, perhaps, no decision would have been arrived at, no step would have been taken, had not an unexpected visit given a special impulse to his hesitation. The presence, in any and every circle, of people of mark, can never be without its effects.

The count and the baroness, who often found themselves asked for their opinion — almost every one being in difficulty about the education of their children — as to the value of the various schools, had found it desirable to make themselves particularly acquainted with this one, which was generally so well spoken of; and, under their present circumstances, they were more easily able to carry on these inquiries in company.

The baroness, however, had something else in view as well. While she was last at the castle, she had talked over with Charlotte the whole affair of Edward and Ottilie. She had insisted again and again that Ottilie must be sent away. She tried every means to encourage Charlotte to do it, and to keep her from being frightened by Edward's threats. Several modes of escape from the difficulty were suggested. Accidentally the school was mentioned, and the assistant and his incipient passion, which made the baroness more resolved than ever to pay her intended visit there.

She went: she made acquaintances with the assistant, looked over the establishment, and spoke of Ottilie. The count also spoke with much interest of her, having in his recent visit learned to know her better. She had approached him: indeed, she had felt attracted by him, believing that she could see, that she could perceive, in his solid, substantial conversation, something to which hitherto she had been an entire stranger. In her intercourse with Edward, the world had been utterly forgotten: in the presence of the count, the world appeared first worth regarding. The

attraction was mutual. The count conceived a liking for Ottilie: he would have been glad to have had her for a daughter. Thus, a second time, and worse than the first time, she was in the way of the baroness. Who knows what, in times when passions ran hotter than they do nowadays, this lady might not have devised against her? Now she would have been satisfied if she could get her married, and render her more innocuous for the future to the peace of mind of married women. She therefore artfully urged the assistant, in a delicate, but effective manner, to set out on a little excursion to the castle, where his plans and his wishes, of which he made no secret to the lady, he might forthwith take steps to realise.

With the fullest consent of the superior he started off on his expedition, and in his heart he cherished much hopes of success. He knew that Ottilie was not ill-disposed toward him; and although it was true there was some disproportion of rank between them, yet distinctions of this kind were fast disappearing in the temper of the time. Moreover, the baroness had made him perceive clearly that Ottilie must always remain a poor, portionless maiden. To be related to a wealthy family, it was said, could be of service to nobody. For, even with the largest property, men have a feeling that it is not right to deprive of any considerable sum those who, as standing in a nearer degree of relationship, appear to have a fuller right to possession; and really it is a strange thing, that the immense privilege which a man has of disposing of his property after his death, he so very seldom uses for the benefit of those whom he loves, out of regard to established usage only appearing to consider those who would inherit his estate from him supposing he made no will at all.

Thus, while on his journey, he began to feel himself entirely on a level with Ottilie. A favourable reception raised his hopes. He found Ottilie indeed not

altogether so open with him as usual; but she was considerably matured, more developed, and, if you please, generally more conversable than he had known her. She was ready to give him the fullest insight into many things in any way connected with his profession; but, when he attempted to approach his aim, a certain inward shyness always held him back.

Once, however, Charlotte gave him an opportunity for saying something. In Ottilie's presence she said to him, "Well, now, you have looked closely enough into everything which is going forward in my circle. How do you find Ottilie? you had better say while she is here."

Hereupon the assistant signified, with a clear perception and composed expression, that, in respect of a freer carriage, of an easier manner in speaking, of a higher insight into the things of the world, which showed itself more in actions than in words, he found Ottilie much improved; but that he still believed it might be of serious advantage to her if she would go back for some little time to the school, in order methodically and thoroughly to make her own for ever what the world was only imparting to her in fragments and pieces, rather perplexing her than satisfying her, and often too late to be of service. He did not wish to be prolix about it. Ottilie herself knew best how much method and connection there was in the style of instruction out of which, in that case, she would be taken.

Ottilie could not deny this, but could not avow what these words made her feel, because she was hardly able to give an account of it to herself. It seemed to her as if nothing in the world was disconnected so long as she thought of the one person whom she loved; and she could not conceive how, without him, anything could be connected at all.

Charlotte replied to the proposal kindly and cau-

tiously. She said that she herself, as well as Ottilie, had long desired her return to the school. At that time, however, the presence of so dear a companion and helper had become indispensable to herself; still she would offer no obstacle at some future period, if Ottilie continued to wish it, to her going back there for such a time as would enable her to complete what she had begun, and to make entirely her own what had been interrupted.

The assistant listened with delight to this qualified assent. Ottilie did not venture to object, although the very thought made her shudder. Charlotte, on her hand, only thought of gaining time. She hoped that Edward would soon come back and find himself a happy father; then she was convinced all would go right, and one way or another they would be able to settle something for Ottilie.

After an important conversation furnishing matter for reflection to all who have taken part in it, there commonly follows a sort of pause, which in appearance is like a general embarrassment. They walked up and down in the room. The assistant turned over the leaves of various books, and came at last on the folio of engravings which had remained lying there since Luciana's time. As soon as he saw that it contained nothing but apes, he shut it up again.

It may have been this, however, which gave occasion to a conversation of which we find traces in Ottilie's diary.

FROM OTTILIE'S DIARY.

"It is strange how men can have the heart to take such pains with the pictures of those hideous monkeys. One lowers one's self sufficiently when one looks at them merely as animals, but it is really wicked to give way to the inclination to look for people whom we know behind such masks."

"It is a sure mark of a certain perverseness to take pleasure in caricatures and monstrous faces and pygmies. I have to thank our kind assistant that I have never been tormented with natural history: I could never make myself at home with worms and beetles."

"Just now he acknowledged to me, that it was the same with him. 'Of nature,' he said, 'we ought to know nothing except what is actually alive immediately around us. With the trees which blossom and put out leaves and bear fruit in our own neighbourhood, with every shrub we pass by, with every blade of grass on which we tread, we stand in a real relation. They are our genuine compatriots. The birds which hop up and down among our branches, which sing among our leaves, belong to us: they speak to us from our childhood upwards, and we learn to understand their language. But let a man ask himself whether or not every strange creature, torn out of its natural environment, does not at first sight make a sort of painful impression upon him, which is only deadened by custom. It is a mark of a motley, dissipated sort of life, to be able to endure monkeys and parrots and black people about one's self.'"

"Sometimes, when a certain longing curiosity about these strange objects has come over me, I have envied the traveller who sees such marvels in living, everyday connection with other marvels. But he, too, must have become another man. Palm-trees will not allow a man to wander among them with impunity, and doubtless his tone of thinking becomes very different in a land where elephants and tigers are at home."

"Only such inquirers into nature deserve our respect, as know how to describe and represent to us

the strange, wonderful things they have seen together with their own locality, each in its own especial element. How I should enjoy once hearing Humboldt talk!"

"A cabinet of natural curiosities we may regard like an Egyptian burying-place, where the various plant-gods and animal-gods stand about embalmed. It may be well enough for a priest caste to busy itself with such things in a twilight of mystery: but, in general instruction, they have no place or business; and we must beware of them all the more, because what is nearer to us, and more valuable, may be so easily thrust aside by them."

"A teacher who can arouse a feeling for one single good action, for one single good poem, accomplishes more than he who fills our memory with rows on rows of natural objects, classified with name and form. For what is the result of all these, except what we know as well without them, that the human form preëminently and solely is made in the image and likeness of God?"

"Individuals may be left to occupy themselves with whatever amuses them, with whatever gives them pleasure, whatever they think useful; but the proper study of mankind is man."

CHAPTER VIII.

THERE are but few men who care to occupy themselves with the immediate past. Either we are forcibly bound up in the present, or we lose ourselves in the long gone by, and seek back for what is utterly lost, as if it were possible to summon it up again, and rehabilitate it. Even in great and wealthy families who are under many obligations to their ancestors, we commonly find men remembering their grandfathers more than their fathers.

Such reflections as these suggested themselves to our assistant, as, on one of those beautiful days in which the departing winter is accustomed to imitate the spring, he had been walking up and down the great old castle garden, and admiring the tall avenues of the lindens, and the formal walks and flower-beds which had been laid out by Edward's father. The trees had thriven admirably, according to the design of him who had planted them; and now, when they ought to have begun to be valued and enjoyed, no one ever spoke of them. Hardly any one even went near them; and the interest and the outlay were now directed to the other side, out into the free and the open.

He made some remarks about it to Charlotte on his return: she did not take it unkindly. "While life is sweeping us onward," she replied, "we fancy that we are acting out our own impulses: we believe that we choose ourselves what we wish to do, and what we wish to enjoy. But, in fact, if we look at it

closely, our actions are no more than the plans and the desires of the time which we are compelled to carry on."

"No doubt," said the assistant. "And who is strong enough to withstand the stream of what is round him? Time passes on, carrying away with it opinions, thoughts, prejudices, and interests. If the youth of the son falls in the era of revolution, we may feel assured that he will have nothing in common with his father. If the father lived at a time when the desire was to accumulate property, to secure the possession of it, to narrow and to gather one's self in, and to base one's enjoyment in separation from the world, the son will at once seek to extend his sphere, to communicate himself to others, to spread himself over a wide surface, and open out his closed stores."

"Entire periods," replied Charlotte, "resemble this father and son whom you have been describing. Of the state of things when every little town was obliged to have its walls and moats, when the castle of the nobleman was built in a swamp, and the smallest manor-houses were only accessible by a drawbridge, we are scarcely able to form a conception. In our days, large cities take down their walls; the moats of the princes' castles are filled in; cities are nothing else than large hamlets; and, when one travels and sees all this, he might fancy that universal peace has been established, and that the golden age was at hand. No one feels himself easy in a garden which does not look like the open country. There must be nothing to remind him of form and constraint: we choose to be entirely free, and to draw a breath without sense of confinement. Do you conceive it possible, my friend, that we can ever return again out of this into another, into our former, condition?"

"Why not?" replied the assistant. "Every condition has its burden, the most relaxed as well as the

most constrained. The former presupposes abundance, and leads to extravagance. Let want reappear, and the spirit of moderation is at once with us again. Men who are obliged to make use of their space and their soil, will speedily enough raise walls up round their gardens to be sure of their crops and plants. Out of this will arise by degrees a new phase of things: the useful will again gain the upper hand, and even the man of large possessions will feel at last that he must make the most of all that belongs to him. Believe me, it is quite possible that your son may become indifferent to all which you have been doing in the park, and draw in again behind the solemn walls and the tall lindens of his grandfather."

The secret pleasure it gave Charlotte to have a son foretold to her, made her forgive the assistant his somewhat unfriendly prophecy as to how her lovely, beautiful park might one day fare. She therefore answered without any discomposure, "You and I are not old enough yet to have lived through very much of these contradictions; and yet when I recall my early youth, when I remember the complaints I used to hear from older people, and when I think at the same time of what the country and the town then were, I have nothing to advance against what you say. But is there nothing which one can do to remedy this natural course of things? Are father and son, parents and children, to be always thus unable to understand each other? You have been so kind as to prophesy a boy to me. Is it necessary that he must stand in contradiction to his father? Must he destroy what his parents have erected, instead of completing it, instead of following up the same idea and elevating it?"

"There is a rational remedy for it," replied the assistant, "but it is only seldom put in practice. The father should raise his son to a joint ownership with himself. He should permit him to plant and to build,

and allow him the same innocent liberty which he allows to himself. One form of activity may be woven into another, but it cannot be pieced on to it. A young shoot may be readily and easily grafted with an old stem, to which no grown branch admits of being fastened."

The assistant was glad to have had the opportunity, at the moment when he saw himself obliged to take his leave, of having said something agreeable to Charlotte, and thus secure her favour afresh. He had been already too long absent from home; and yet he could not make up his mind to return there, until after a full conviction that he must allow the approaching epoch of Charlotte's confinement first to pass by, before he could look for any decision from her in respect to Ottilie. He therefore accommodated himself to the circumstances, and returned to the superior with these prospects and hopes.

Charlotte's confinement was now approaching: she kept more in her own room. The ladies who had gathered about her were her closest companions. Ottilie managed all domestic matters, hardly able, however, the while, to think of what she was doing. She had indeed utterly resigned herself: she desired to continue to exert herself to the extent of her power for Charlotte, for the child, for Edward. But she could not see how it would be possible for her. Nothing could save her from utter distraction, except to do the duty each day brought with it.

A son was brought happily into the world; and the ladies declared, with one voice, it was the very image of its father. Only Ottilie, as she wished the new mother joy, and kissed the child with all her heart, was unable to see the likeness. Once already Charlotte had felt most painfully the absence of her husband, when she had to make preparations for her daughter's marriage. And now the father could not

be present at the birth of his son. He could not have the choosing of the name by which the child was hereafter to be called.

The first among all Charlotte's friends who came to wish her joy was Mittler. He had placed expresses ready to bring him news the instant the event took place. He made his appearance, and was scarcely able to conceal his triumph, even before Ottilie; when alone with Charlotte, he gave utterance to it, and was at once ready with means to remove all anxieties, and set aside all immediate difficulties. The baptism should not be delayed a day longer than necessary. The old clergyman, who had one foot already in the grave, should leave his blessing, to bind together the past and the future. The child was to be called Otto; what name could he bear so fitly as that of his father and of his father's friend?

It required the peremptory resolution of this man to set aside the innumerable considerations, arguments, hesitations, difficulties; what this person knew, and that person knew better; the opinions, up and down, and backwards and forwards, which every friend volunteered. It always happens on such occasions, that, when one inconvenience is removed, a new one seems to arise; and, in wishing to spare all sides, we inevitably go wrong on one side or the other.

The letters to friends and relations were all undertaken by Mittler, and they were to be written and sent off at once. It was highly necessary, he thought, that the good fortune, which he considered so important for the family, should be known as widely as possible through the ill-natured and misinterpreting world. For, indeed, these late entanglements and perplexities had got abroad; people, at all times, holding the conviction that whatever happens, happens only in order that they may have something to talk about.

The ceremony of the baptism was to be observed

with all due honour, but it was to be as brief and as private as possible. The people came together: Ottilie and Mittler were to hold the child as sponsors. The old pastor, supported by the servants of the church, came in with slow steps: the prayers were offered. The boy lay in Ottilie's arms: and, as she was looking affectionately down at him, he opened his eyes; and she was not a little startled when she seemed to see her own eyes looking at her. The likeness would have surprised any one. Mittler, who next had to receive the child, started as well; he fancying he saw in the little features a most striking likeness to the captain. He had never seen a resemblance so marked.

The infirmity of the good old clergyman had not permitted him to accompany the ceremony with more than the usual liturgy.

Mittler, however, who was full of his subject, remembered his former performances when he had been in the ministry; and indeed, it was one of his peculiarities, that, on every sort of occasion, he always thought what he would like to say, and what expressions he would use.

At this time he was the less able to contain himself, as he was now in the midst of a circle consisting entirely of well-known friends. He began, therefore, toward the conclusion of the service, to put himself quietly into the place of the clergyman; in a funny manner to speak of his duties and hopes as godfather, and to dwell all the longer on the subject, as he thought he saw, in Charlotte's gratified look, that she was pleased with his doing so.

It altogether escaped the eagerness of the orator, that the good old man would gladly have sat down; still less did he think that he was on the way to occasion a more serious evil. After he had emphatically dwelt upon the relation in which every person present stood toward the child, thereby putting Ottilie's com-

posure sorely to the proof, he turned at last to the old man with the words, "And you, my worthy father, you may now well say with Simeon, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen the saviour of this house.'"

He was now in full swing toward a brilliant peroration, when he perceived the old man, to whom he held out the child, first appear a little to incline toward it, and immediately after to totter and sink backward. Hardly prevented from falling, he was lifted to a seat; but, notwithstanding the instant assistance which was rendered, he was found to be dead.

To see thus side by side birth and death, the coffin and the cradle, to see them and to realise them, to comprehend, not with the eye of imagination, but with the bodily eye, at one moment these fearful opposites, was a hard trial to the spectators; the harder, the more utterly it had taken them by surprise. Ottilie alone stood contemplating the slumberer, whose features still retained their gentle, sweet expression, with a kind of envy. The life of her soul was extinct: why should the bodily life any longer drag on in weariness?

But though Ottilie was frequently led by melancholy incidents which occurred in the day, to think of the past, of separation and of loss, at night she had strange visions given her to comfort her, which assured her of the existence of her beloved, and thus gave her strength for her own life. When she laid herself down at night to rest, and was floating among sweet sensations between sleep and waking, she seemed to be looking into a clear but softly illuminated space. In this she would see Edward with the greatest distinctness, and not in the dress in which she had been accustomed to see him, but in military uniform; never in the same position, but always in a natural one, and with nothing fantastic about him, either standing or walking, or lying or riding. The figure, which was

painted with the utmost minuteness, moved readily before her without any effort of hers, without her willing it or exerting her imagination to produce it. Frequently she saw him surrounded with something in motion, which was darker than the bright ground; but the figures were shadowy, and she could scarcely distinguish them,— sometimes they were like men, sometimes they were like horses, or like trees, or like mountains. She usually went to sleep in the midst of the apparition; and when, after a quiet night, she woke again in the morning, she felt refreshed and comforted: she could say to herself, "Edward still lives;" and she herself was still remaining in the closest relation toward him.

CHAPTER IX.

SPRING had come: it was late, but it therefore burst out more rapidly and more exhilaratingly than usual. Ottilie now found in the garden the fruits of her carefulness. Everything was germinating, and came out in leaf and flower at its proper time. A number of plants, which she had been training up under glass frames and in hotbeds, now burst forward at once to meet, at last, the advances of nature; and whatever there was to do, and to take care of, it did not remain the mere labour of hope which it had been, but brought its reward in immediate and substantial enjoyment.

Many a gap among the finest shoots had been produced by Luciana's wild ways, for which she had to console the gardener; and the symmetry of many a leafy crown destroyed. She tried to encourage him to hope that it would all be soon restored again; but he had too deep a feeling, and too pure an idea of the nature of his business, for such grounds of comfort to be of much service with him. Little as the gardener allowed himself to have his attention scattered by other tastes and inclinations, he could the less bear to have the peaceful course interrupted which the plant follows toward its enduring or its transient perfection. A plant is like a self-willed man, out of whom we can obtain all we desire if we will only treat him his own way. A calm eye, a silent method, in all seasons of the year, and at every hour, to do exactly what has then to be done, is required of no one perhaps more than of a gardener. These qualities the good man

possessed in an eminent degree, and on that account Ottilie liked so well to work together with him; but for some time past he had not found himself able to exercise his peculiar talent with any pleasure to himself. Whatever concerned the fruit-gardening, or kitchen-gardening as well as whatever had in time past been required in the ornamental gardens, he understood perfectly. One man succeeds in one thing, another in another: he succeeded in these. In his management of the orangery, of the bulbous flowers, in budding shoots and growing cuttings from the carnations and auriculas, he might challenge Nature herself. But the new ornamental shrubs and fashionable flowers remained in a measure strange to him. He had a kind of shyness of the endless field of botany, which had been lately opening itself; and the strange names humming about his ears made him cross and ill-tempered. The orders for flowers which had been made by his lord and lady in the course of the past year, he considered so much useless waste and extravagance. All the more, as he saw many valuable plants disappear; and as he had ceased to stand on the best possible terms with the nursery gardeners, who he fancied had not been serving him honestly.

Consequently, after a number of attempts, he had formed a sort of a plan, in which Ottilie encouraged him the more readily because its first essential condition was the return of Edward, whose absence in this, as in many other matters, every day had to be felt more and more seriously.

Now that the plants were striking new roots, and putting forth shoots, Ottilie felt herself even more fettered to this spot. It was just a year since she had come there as a stranger, as a mere insignificant creature. How much had she not gained for herself since that time! but, alas! how much had she not also since that time lost again! Never had she been so rich, and never so poor. The feelings of her loss and of her gain

alternated momentarily, chasing each other through her heart; and she could find no other means to help herself, except always to set to work again at what lay nearest to her, with such interest and eagerness as she could command.

That everything she knew to be dear to Edward received especial care from her, may be supposed. And why should she not hope that he himself would now soon come back again; and that, when present, he would show himself grateful for all the care and pains which she had taken for him in his absence?

But there was also a far different employment which she took upon herself in his service: she had undertaken the principal charge of the child, whose nurse it was all the easier for her to be, as they had determined not to put it into the hands of a wet-nurse, but to bring it up by hand with milk and water. In the beautiful season it was much out-of-doors, enjoying the free air; and Ottilie liked best to take it out herself, to carry the unconscious sleeping infant among the flowers and blossoms which should one day smile so brightly on its childhood, — among the young shrubs and plants, which, by their youth, seemed designed to grow up with the young lord to their after stature. When she looked about her, she did not hide from herself to what a high position that child was born: far and wide, wherever the eye could see, all would one day belong to him. How desirable, how necessary, it must therefore be, that it should grow up under the eyes of its father and its mother, and renew and strengthen the union between them!

Ottilie saw all this so clearly, that she represented it to herself as conclusively decided; and for herself, as concerned with it, she never felt at all. Under this clear sky, in this bright sunshine, at once it became clear to her, that her love, if it would perfect itself, must become altogether unselfish; and there were

many moments in which she believed it was an elevation which she had already attained. She only desired the well-being of her friend. She fancied herself able to resign him, and never to see him any more, if she could only know that he was happy. The one only determination she formed for herself was, never to belong to another.

They had taken care that the autumn should be no less brilliant than the spring. Sunflowers were there, and all the other plants which never cease blossoming in autumn, and continue boldly on into the cold; asters especially were sown in the greatest abundance, and scattered about in all directions, to form a starry heaven upon the earth.

FROM OTTILIE'S DIARY.

"Any good thought we have read, anything striking we have heard, we commonly enter in our diary; but if we would take the trouble, at the same time, to mark, of our friends' letters, the remarkable observations, the original ideas, the hasty words so pregnant in meaning, which we might find in them, we should then be rich indeed. We lay aside letters never to read them again, and at last we destroy them out of discretion; and so disappears the most beautiful, the most immediate, breath of life, irrecoverably for ourselves and for others. I intend to make amends in future for such neglect."

"So then, once more the old story of the year is being repeated over again. We are come now, thank God, again to its most charming chapter! The violets and the mayflowers are as its superscriptions and its vignettes. It always makes a pleasant impression on us when we open again at these pages in the book of life."

"We find fault with the poor, particularly with the little ones among them, when they loiter about the streets and beg. Do we not observe that they begin to work again, as soon as ever there is anything for them to do? Hardly has Nature unfolded her smiling treasures, than the children are at once upon her track to open out a calling for themselves. Not one of them is begging any longer: they have each a nosegay to offer you; they were out and gathering it before you had awakened out of your sleep, and the supplicating face looks as sweetly at you as the present which the hand is holding out. No person ever looks miserable who feels that he has a right to make a demand upon you."

"How is it that the year sometimes seems so short, and sometimes is so long? How is it that it is so short when it is passing, and so long as we look back over it? When I think of the past (and it never comes so powerfully over me as in the garden), I feel how the perishing and the enduring work one upon the other; and there is nothing whose endurance is so brief as not to leave behind it some trace of itself, something in its own likeness."

"We are able to tolerate the winter. We fancy that we can extend ourselves more freely when the trees are so spectral, so transparent. They are nothing, but they conceal nothing; but when once the germs and buds begin to show, then we become impatient for the full foliage to come out, for the landscape to put on its body, and the tree to stand before us as a form."

"Everything which is perfect in its kind must pass out beyond and transcend its kind. It must be an inimitable something of another and a higher nature. In many of its tones the nightingale is only a bird;

then it rises up above its class, and seems as if it would teach every feathered creature what singing really is."

"A life without love, without the presence of the beloved, is but poor *comédie à tiroir*. We draw out slide after slide, swiftly tiring of each, and pushing it back to make haste to the next. Even what we know to be good and important hangs but wearily together: every step is an end, and every step is a fresh beginning."

CHAPTER X.

CHARLOTTE meanwhile was well and in good spirits. She was happy in her beautiful boy, whose fair-promising little form every hour was a delight to both her eyes and heart. In him she found a new link to connect her with the world and with her property. Her former activity began anew to stir in her again.

Whichever way she looked, she saw how much had been done in the year that was past; and it was a pleasure to her to contemplate it. Enlivened by the strength of these feelings, she climbed up to the summer-house with Ottilie and the child: and as she laid the latter down on the little table, as on the altar of her house, and saw the two seats still vacant, she thought of gone-by times; and fresh hopes rose out before her for herself and for Ottilie.

Young ladies, perhaps, look timidly round them at this or that young man, carrying on a silent examination, whether they would like to have him for a husband; but whoever has a daughter or a female ward to care for, takes a wider circle in her survey. And so it fared at this moment with Charlotte, to whom, as she thought of how they had once sat side by side in that summer-house, a union did not seem impossible between the captain and Ottilie. It had not remained unknown to her, that the plans for the advantageous marriage, which had been proposed to the captain, had come to nothing.

Charlotte went on up the cliff, and Ottilie carried the child. A number of reflections crowded upon the

former. Even on the firm land there are frequent enough shipwrecks; and the true wise conduct is to recover ourselves, and refit our vessel as fast as possible. Is life to be calculated only by its gains and losses? Who has not made arrangement on arrangement, and has not seen them disturbed? How often does not a man strike into a road, and lose it again! How often are we not turned aside from one point which we had sharply before our eye, but only to reach some higher stage! The traveller, to his greatest annoyance, breaks a wheel upon his journey, and through this unpleasant accident makes some charming acquaintance, and forms some new connection, which has an influence on all his life. Destiny grants us our wishes, but in its own way, in order to give us something beyond our wishes.

Among these and similar reflections they reached the new building on the hill, where they intended to establish themselves for the summer. The view all round them was far more beautiful than could have been supposed: every little obstruction had been removed; all the loveliness of the landscape, whatever nature, whatever the season of the year, had done for it, came out in its beauty before the eye; and already the young plantations, which had been made to fill up a few openings, were beginning to look green, and to form an agreeable connecting link between parts which before stood separate.

The house itself was nearly habitable: the views, particularly from the upper rooms, were of the richest variety. The longer you looked round you, the more beauties you discovered. What magnificent effects would be produced here at the different hours of day, — by sunlight and by moonlight! Nothing could be more delightful than to come and live there; and, now that she found all the rough work finished, Charlotte longed to be busy again. An upholsterer, a tapestry-

hanger, a painter who could lay on the colours with patterns and a little gilding, were all which were required; and these were soon found, and in a short time the building was completed. Kitchen and cellar stores were quickly laid in; being so far from the castle, it was necessary to have all essentials provided, and the two ladies with the child went up and settled there. From this residence, as from a new centre, unknown walks opened out to them; and in these high regions the free, fresh air and the beautiful weather were thoroughly delightful.

Ottilie's favourite walk, sometimes alone, sometimes with the child, was down below toward the plane-trees, along a pleasant foot-path leading directly to the point where one of the boats was kept chained in which people used to go across the water. She often took pleasure in a sail on the water, but without the child, as Charlotte was a little uneasy about it. She never missed, however, paying a daily visit to the castle garden and the gardener, and going to look with him at his show of greenhouse-plants, which were all out now, enjoying the free air.

At this beautiful season, Charlotte was much pleased to receive a visit from an English nobleman, who had made Edward's acquaintance abroad, having met him more than once, and who was now curious to see the laying out of his park, which he had heard so much admired. He brought with him a letter of introduction from the count, and introduced at the same time his travelling companion, a quiet but most agreeable man. He went about seeing everything, sometimes with Charlotte and Ottilie, sometimes with the gardeners and the foresters, often with his friend, and now and then alone; and they could perceive clearly from his observations, that he took an interest in such matters, and understood them well, indeed, that he had himself probably executed many such.

Although he was now advanced in life, he entered warmly into everything which could serve for an ornament to life, or contribute anything to its importance.

In his presence the ladies came first properly to enjoy what was round them. His practised eye received every effect in its freshness; and he found all the more pleasure in what was before him, as he had not previously known the place, and was scarcely able to distinguish what man had done there from what nature had provided.

We may even say, that, through his remarks, the park grew and enriched itself: he was able to anticipate in their fulfilment the promises of the growing plantations. There was not a spot where there was any effect which could be either heightened or produced, but what he observed it.

In one place he pointed to a fountain, which, if it should be cleaned out, promised to be the most beautiful spot for a picnic-party. In another, to a cave which had only to be enlarged and swept clear of rubbish to form a desirable seat. A few trees might be cut down, and a view would be opened from it of some grand masses of rock towering magnificently against the sky. He wished the owners joy that so much was still remaining for them to do; and he besought them not to be in a hurry about it, but to keep for themselves for years to come the pleasures of shaping and improving.

At the hours the ladies usually spent alone, he was never in the way; for he was occupied the greatest part of the day in catching, in a portable camera obscura, such views in the park as would make good paintings, and drawing from them, in order to secure some desirable result from his travels for himself and others. For many years past he had been in the habit of doing this in all remarkable places which he

visited, and had provided himself by it with a most charming and interesting collection. He showed the ladies a large portfolio which he had brought with him, and entertained them with the pictures and with descriptions. And it was a real delight to them, here in their solitude, to travel so pleasantly over the world, and see sweep past them shores and havens, mountains, lakes, and rivers, cities, castles, and a hundred other localities which have a name in history.

Each of the two ladies had an especial interest in it: Charlotte the more general interest in whatever was historically remarkable; Ottilie dwelling in preference on the scenes of which Edward used most to talk, — where he liked best to stay, and which he would most often revisit. Every man has somewhere, far or near, his peculiar localities which attract him; scenes which, according to his character, either from first impressions, or from particular associations, or from habit, have a charm for him beyond all others.

She therefore asked the earl which of all these places pleased him best, where he would like to take up his abode if he might choose. There was more than one lovely spot which he pointed out, with what had happened to him there to make him love and value it; and the peculiar accentuated French in which he spoke made it most pleasant to listen to him.

To the question, which was his ordinary residence, which he properly considered his home, he replied, without any hesitation, in a manner quite unexpected by the ladies:

"I have accustomed myself by this time to be at home everywhere; and I find, after all, that it is much more agreeable to allow others to plant and build and keep house for me. I have no desire to return to my own possessions, partly on political grounds, but principally because my son, for whose sake alone it was any

pleasure to me to remain and work there, — who will, by and by, inherit it, and with whom I hoped to enjoy it, — took no interest in the place at all, but has gone out to India, where, like many other foolish fellows, he fancies he can make a higher use of his life. He is more likely to squander it.

"Assuredly we spend far too much labour and outlay in preparation for life. Instead of beginning at once to make ourselves happy in a moderate condition, we spread ourselves out wider and wider, only to make ourselves more and more uncomfortable. Who is there now to enjoy my mansion, my park, my gardens? Not I, nor any of mine — strangers, visitors or curious, restless travellers.

"Even with large means, we are ever but half and half at home, especially in the country, where we miss many things to which we have become accustomed in town. The book for which we are most anxious is not to be had, and just the thing we wanted most is forgotten. We take to being domestic, only again to go out of ourselves: if we do not go astray of our own will and caprice, circumstances, passions, accidents, necessity, and one does not know what besides, manage it for us."

Little did the earl imagine how deeply his friend would be touched by these random observations. It is a danger to which we are all of us exposed when we venture on general remarks in a society the circumstances of which we might have supposed were well enough known to us. Such casual wounds, even from well-meaning, kindly-disposed people, were nothing new to Charlotte. She so clearly, so thoroughly, knew and understood the world, that it gave her no particular pain if it did happen, that, through somebody's thoughtlessness or imprudence, she had her attention forced into this or that unpleasant direction. But it was very different with Ottilie. At her half-conscious

age, at which she rather felt than saw, and at which she was disposed, indeed was obliged, to turn her eyes away from what she should not or would not see, Ottilie was thrown by this melancholy conversation into the most pitiable state. It rudely tore away the pleasant veil from before her eyes: and it seemed to her as if what had been done all this time for house and court, for park and garden, for all their wide environs, were utterly in vain, because he to whom it all belonged could not enjoy it; because he, like their present visitor, had been driven out to wander up and down in the world — and indeed in the most perilous paths of it — by those who were nearest and dearest to him. She was accustomed to listen in silence; but, on this occasion, she sat on in the most painful condition, which, indeed, was made rather worse than better by what the stranger went on to say, as he continued, with his peculiar, humourous gravity:

"I think I am now on the right way. I look upon myself steadily as a traveller, who renounces many things in order to enjoy more. I am accustomed to change: it has become, indeed, a necessity to me, just as in the opera, people are always looking out for new and new decorations, because there have already been so many. I know very well what I am to expect from the best hotels, and what from the worst. It may be as good or it may be as bad as it will, but I nowhere find anything to which I am accustomed; and in the end it comes to much the same thing whether we depend for our enjoyment entirely on the regular order of custom, or entirely on the caprices of accident. I have never to vex myself now because this thing is mislaid, or that thing is lost; because the room in which I live is uninhabitable, and I must have it repaired; because somebody has broken my favourite cup, and for a long time nothing tastes well out of any other. All this I am happily spared. If the

house catches fire about my ears, my people quietly pack my things up, and we pass away out of the town in search of other quarters. And considering all these advantages, when I reckon carefully, I find, that, by the end of the year, I have not sacrificed more than it would have cost me to be at home."

In this description Ottilie saw nothing but Edward before her. How he, too, was now amidst discomfort and hardship, marching along untrodden roads, lying out in the fields in danger and want, and, in all this insecurity and hazard, growing accustomed to be homeless and friendless, learning to fling away everything that he might have nothing to lose. Fortunately the party separated for a short time. Ottilie escaped to her room, where she could give way to her tears. No weight of sorrow had ever pressed so heavily upon her as this clear perception (which she tried, as people usually do, to make still clearer to herself), that men love to dally with and exaggerate the evils which circumstances have once begun to inflict upon them.

Edward's condition appeared to her in a light so piteous, so miserable, that she made up her mind, let it cost her what it would, that she would do everything in her power to unite him again with Charlotte, and she herself would go and hide her sorrow and her love in some silent scene, and beguile the time with such employment as she could find.

Meanwhile the earl's companion, a quiet, sensible man and a keen observer, had remarked the untowardness of the conversation, and spoke to his friend about it. The latter knew nothing of the circumstances of the family; but the other — being one of those persons whose principal interest in travelling lay in gathering up the strange occurrences which arose out of the natural or artificial relations of society, which were produced by the conflict of the restraint of law with the violence of the will, of the understanding with the

reason, of passion with prejudice — had some time before made himself acquainted with the outline of the story; and, since he had been in the family, he had learned exactly all that had taken place, and the present position in which things were standing.

The earl, of course, was very sorry; but it was not a thing to make him uneasy. A man would have to be silent altogether in society were he never to find himself in such a position; for not only important remarks, but the most trivial expressions, may happen to clash in an inharmonious key with the interest of somebody present.

"We will set things right this evening," said he, "and escape from any general conversation: you shall let them hear one of the many charming anecdotes with which your portfolio and your memory have enriched themselves while we have been abroad."

However, with the best intentions, the strangers did not, on this next occasion, succeed any better in gratifying their friends with unalloyed entertainment. The earl's friend told a number of singular stories — some serious, some amusing, some touching, some terrible — with which he had roused their attention and strained their interest to the highest tension; and he thought to conclude with a strange but softer incident, little dreaming how nearly it would touch his listeners.

THE TWO STRANGE CHILDREN.

"Two children of neighbouring families, a boy and a girl, of such respective ages as would well suit their marrying at some future time, were brought up together with this agreeable prospect; and the parents on both sides, who were people of some position in the world, looked forward with pleasure to their future union.

"It was too soon observed, however, that the pur-

pose seemed likely to fail: the dispositions of both children promised everything which was good, but there was an unaccountable antipathy between them. Perhaps they were too much like each other. Both were thoughtful, clear in their desires, and firm in their purposes. Each separately was beloved and respected by his or her companions; but, whenever they were together, they were always antagonists. Forming separate plans for themselves, they only met to mutually cross and thwart one another; never emulating each other in pursuit of one aim, but always fighting for a single object. Good-natured and amiable everywhere else, they were spiteful and even malicious whenever they came in contact.

"This singular relation first showed itself in their childish games, and it continued with their advancing years. The boys used to play at soldiers, divide into parties, and give each other battle: and the fierce, haughty young lady set herself at once at the head of one of the armies, and fought against the other with such animosity and bitterness that the latter would have been put to a shameful flight, except for the desperate bravery of her own particular rival, who at last disarmed his antagonist and took her prisoner; and even then she defended herself with so much fury, that to save his eyes from being torn out, and, at the same time, not to injure his enemy, he had been obliged to take off his silk handkerchief, and tie with it her hands behind her back.

"This she never forgave him: she made so many attempts, she laid so many plans, to injure him, that the parents, who had been long watching these singular passions, came to an understanding together, and resolved to separate these two hostile creatures, and sacrifice their favourite hopes.

"The boy soon distinguished himself in the new situation in which he was placed. He mastered every

subject which he was taught. His friends and his own inclination chose the army for his profession; and everywhere, let him be where he would, he was looked up to and beloved. His disposition seemed formed to labour for the well-being and pleasure of others; and he himself, without being clearly conscious of it, was in himself happy at having got rid of the only antagonist which nature had assigned to him.

"The girl, on the other hand, became at once an altered creature. Her growing age; the progress of her education; above all, her own inward feelings,—drew her away from the boisterous games with boys in which she had hitherto delighted. Altogether, she seemed to want something: there was nothing anywhere about her which could deserve to excite her hatred, and she had never found any one whom she could think worthy of her love.

"A young man, somewhat older than her previous neighbour-antagonist, of rank, property, and consequence, beloved in society, and much sought after by women, bestowed his affections upon her. It was the first time that friend, lover, or servant had displayed any interest in her. The preference he showed for her above others who were older, more cultivated, and of more brilliant pretensions than herself, was naturally gratifying: the constancy of his attention, which was never obtrusive; his standing by her faithfully through a number of unpleasant incidents; his quiet suit, which was declared indeed to her parents, but which, as she was still very young, he did not press, only asking to be allowed to hope,—all this engaged him to her; and custom, and the assumption in the world that the thing was already settled, carried her along with it. She had so often been called his betrothed that at last she began to consider herself so; and neither she nor any one else ever thought any further trial could be necessary before she exchanged rings with the person

who for so long a time had passed for her intended.

"The peaceful course which the affair had all along followed was not at all precipitated by the betrothal. Things were allowed to go on, on both sides, just as they were: they were happy in being together, and they could enjoy to the end the fair season of the year as the spring of their future more serious life.

"The absent youth had meanwhile grown up into everything which was most admirable. He had obtained a well-deserved rank in his profession, and came home on leave to visit his family. Toward his fair neighbour he found himself again in a natural but singular position. For some time past she had been nourishing in herself such affectionate family feelings as suited her position as a bride; she was in harmony with everything about her; she believed that she was happy; and, in a certain sense, she was so. Now, for the first time after a long interval, something again stood in her way. It was not to be hated — she had become incapable of hatred. Indeed, the childish hatred, which had in fact been nothing more than an obscure recognition of inward worth, expressed itself now in a happy astonishment, in pleasure at meeting, in ready acknowledgments, in a half willing, half unwilling, and yet irresistible, attraction; and all this was mutual. Their long separation gave occasion for longer conversations; even their old childish foolishness served, now that they had grown wiser, to amuse them as they looked back; and they felt as if at least they were bound to make good their petulant hatred by friendliness and attention to each other, as if their first violent injustice to each other ought not to be left without open acknowledgment.

"On his side it all remained in a sensible, desirable moderation. His position, his circumstances, his efforts,

his ambition, found him so abundant an occupation, that the friendliness of this pretty bride he received as a very thankworthy present, but without, therefore, even so much as thinking of her in connection with himself, or entertaining the slightest jealousy of the bridegroom, with whom he stood on the best possible terms.

"With her, however, it was altogether different. She seemed to herself as if she had awakened out of a dream. Her fightings with her young neighbour had been the beginnings of an affection; and this violent antagonism was no more than an equally violent innate passion for him, first showing under the form of opposition. She could remember nothing else than that she had always loved him. She laughed over her martial encounter with him with weapons in her hand: she dwelt upon the delight of her feelings when he disarmed her. She imagined that it had given her the greatest happiness when he bound her, and whatever she had done afterward to injure him or to vex him presented itself to her as only an innocent means of attracting his attention. She cursed their separation. She bewailed the sleepy state into which she had fallen. She execrated the insidious, lazy routine which had betrayed her into accepting so insignificant a bridegroom. She was transformed, doubly transformed, forward or backward, whichever way we like to take it.

"She kept her feelings entirely to herself; but if any one could have divined them, and shared them with her, he could not have blamed her: for indeed the bridegroom could not sustain a comparison with the other as soon as they were seen together. If a sort of regard to the one could not be refused, the other excited the fullest trust and confidence. If one made an agreeable acquaintance, the other we should desire for a companion; and in extraordinary cases,

where higher demands might have to be made on them, the bridegroom was a person to be utterly despaired of, while the other would give the feeling of perfect security.

"There is a peculiar, innate tact in women which discovers to them differences of this kind, and they have cause as well as occasion to cultivate it.

"The more the fair bride was nourishing all these feelings in secret, the less opportunity there was for any one to speak a word which could tell in favour of her bridegroom, to remind her of what her duty and their relative position advised and commanded, — indeed, what an unalterable necessity seemed now irrevocably to require: the poor heart gave itself up entirely to its passion.

"On one side she was bound inextricably to the bridegroom by the world, by her family, and by her own promise: on the other, the ambitious young man made no secret of what he was thinking and planning for himself, conducting himself toward her only as a kind, but not at all a tender, brother, and speaking of his departure as immediately impending; and now it seemed as if her early childish spirit woke up again in her with all its spleen and violence, and was preparing itself in its distemper, on this higher stage of life, to work more effectively and destructively. She determined that she would die to punish the once hated, and now so passionately loved, youth for his want of interest in her; and, as she could not possess himself, at least she would wed herself for ever to his imagination and to his repentance. Her dead image should cling to him, and he should never be free from it. He should never cease to reproach himself for not having understood, examined, valued her feelings toward him.

"This singular insanity accompanied her wherever she went. She kept it concealed under all sorts of forms; and, although people thought her very odd, no

one was observant enough or clever enough to discover the real inward reason.

"In the meantime, friends, relations, acquaintances, had exhausted themselves in contrivances for pleasure-parties. Scarcely a day passed, but something new and unexpected was set on foot. There was hardly a pretty spot in the country round which had not been decked out and prepared for the reception of some merry party. And now our young visitor, before departing, wished to do his part as well, and invited the young couple, with a small family circle, to an expedition on the water. They went on board a large, beautiful vessel, dressed out in all its colours, — one of the yachts which had a small saloon, and a cabin or two besides, and are intended to carry with them upon the water the comfort and conveniences of land.

"They set out upon the broad river with music-playing. The party had collected in the cabin, below deck, during the heat of the day, and were amusing themselves with games. Their young host, who could never remain without doing something, had taken charge of the helm, to relieve the old master of the vessel; and the latter had lain down and was fast asleep. It was a moment when the steerer required all his circumspectness, as the vessel was nearing a spot where two islands narrowed the channel of the river; while shallow banks of shingle stretching off, first on one side and then on the other, made the navigation difficult and dangerous. Prudent and sharp-sighted as he was, he thought for a moment that it would be better to wake the master; but he felt confident in himself, and he thought he would venture and make straight for the narrows. At this moment his fair enemy appeared upon deck with a wreath of flowers in her hair. 'Take this to remember me by,' she cried out. She took it off, and threw it to the steerer. 'Don't disturb me,' he answered quickly, as

he caught the wreath: 'I require all my powers and all my attention now.' 'You will never be disturbed by me any more,' she cried: 'you will never see me again.' As she spoke, she rushed to the forward part of the vessel; and from thence she sprang into the water. Voice upon voice called out, 'Save her, save her: she is sinking!' He was in the most terrible difficulty. In the confusion the old shipmaster woke, and tried to catch the rudder, which the young man bid him take. But there was no time to change hands. The vessel stranded; and at the same moment, flinging off the heaviest of his upper garments, he sprang into the water, and swam toward his beautiful enemy. The water is a friendly element to a man who is at home in it, and who knows how to deal with it: it buoyed him up, and acknowledged the strong swimmer as its master. He soon overtook the beautiful girl, who had been swept away before him: he caught hold of her, raised her and supported her; and both of them were carried violently down by the current, till the shoals and islands were left far behind, and the river was again open and running smoothly. He now began to collect himself: they had passed the first immediate danger, in which he had been obliged to act mechanically without time to think; he raised his head as high as he could to look about him, and then swam with all his might to a low, bushy point, which ran out conveniently into the stream. There he brought his fair burden to dry land, but he could find no signs of life in her: he was in despair, when he caught sight of a trodden path leading among the bushes. Again he caught her up in his arms, hurried forward, and presently reached a solitary cottage. There he found kind, good people, — a young married couple; the misfortunes and dangers were soon explained; every remedy he could think of was instantly applied; a bright fire blazed up; woollen blankets were spread on a bed;

counterpane, cloaks, skins, whatever there was at hand which would serve for warmth, were heaped over her as fast as possible. The desire to save life overpowered, for the present, every other consideration. Nothing was left undone to bring back to life the beautiful, half-torpid, naked body. It succeeded: she opened her eyes! her friend was before her: she threw her heavenly arms about his neck. In this position she remained for a time, and then a stream of tears burst out and completed her recovery. 'Will you forsake me,' she cried, 'now, when I find you again thus?' 'Never,' he answered, 'never,' hardly knowing what he said or did. 'Only consider yourself,' she added, 'take care of yourself, for your sake and for mine.'

"She now began to collect herself, and for the first time recollected the state in which she was; she could not be ashamed before her darling, before her preserver; but she gladly allowed him to go, that he might take care of himself: for the clothes he still wore were wet and dripping.

"Their young hosts considered what could be done. The husband offered the young man, and the wife offered the fair lady, the dresses in which they had been married, which were hanging up in full perfection, and sufficient for a complete suit, inside and out, for two people. In a short time our pair of adventurers were not only equipped, but in full costume. They looked most charming, gazed at one another, when they met, with admiration; and then with infinite affection, half laughing at the same time at the quaintness of their appearance, they fell into each other's arms.

"The power of youth and the quickening spirit of love in a few moments completely restored them, and there was nothing wanted but music to have set them both off dancing.

"To have found themselves brought from the water on dry land, from death into life, from the circle of

their families into a wilderness, from despair into rapture, from indifference to affection and to love, all in a moment, — the head was not strong enough to bear it: it must either burst, or go distracted; or, if so distressing an alternative were to be escaped, the heart must put out all its efforts.

"Lost wholly in each other, it was long before they recollected the alarm and anxiety of those who had been left behind; and they themselves, indeed, could not well think, without alarm and anxiety, how they were again to encounter them. 'Shall we run away? shall we hide ourselves?' said the young man. 'We will remain together,' she said, as she clung to his neck.

"The peasant, having heard them say that a boat was aground on the shoal, had hurried down, without stopping to ask another question, to the shore. When he arrived there, he saw the vessel coming safely down the stream. After much labour it had been got off; and they were now going on in uncertainty, hoping to find their lost ones again somewhere. The peasant shouted and made signs to them, and at last caught the attention of those on board: then he ran to a spot where there was a convenient place for landing, and went on signalling and shouting till the vessel's head was turned toward the shore; and what a scene there was for them when they landed! The parents of the two betrothed first pressed forward to the bank: the poor, loving bridegroom had almost lost his senses. They had scarcely learned that their dear children had been saved, when in their strange disguise the latter came forward out of the bushes to meet them. No one recognised them till they had come quite close. 'Who do I see?' cried the mothers. 'What do I see?' cried the fathers. The preserved ones flung themselves on the ground before them. 'Your children,' they called out: 'a pair.' 'Forgive us!' cried the maiden.

'Give us your blessing!' cried the young man. 'Give us your blessing!' they cried both, as all the world stood still in wonder. 'Your blessing!' was repeated the third time; and who would have been able to refuse it?"

CHAPTER XI.

THE narrator made a pause, or, rather, he had already finished his story, before he observed the emotion into which Charlotte had been thrown by it. She got up, uttered some sort of an apology, and left the room. To her it was a well-known history. The principal incident in it had really taken place with the captain and a neighbour of her own, not exactly, indeed, as the Englishman had related it. But the main features of it were the same. It had only been more finished off and elaborated in its details, as stories of that kind always are, when they have passed first through the lips of the multitude, and then through the fancy of a clever and imaginative narrator; the result of the process being usually to leave everything and nothing as it was.

Ottilie followed Charlotte, as the two friends begged her to do; and then it was the earl's turn to remark, that perhaps they had made a second mistake, and that the subject of the story had been well known to, or was in some way connected with, the family. "We must take care," he added, "that we do no more mischief here; we seem to bring little good to our entertainers for all the kindness and hospitality which they have shown us: we will make some excuse for ourselves, and then take our leave."

"I must confess," answered his companion, "that there is something else which still holds me here; and, on account of which, I should be sorry to leave this house without having it explained to me, and becoming better acquainted with it. You were too busy

yourself yesterday, when we were in the park with the camera, in looking for spots where you could make your sketches, to have observed anything else which was passing. You left the broad walk, you remember, and went to a sequestered place on the side of the lake. There was a fine view of the opposite shore, which you wished to take. Well, Ottilie, who was with us, got up to follow, and then proposed that she and I should find our way to you in the boat. I got in with her, and was delighted with the skill of my fair conductress. I assured her, that never since I had been in Switzerland, where the young ladies so often fill the place of the boatman, had I been so pleasantly ferried over the water. At the same time, I could not help asking her why she had shown such an objection to going the way which you had gone, along the little by-path. I had observed her shrink from it with a sort of painful uneasiness. She was not at all offended. 'If you will promise not to laugh at me,' she answered, 'I will tell you as much as I know about it; but to myself it is a mystery which I cannot explain. There is a particular spot in that path which I never pass without a strange shudder passing over me, which I do not remember ever feeling anywhere else, and which I cannot the least understand. But I shrink from exposing myself to the sensation, because it is followed immediately after by a pain on the left side of my head, from which at other times I suffer severely.' We landed. Ottilie was engaged with you; and I took the opportunity of examining the spot, which she pointed out to me as we went by on the water. I was not a little surprised to find there distinct traces of coal, in sufficient quantities to convince me, that, at a short distance below the surface, there must be a considerable bed of it.

"Pardon me, my lord: I see you smile; and I know very well that you have no faith in these things about

which I am so eager, and that it is only your sense and your kindness which enable you to tolerate me. However, it is impossible for me to leave this place without trying on that beautiful creature an experiment with the pendulum."

Whenever these matters came to be spoken of, the earl never failed to repeat the same objections to them over and over again; and his friend endured them all quietly and patiently, remaining firm, nevertheless, to his own opinion, and holding to his own wishes. He, too, repeatedly showed that there was no reason, because the experiment did not succeed with every one, that they should give them up, as if there were nothing in them but fancy. They should be examined into all the more earnestly and scrupulously; and there was no doubt that the result would be the discovery of a number of affinities of inorganic creatures for one another, and of organic creatures for them, and again for each other, which at present were unknown to us.

He had already spread out his apparatus of gold rings, marcasites, and other metallic substances, which he always carried about with himself, in a pretty little box; and he suspended a piece of metal by a string over another piece, which he placed upon the table. "Now, my lord," he said, "you may take what pleasure you please (I can see in your face what you are feeling) at perceiving that nothing will set itself in motion with me or for me. But my proceedings are no more than a pretext; when the ladies come back, they will be curious to know what strange work we are about."

The ladies returned. Charlotte understood at once what was going on. "I have heard much of these things," she said, "but I never saw the effect myself. You have everything ready there. Let me try whether I can succeed in producing anything."

She took the thread into her hand; and, as she was perfectly serious, she held it steady, and without any

agitation. Not the slightest motion, however, could be detected. Ottilie was then called upon to try. She held the pendulum, still more quietly and unconsciously, over the plate on the table. But in a moment the swinging piece of metal began to stir with a distinct rotatory action, and turned as they moved the position of the plate, first to one side and then to the other; now in circles, now in ellipses; or else describing a series of straight lines; doing all the earl's friend could expect, and far exceeding, indeed, all his expectations.

The earl himself was a little staggered; but the other could never be satisfied from delight and curiosity, and begged for the experiment again and again, with all sorts of variations. Ottilie was complacent enough to gratify him; till at last she politely requested to be allowed to go, as her headache had come on again. In further admiration, and even rapture, he assured her with enthusiasm that he would cure her for ever of her disorder, if she would only trust herself to his remedies. For a moment they did not know what he meant; but Charlotte, who quickly saw what he was about, declined his well-meant offer, not liking to have introduced and practised about her a thing of which she had always had the strongest apprehensions.

The strangers were gone, and, notwithstanding their having been the inadvertent cause of strange and painful emotions, left the wish behind them that this meeting might not be the last. Charlotte now made use of the beautiful weather to return visits in the neighbourhood, which, indeed, gave her work enough to do, seeing that the whole country round, some from a real interest, some merely from custom, had been most attentive in calling to inquire after her. At home her delight was the sight of the child, and really it well deserved all love and interest. People saw in it a

wonderful child, — nay, a prodigy: the brightest, sunniest little face; a fine, well-proportioned body, strong and healthy: and, what surprised them more, the double resemblance, which became more and more conspicuous. In figure, and in the features of the face, it was like the captain: the eyes every day it was less easy to distinguish from the eyes of Ottilie.

Ottilie herself, partly from this remarkable affinity, perhaps still more under the influence of that sweet woman's feeling which makes them regard with the most tender affection the offspring of the man they love, even when born to him by another woman, was as good as a mother to the little creature as it grew; or, rather, she was a second mother of another kind. If Charlotte was absent, Ottilie remained alone with the child and the nurse. Nanny had for some time past been jealous of the boy for monopolising the entire affections of her mistress: she had left her in a fit of crossness, and gone back to her mother. Ottilie would carry the child about in the open air, and by degrees took longer and longer walks with him. She took her bottle of milk, to give the child its food when it wanted any. Generally, too, she took a book with her; and so, with the child in her arms, reading and wandering, she made a very pretty Penserosa.

CHAPTER XII.

The object of the campaign was attained; and Edward, with crosses and decorations, was honourably dismissed. He betook himself at once to the same little estate, where he found exact accounts of his family waiting for him, on whom, all this time, without their having observed it or known of it, a sharp watch had been kept under his orders. His quiet residence looked most sweet and pleasant when he reached it. In accordance with his orders, various improvements had been made in his absence; and what was wanting to the establishment in extent was compensated by its internal comforts and conveniences. Edward, accustomed by his more active habits of life to take decided steps, determined to execute a project which he long had sufficient time to think over. First of all, he invited the major to come to him. Great was their joy at meeting again. The friendships of boyhood, like relationship of blood, possess this important advantage, that mistakes and misunderstandings never produce irreparable injury, and the old regard after a time will always reëstablish itself.

Edward began by inquiring about the situation of his friend, and learned that fortune had favoured him exactly as he most could have wished. He then half seriously asked whether there was not something going forward about a marriage, to which he received a most decided and positive denial.

"I cannot and will not have any reserve with you," he proceeded. "I will tell you at once what my own

feelings are, and what I intend to do. You know my passion for Ottilie: you must long have comprehended that it was this which drove me into the campaign. I do not deny that I desired to be rid of a life which, without her, would be of no further value to me. At the same time, however, I acknowledge that I could never bring myself utterly to despair. The prospect of happiness with her was so beautiful, so infinitely charming, that it was not possible for me entirely to renounce it. Feelings, too, which I cannot explain, and a number of happy omens, have combined to strengthen me in the belief, in the assurance, that Ottilie will one day be mine. The glass, with our initials cut upon it, which was thrown into the air when the foundation-stone was laid, did not go to pieces: it was caught, and I have it again in my possession. After many miserable hours of uncertainty, spent in this place, I said to myself, 'I will put myself in the place of this glass, and it shall be an omen whether our union be possible or not. I will go: I will seek for death, not like a madman, but like a man who still hopes that he may live. Ottilie shall be the prize for which I fight. Ottilie shall be behind the ranks of the enemy: in every intrenchment, in every beleaguered fortress, I shall hope to find her and to win her. I will do wonders, with the wish to survive them; with the hope to gain Ottilie, not to lose her.' These feelings have led me on, they have stood by me through all dangers; and now I find myself like one who has arrived at his goal, who, having overcome every difficulty, has nothing more left in his way. Ottilie is mine; and whatever lies between the thought and the execution of it I can only regard as unimportant."

"With a few strokes you blot out," replied the major, "all the objections that we can or ought to urge upon you; and yet they must be repeated. I must

leave it to yourself to recall the full value of your relation with your wife; but you owe it to her, and you owe it to yourself, not to close your eyes to it. How can I so much as mention that you have had a son given to you, without acknowledging at once that you two belong to one another for ever; that you are bound, for this little creature's sake, to live united, that united you may educate it, and provide for its future welfare?"

"It is no more than the blindness of parents," answered Edward, "when they imagine their existence to be of so much importance to their children. Whatever lives finds nourishment and finds assistance; and if the son who has early lost his father does not spend so easy, so favoured a youth, he profits, perhaps, for that very reason, in being trained sooner for the world, and comes to a timely knowledge that he must accommodate himself to others, — a thing which sooner or later we are all forced to learn. Here, however, even these considerations are irrelevant: we are sufficiently well off to be able to provide for more children than one, and it is neither right nor kind to accumulate so large a property on a single head."

The major attempted to say something of Charlotte's worth and Edward's long-standing attachment to her, but the latter hastily interrupted him. "We committed ourselves to a foolish thing, — that I see all too clearly Whoever, in middle age, attempts to realise the wishes and hopes of his early youth invariably deceives himself. Each decade of a man's life has its own fortunes, its own hopes, its own desires. Woe to him who, either by circumstances or by his own infatuation, is induced to grasp at anything before him or behind him. We have done a foolish thing. Are we to abide by it all our lives? Are we to hesitate indulging in what the customs of the age do not forbid? In how many matters do men recall their

intentions and their actions! And shall it not be allowed to them here, here where the question is not of this thing or of that, but of everything; not of our single condition of life, but of the whole complex life itself?"

Again the major adroitly and impressively urged on Edward to consider what he owed to his wife, what was due to his family, to the world, and to his own position; but he could not succeed in producing the slightest impression.

"All these questions, my friend," he returned, "I have considered already again and again. They have passed before me in the storm of battle, when the earth was shaking with the thunder of the cannon, with the balls singing and whistling round me, with my comrades falling right and left, my horse shot under me, my hat pierced with bullets. They have floated before me by the still watch-fire under the starry vault of the sky. I have thoroughly thought on them all, felt them all through. I have weighed them; and I have satisfied myself about them again and again, and now for ever. At such moments why should I not acknowledge it to you? you, too, were in my thoughts, you, too, belonged to my circle; as, indeed, you and I have long belonged to one another. If I have ever been in your debt, I am now in a position to repay it with interest; if you have been in mine, you have now the means to make it good to me. I know that you love Charlotte, and she deserves it. I know that you are not indifferent to her, and why should she not feel your worth? Take her at my hand, and give Ottilie to me, and we shall be the happiest beings upon the earth."

"If you choose to assign me so high a character," replied the major, "I have to be all the more strict and prudent. Whatever there may be in this proposal to make it attractive to me, instead of simplifying the

problem, it only increases the difficulty of it. The question is now of me as well as of you. The fortunes, the good name, the honour of two men, hitherto unsullied with a breath, will be exposed to hazard by so strange a proceeding, to call it by no harsher name; and we shall appear before the world in a highly questionable light."

"Our very characters being what they are," replied Edward, "give us a right to take this single liberty. A man who has borne himself honourably through a whole life makes an action honourable which might appear ambiguous in others. As concerns myself, after these last trials which I have taken upon myself, after the difficult and dangerous actions I have accomplished for others, I now feel entitled to do something for myself. For you and Charlotte, that part of the business may, if you like, be given up; but neither you nor any one shall keep me from doing what I have determined. If I may look for help and furtherance, I shall be ready to do all that can be wished; but if I am to be left to myself, or if obstacles are to be thrown in my way, something extreme is sure to be the consequence."

The major thought it his duty to combat Edward's purposes as long as it was possible, and now he changed the mode of his attack and tried a diversion. He seemed to give way, and only spoke of the form of what they would have to do to bring about this separation and these new unions; and so mentioned a number of unpleasant, undesirable matters, which put Edward into the worst of tempers.

"I see plainly," he cried at last, "that what we desire can only be carried by storm, whether it be from our enemies or from our friends. I keep clearly before my own eyes what I demand, what, one way or another, I must have; and I will seize it promptly and surely. Connections like ours, I know very well,

cannot be broken up and reconstructed again without much being thrown down which is standing, and much having to give way which would be glad enough to continue. We shall come to no conclusion by thinking about it. All rights are alike to the understanding, and it is always easy to throw extra weight into the ascending scale. Do you make up your mind, my friend, to act, and act promptly, for me and for yourself. Disentangle and untie the knots, and tie them up again. Do not be deterred by any considerations. We have already given the world something to say about us. It will talk about us once more; and, when we have ceased to be a nine days' wonder, it will forget us as it forgets everything else, and allow us to follow our own way without further concern with us." The major had nothing further to say, and was at last obliged to submit to Edward's treating the matter as now conclusively settled, going into detail concerning what had to be done, and picturing the future in the most cheerful manner, and even joking about it; then again he went on seriously and thoughtfully, "If we think to leave ourselves to the hope, to the expectation, that all will go right again of itself, that accident will lead us straight, and take care of us, it will be a most culpable self-deception. In such a way it would be impossible for us to save ourselves, or reëstablish our peace again. I who have been the innocent cause of it all, how am I ever to console myself? By my own importunity I prevailed on Charlotte to write to you to stay with us, and Ottilie came in consequence of this change. We have had no control over what ensued out of this; but we have the power to make it innocuous, to guide the new circumstances to our own happiness. Can you turn away your eyes from the fair and beautiful prospects I open to us? Can you insist to me, can you insist to us all, on a wretched renunciation of them? Do you think it possible? Is

it possible? Will there be no vexations, no bitterness, no inconvenience, to overcome, if we resolve to fall back into our old state? and will any good, any happiness whatever, arise out of it? Will your own rank, will the high position you have earned, be any pleasure to you, if you are to be prevented from visiting me, or from living with me? And, after what has passed, it would not be anything but painful. Charlotte and I, with all our property, would only find ourselves in a melancholy state. And if, like other men of the world, you can persuade yourself that years and separation will eradicate our feelings, will obliterate impressions so deeply engraved, why, it is these very years which it would be better to spend in happiness and comfort than in pain and misery. But the last and most important point of all which I have to urge is this: supposing that we, our outward and inward condition being what it is, could nevertheless make up our minds to wait at all hazards, and bear what is laid upon us, what is to become of Ottilie, who would have to leave our family and mix in society where we should not be to care for her, and she would be driven wretchedly to and fro in a hard, cold world? Describe to me any situation in which Ottilie, without me, without us, could be happy, and you will then have employed an argument which will be stronger than every other; and if I will not promise to yield to it, if I will not undertake at once to give up all my own hopes, I will at least reconsider the question, and see how what you have said will affect it."

This problem was not so easy to solve; at least, no satisfactory answer to it suggested itself to his friend: and nothing was left him except to insist again and again how grave and serious, and in many senses how dangerous, the whole undertaking was; and at least that they ought maturely to consider how they had better enter upon it. Edward agreed to this, and con-

sented to wait before he took any steps, but only under the condition that his friend should not leave him until they had come to a perfect understanding about it, and until the first measures had been taken.

CHAPTER XIII.

PEOPLE who are complete strangers and wholly indifferent to one another, are sure, if they live a long time together, to expose something of their inner nature; and thus a certain intimacy will arise. All the more was it to be expected that there would soon be no secrets between our two friends, now that they were again under the same roof together, and in daily and hourly intercourse. They recalled the earlier stages of their history; and the major confessed to Edward that Charlotte had intended Ottilie for him at the time at which he returned from abroad, and hoped that sometime or other he might marry her. Edward was in ecstasies at this discovery: he spoke without reserve of the mutual affection of Charlotte and the major, which, because it happened to fall in so conveniently with his own wishes, he painted in very lively colours.

Deny it altogether, the major could not; at the same time, he could not altogether acknowledge it. But Edward insisted on it only the more. He had pictured the whole thing to himself, not as possible, but as already concluded; all parties had only to resolve on what they all wished; there would be no difficulty in obtaining a separation; the marriages should follow as soon after as possible, and Edward could travel with Ottilie.

Of all the pleasant things imagination pictures to us, there is, perhaps, none more charming than when lovers and young married people look forward to en-

joying their new relation they have formed, in a fresh, new world, and test the endurance of the bond between them in so many changing circumstances. The major and Charlotte were, in the meantime, to have unrestricted powers to settle all questions of money, property, and other such important worldly matters, and to do whatever was right and proper for the satisfaction of all parties. What Edward dwelt the most upon, however, from what he seemed to promise himself the most advantage, was this: as the child would have to remain with the mother, the major would charge himself with his education; he would train the boy according to his own views, and develop what capacities there might be in him. It was not for nothing that he had received in his baptism the name of Otto, which belonged to them both.

Edward had so completely arranged everything for himself, that he could not wait another day to carry it into execution. On their way to the castle, they arrived at a small town, where Edward had a house, and where he was to stay to await the major's return. He could not, however, prevail upon himself to alight there at once, and accompanied his friend through the place. They were both on horseback, and, falling into some interesting conversation, rode on farther together.

On a sudden they saw, in the distance, the new house on the height, with its red tiles shining in the sun. An irresistible longing came over Edward: he would have it all settled that very evening; he would remain concealed in a village close by. The major was to urge the business on Charlotte with all his power: he would take her prudence by surprise, and oblige her, by the unexpectedness of his proposal, to make a free acknowledgment of her feelings. Edward had transferred his own wishes to her: he felt certain that he was only meeting her half-way, and that her inclination was as decided as his own; and he looked

for an immediate consent from her, because he himself could think of nothing else.

Joyfully he saw before his eyes the happy result; and, that it might be communicated to him as swiftly as possible, a few cannon-shots were to be fired off, or, if it were dark, a rocket or two to be sent up.

The major rode to the castle. He did not find Charlotte there; he learned, that for the present she was staying at the new house: at that particular time, however, she was paying a visit in the neighbourhood, and she probably would not return till late that evening. He walked back to the inn, to which he had previously sent his horse.

Edward, in the meantime, unable to sit still from restlessness and impatience, stole away out of his concealment along solitary paths only known to foresters and fishermen, into his park; and he found himself toward evening in the copse close to the lake, the broad mirror of which he now for the first time saw spread out in its perfectness before him.

Ottilie had gone out that afternoon for a walk along the shore. She had the child with her, and read as she usually did while she went along. She had gone as far as the oak-tree by the ferry. The boy had fallen asleep: she sat down, laid it on the ground at her side, and continued reading. The book was one of those which attract persons of delicate feeling, and afterward will not let them go again. She completely forgot the time, nor remembered what a long way round it was by land to the new house; but she sat lost in her book and in herself, so beautiful to look at, that the trees and the bushes round her ought to have been alive, and endowed with eyes to admire, and take delight in gazing upon her. The sun was sinking: a ruddy streak of light fell upon her from behind, tinging with gold her cheek and shoulder. Edward, who had made his way to the lake without being seen, finding

his park deserted, and seeing no trace of a human creature anywhere round about, went on and on. At last he broke through the copse behind the oak-tree, and saw her. At the same moment she saw him. He rushed up to her, and threw himself at her feet. After a long, silent pause, in which they both endeavoured to collect themselves, he explained in a few words why and how he had come there. He had sent the major to Charlotte, and perhaps at that moment their common destiny was being decided. Never had he doubted her affection, and she assuredly had never doubted his. He begged for her consent; she hesitated; he implored her. He offered to resume his old privilege, and throw his arms around her, and embrace her: she pointed down to the child.

Edward looked at it, and was amazed. "Great God!" he cried: "if I had cause to doubt my wife and my friend, this face would bear fearful witness against them. Is not this the very image of the major? I never saw such a likeness."

"Indeed!" replied Ottilie: "all the world say it is like me."

"Is it possible?" Edward answered; and at the moment the child opened its eyes, — two large, black, piercing eyes, deep, and full of love: already the little face was full of intelligence. He seemed to know the two that were standing before him. Edward threw himself down beside the child, and then knelt a second time before Ottilie. "It is you," he cried: "the eyes are yours! ah, but let me look into yours! let me throw a veil over that ill-starred hour which gave its being to this little creature. Shall I shock your pure spirit with the fearful thought that man and wife who are estranged from each other can yet press each other to their heart, and profane the bonds by which the law unites them by other eager wishes? Oh, yes! As I have said so much; as my connection with Char-

lotte must now be severed; as you will be mine,—why should I not speak out the words to you? This child is the offspring of a double adultery. It should have been a tie between my wife and myself; but it severs her from me, and me from her. Let it witness, then, against me. Let these fair eyes say to yours, that in the arms of another I belonged to you. You must feel, Ottilie, oh! you must feel, that my fault, my crime, I can only expiate in your arms."

"Hark!" he called out, springing to his feet, and thinking he had heard the report of a gun, and that it was the sign the major was to give. It was the gun of a forester on the adjoining hill. Nothing followed. Edward grew impatient.

Ottilie now first observed that the sun was down behind the mountains: its last rays were shining on the windows of the house above. "Leave me, Edward," she cried: "go. Long as we have been parted, much as we have borne, yet remember what we both owe to Charlotte. She must decide our fate: do not let us anticipate her judgment. I am yours if she will permit it to be so: if not, I must renounce you. As you think it is now so near an issue, let us wait. Go back to the village, where the major supposes you to be. Is it likely that a rude cannon-shot will inform you of the results of such an interview? Perhaps at this moment he is seeking for you. He will not have found Charlotte at home: of that I am certain. He may have gone to meet her, for they knew at the castle where she was. How many things may have happened! Leave me! she must be at home by this time: she is expecting me with the baby above."

Ottilie spoke hurriedly: she called together all the possibilities. It was too delightful to be with Edward, but she felt that he must now leave her. "I beseech, I implore you, my beloved," she cried out, "go back and wait for the major."

"I obey your commands," cried Edward. He gazed at her for a moment with rapturous love, and then caught her close in his arms. She wound her own about him, and pressed him tenderly to her breast. Hope rushed off, like a star shooting along the sky over their heads. They then thought, they believed, that they did indeed belong to one another. For the first time they exchanged free, unrestrained kisses, and separated with pain and effort.

The sun had gone down. It was twilight, and a damp mist was rising about the lake. Ottilie stood confused and agitated. She looked across to the house on the hill, and thought she saw Charlotte's white dress on the balcony. It was a long way round by the end of the lake, and she knew how impatiently Charlotte would be waiting for the child. She saw the plane-trees just opposite her, and only a narrow interval of water divided her from the path which led straight up to the house. Her nervousness about venturing on the water with the child vanished in her present embarrassment. She hastened to the boat: she did not feel that her heart was throbbing, that her feet were tottering, that her senses were threatening to fail her.

She jumped in, seized the oar, and pushed off. She had to use force: she pushed again. The boat shot off, and glided, swaying and rocking, into the open water. With the child on her left arm, the book in her left hand, and the oar in her right, she lost her footing, and fell over the seat: the oar slipped from her on one side; and, as she tried to recover herself, the child and the book slipped on the other, all into the water. She caught the floating dress; but, lying entangled as she was herself, she was unable to rise. Her right hand was free, but she could not reach round to help herself up with it: at last she succeeded. She drew the child out of the water; but its eyes were closed, and it had ceased to breathe.

In a moment she recovered all her self-possession, but so much the greater was her agony: the boat was driving fast into the middle of the lake, the oar was swimming far away from her. She saw no one on the shore; and, indeed, if she had, it would have been of no service to her. Cut off from all assistance, she was floating on the faithless, unstable element.

She sought help from herself: she had often heard of the recovery of the drowned; she had herself witnessed an instance of it on the evening of her birthday; she took off the child's clothes, and dried it with her muslin dress. She threw open her bosom, laying it bare for the first time to the open sky. For the first time she pressed a living being to her pure, naked breast. Alas! and it was not a living being. The cold limbs of the ill-starred little creature chilled her to the heart. Streams of tears gushed from her eyes, and lent a show of life and warmth to the outside of the torpid limbs. She persevered with her efforts, wrapped the child in her shawl, drew him close to her, stroked him, breathed on him, and with tears and kisses laboured to supply the help which, cut off as she was, she was unable to find.

It was all in vain: the child lay motionless in her arms, motionless the boat floated on the glassy water. But even here her beautiful spirit did not leave her forsaken. She turned to the Power above. She sank down upon her knees in the boat, and with both arms raised the motionless child above her innocent breast, like marble in its whiteness; alas! too like marble, cold; with moist eyes she looked up and cried for help, where a tender heart hopes to find it in its fulness, when all other help has failed.

The stars were beginning one by one to glimmer down upon her; she turned to them, and not in vain: a soft air stole over the surface, and wafted the boat under the plane-trees.

CHAPTER XIV.

She hurried to the new house, and called the surgeon, and gave the child into his hands. It was at once carried to Charlotte's bedroom. Cool and collected from a wide experience, he submitted the tender body to the usual process. Ottilie aided him through it all. She prepared everything, fetched everything, but as if she were moving in another world; for the height of misfortune, like the height of happiness, alters the aspect of every object. And it was only when, after every resource had been exhausted, the good man shook his head, and, to her questions whether there was hope, first was silent, and then softly answered No! that she left the apartment, and had scarcely entered the sitting-room, when she fell fainting, with her face upon the carpet, unable to reach the sofa.

At that moment Charlotte was heard driving up. The surgeon implored the servants to keep back, and allow him to go to meet her and prepare her. But he was too late: while he was speaking, she had entered the drawing-room. She found Ottilie on the ground, and one of the girls of the house came running and screaming to her open-mouthed. The surgeon entered at the same moment, and she was informed of everything. She could not at once, however, give up all hope. She was rushing up-stairs to the child, but the physician besought her to remain where she was. He went himself, to deceive her with a show of fresh exertions; and she sat down upon the sofa. Ottilie was

still lying on the ground: Charlotte raised her, and supported her against herself; and her beautiful head sank down upon her knee. Her medical friend went to and fro; he appeared to be busy about the child; his real care was for the ladies: and so came on midnight, and the stillness of death grew deeper and deeper. Charlotte did not try to conceal from herself any longer that her child would never return to life again. She desired to see it now. It had been wrapped up in warm woollen coverings. And it was brought down as it was, lying in its cot, which was placed at her side on the sofa. The little face was uncovered; and there it lay in its calm, sweet beauty.

The report of the accident soon spread through the village: every one was roused, and the story reached the hotel. The major hurried up the well-known road; he went round and round the house; at last he met a servant who was going to one of the out-buildings to fetch something. He learned from him the state of things, and desired him to tell the surgeon that he was there. The latter came out, not a little surprised at the appearance of his old patron. He told him exactly what had happened, and undertook to prepare Charlotte to see him. He then went in, began some conversation to draw her attention to other matters, and led her imagination from one object to another, till at last he brought it to rest upon her friend, and the depth of feeling and of sympathy which would surely be called out in him. From the imaginative she was brought at once to the real. Enough! she was informed that he was at the door, that he knew everything, and desired to be admitted.

The major entered. Charlotte received him with a miserable smile. He stood before her: she lifted off the green silk covering under which the body was lying; and by the dim light of a taper he saw before

him, not without a secret shudder, the stiffened image of himself. Charlotte pointed to a chair; and there they sat opposite to one another, without speaking, through the night. Ottilie was still lying motionless on Charlotte's knee: she breathed softly, and slept, or seemed to sleep.

The morning dawned, the lights went out: the two friends appeared to awake out of a heavy dream. Charlotte looked toward the major, and said quietly, "Tell me through what circumstances you have been brought hither, to take part in this mournful scene."

"The present is not a time," the major answered, in the same low tone as that in which Charlotte had spoken, for fear lest she might disturb Ottilie, "this is not a time, and this is not a place, for reserve. The condition in which I find you is so fearful that even the earnest matter on which I am here loses its importance by the side of it." He then informed her, quite calmly and simply, of the object of his mission in so far as he was the ambassador of Edward, of the object of his coming in so far as his own free will and his own interests were concerned in it. He laid both before her delicately but uprightly: Charlotte listened quietly, and showed neither surprise nor unwillingness.

As soon as the major had finished, she replied, in so low a voice, that, to catch her words, he was obliged to draw his chair closer to her, "In such a case as this I have never before found myself; but in similar cases I have always said to myself, 'How will it be tomorrow?' I am fully aware that the fate of many persons is now in my hands, and what I have to do is soon said without scruple or hesitation. I consent to the separation; I ought to have made up my mind to it before: by my unwillingness and reluctance I have destroyed my child. There are certain things on which destiny obstinately insists. In vain may rea-

son, virtue, duty, every sacred feeling, place themselves in its way. Something shall be done which to it seems good, and which to us seems not good; and it forces its own way through at last, let us conduct ourselves as we will.

"But what am I saying? It is but my own desire, my own purpose, against which I acted so unthinkingly, which destiny is again bringing in my way. Did I not long ago, in my thoughts, design Edward and Ottilie for one another? Did I not myself labour to bring them together? And you, my friend, you yourself were an accomplice in my plot. Why, why could I not distinguish mere man's obstinacy from real love? Why did I accept his hand, when I could have made him happy as a friend, and when another could have made him happy as a wife? And now look here on this unhappy slumberer. I tremble at the moment when she will wake from her deathlike sleep into consciousness. How can she endure to live? How shall she ever console herself, if she may not hope to make good that to Edward of which, as the instrument of the most wonderful destiny, she has deprived him? And she can make it all good again by the passion, by the devotion, with which she loves him. If love be able to bear all things, it is able to do yet more: it can restore all things. Of myself at such a moment I may not think.

"Do you go quietly away, my dear major: say to Edward that I consent to the separation, that I leave it to him, to you, and to Mittler to settle whatever is to be done. I have no anxiety for my own future condition: it may be what it will; it is nothing to me. I will subscribe whatever paper is submitted to me, only he must not require me to join actively. I cannot have to think about it or give advice."

The major rose to go. She stretched out her hand to him across Ottilie. He pressed it to his lips, and

whispered gently, "And for myself, may I hope anything?"

"Do not ask me now," replied Charlotte. "I will tell you another time. We have not deserved to be miserable, but neither can we say that we have deserved to be happy together."

The major left her, and went, feeling for Charlotte to the bottom of his heart, but not being able to be sorry for the fate of the poor child. Such an offering seemed necessary to him for their general happiness. He pictured Ottilie to himself with a child of her own in her arms, as the most perfect compensation for the one of which she had deprived Edward. He pictured himself with his own son on his knee, who should have better right to resemble him than the one which was departed.

With such flattering hopes and fancies passing through his mind, he returned to the inn; and, on his way back, he met Edward, who had been waiting for him the whole night through in the open air, since neither rocket nor report of cannon would bring him news of the successful issue of his undertaking. He had already heard of the misfortune; and he too, instead of being sorry for the poor thing, regarded what had befallen it, without being exactly ready to confess it to himself, as a convenient accident, through which the only impediment in the way of his happiness was at once removed.

The major at once informed him of his wife's resolution; and he therefore easily allowed himself to be prevailed upon to return again with him to the village, and from thence to go for awhile to the little town, where they would consider what was next to be done, and make their arrangements.

After the major had left her, Charlotte sat on, buried in her own reflections; but it was only for a few minutes. Ottilie suddenly raised herself from her lap,

and looked full, with her large eyes, in her friend's face. Then she got up from the ground, and stood upright before her.

"This is the second time," began the noble girl with an irresistible solemnity of manner, "this is the second time the same thing has happened to me. You once said to me that things of the same kind often happen to people in their lives in the same kind of way; and, if they do, it is always at important moments. I now find that what you said is true, and I have to make a confession to you. Shortly after my mother's death, when I was a very little child, I was sitting one day on a footstool, close to you. You were on the sofa, as you are at this moment; and my head rested on your knees. I was not asleep, I was not awake: I was in a trance. I knew everything which was passing about me. I heard every word which was said, with the greatest distinctness: and yet I could not stir, I could not speak; and, if I had wished it, I could not have given a hint that I was conscious. On that occasion you were speaking about me to one of your friends: you were commiserating my fate, left, as I was, a poor orphan in the world. You described my dependent position, and how unfortunate a future was before me, unless some very happy star watched over me. I understood well what you said. I saw, perhaps too clearly, what you appeared to hope of me, and what you thought I ought to do. I made rules to myself, according to such limited insight as I had: and by these I have long lived; by these, at the time when you so kindly took charge of me, and had me with you in your house, I regulated whatever I did, and whatever I left undone.

"But I have strayed from my course; I have broken my rules; I have lost the very power of feeling them. And now, after a dreadful occurrence, you have again made clear to me my situation, which is more pitiable

than the first. While lying in a half-torpor on your lap, I have again, as if out of another world, heard every syllable which you uttered. I know from you how all is with me. The thought of myself makes me shudder; but again, as I did then, in my half-sleep of death, I have marked out my new path for myself.

"I am determined, as I was before; and what I have determined I must tell you at once. I will never be Edward's wife. In a terrible manner God has opened my eyes to see the sin in which I was entangled. I will atone for it, and let no one think to move me from my purpose. It is by this, my dearest, kindest friend, that you must govern your own conduct. Send for the major to come back to you. Write to him that no steps must be taken. It made me miserable that I could not stir or speak when he went: I tried to rise, I tried to cry out. Oh, why did you let him go from you with such sinful hopes!"

Charlotte saw Ottilie's condition, and she felt for it; but she hoped, that, by time and persuasion, she might be able to prevail upon her. On her uttering a few words, however, which pointed to a future, to a time when her sufferings would be alleviated, and when there might be better room for hope, "No!" Ottilie cried with vehemence, "do not endeavour to move me: do not seek to deceive me. At the moment at which I learn that you have consented to the separation, I will expiate my trespass, my crime, in that same lake."

CHAPTER XV.

FRIENDS and relations, and all persons living together in the same house, are apt, when life is going smoothly and peacefully with them, to make what they are doing, or what they are going to do, even more than is right or necessary, a subject of constant conversation. They talk to each other of their plans and their occupations, and, without exactly taking one another's advice, consider and discuss together the entire progress of their lives. But this is far from being the case in serious moments: just when it would seem men most require the assistance and support of others, every one withdraws singly within themselves, every one to act for himself, every one to work in his own fashion; they conceal from one another the particular means they employ; and only the result, the object, the thing they realise is again made common property.

After so many strange and unfortunate incidents, a sort of silent seriousness had passed over the two ladies, which showed itself in a sweet mutual effort to spare each other's feelings. The child had been buried privately in the chapel. It rested there as the first offering to a destiny full of ominous foreshadowings.

Charlotte, as much as she could, turned back to life and occupation; and here she first found Ottilie standing in need of her assistance. She occupied herself almost entirely with her, without letting it be observed. She knew how deeply the noble girl loved Edward. She had discovered by degrees the scene which had

preceded the accident, and had gathered every circumstance of it, partly from Ottilie herself, partly from the letters of the major.

Ottilie, on her side, made Charlotte's immediate life much more easy for her. She was open and even talkative; but she never spoke of the present, or of what had lately passed. She had been a close and thoughtful observer. She knew much, and now it all came to the surface. She entertained, she amused, Charlotte; and the latter still nourished a hope in secret to see her married to Edward after all.

But something very different was passing in Ottilie. She had disclosed the secret of the course of her life to her friend, and she showed no more of her previous restraint and submissiveness. By her repentance and resolution she felt herself freed from the burden of her fault and her misfortune. She had no more violence to do to herself. In the bottom of her heart she had forgiven herself solely under condition of the fullest renunciation, and it was a condition which would remain binding for all time to come.

So passed away some time; and Charlotte now felt how much house and park, and lake and rocks and trees, served to keep alive in them all their most painful reminiscences. That change of scene was necessary was plain enough, but how it was to be effected was not so easy to decide.

Were the two ladies to remain together? Edward's previously expressed will appeared to enjoin it, his declarations and his threats appeared to make it necessary: only it could not be now mistaken that Charlotte and Ottilie, with all their good-will, with all their sense, with all their efforts to conceal it, could not avoid finding themselves in a painful situation toward one another. Their conversation was guarded. They were often obliged only half to understand some allusion: more often, expressions were misinterpreted, if

not by their understandings, at any rate by their feelings. They were afraid to give pain to one another, and this very fear itself produced the evil which they were seeking to avoid.

If they were to try change of scene, and at the same time (at any rate for awhile) to part, the old question came up again, Where was Ottilie to go? There was the grand, rich family, who still wanted a desirable companion for their daughter, their attempts to find a person whom they could trust having hitherto proved ineffectual. Already during her last sojourn at the castle, the baroness had urged Charlotte to send Ottilie there, and lately again in her letters. Charlotte now a second time proposed it; but Ottilie expressly declined going anywhere, where she would be thrown into what is called the great world.

"Do not think me narrow or self-willed, my dear aunt," she said: "let me utter what, in any other case, it would be my duty to conceal. A person who has fallen into uncommon misfortunes, however guiltless he may be, carries a frightful mark upon him. His presence, in every one who sees him and is aware of his history, excites a kind of horror. People see in him the terrible fate which has been laid upon him, and he is the object of a diseased and nervous curiosity. It is so with a house, it is so with a town, where any terrible action has been done: people enter them with awe; the light of day shines less brightly there, and the stars seem to lose their lustre.

"Perhaps we ought to excuse it, but how extreme is the indiscretion with which people behave toward such unfortunate persons with their foolish importunities and awkward kindness! Pardon me for speaking in this way; but that poor girl whom Luciana tempted out of her retirement, and with such mistaken good-nature tried to force into society and amusement, has haunted me and made me miserable. The poor crea-

ture, when she was so frightened and tried to escape, and then sank and swooned away, and I caught her in my arms, and the party came all crowding round in terror and curiosity, — little did I think, then, that the same fate was in store for me. But my feeling for her is as deep and warm and fresh as ever it was; and now I may direct my compassion upon myself, and secure myself from being the object of any similar exposure."

"But, my dear child," answered Charlotte, "you will never be able to withdraw yourself where no one can see you: we have no cloisters now; otherwise, there, with your present feelings, would be your resource."

"Solitude would not give me the resource for which I wish, my dear aunt," answered Ottilie. "The one true and valuable resource is to be looked for where we can be active and useful: all the self-denials and all the penances on earth will fail to deliver us from an evil-omened destiny if it be determined to persecute us. Let me sit still in idleness, and serve as a spectacle for the world, and it will overpower and crush me. But find me some peaceful employment, where I can go steadily and unweariedly on doing my duty, and I shall be able to bear the eyes of men when I need not shrink under the eyes of God."

"Unless I am much mistaken," replied Charlotte, "your inclination is, to return to the school."

"Yes," Ottilie answered: "I do not deny it. I think it a happy destination to train up others in the beaten way, after having been trained in the strangest myself. And do we not see the same great fact in history? Some moral calamity drives men out into the wilderness; but they are not allowed to remain, as they had hoped, in their concealment there. They are summoned back into the world, to lead the wanderers into the right way; and who are fitter for such a service than those who have been initiated into the

labyrinths of life? They are commanded to be the support of the unfortunate; and who can better fulfil that command than those who have no more misfortunes to fear upon earth?"

"You are selecting an uncommon profession for yourself," replied Charlotte. "I shall not oppose you, however. Let it be as you wish, only I hope it will be but for a short time."

"Most warmly do I thank you," said Ottilie, "for giving me leave to try to gain this experiment. If I am not flattering myself too highly, I am sure I shall succeed: wherever I am, I shall remember the many trials which I went through myself, and how small, how infinitely small, they were compared to those which I afterward had to undergo. It will be my happiness to watch the embarrassments of the little creatures as they grow; to cheer them in their childish sorrows, and guide them back, with a light hand, out of their little aberrations. The fortunate is not the person to be of help to the fortunate: it is in the nature of man to require ever more and more of himself and others, the more he has received. The unfortunate only recover, while knowing, from their affliction, how to foster, both in themselves and others, the feeling that every moderate good ought to be enjoyed with rapture."

"I have but one objection to make to what you propose," said Charlotte, after some thought, "although that one seems to me of great importance. I am not thinking of you, but of another person: you well know how that good, right-minded, excellent assistant is disposed toward you. In the way in which you desire to proceed, you will become every day more valuable and more indispensable to him. Already he himself believes that he can never live happily without you; and hereafter, when he has become accustomed to have you to work with him, he will be unable to carry on

his business if he loses you: you will have assisted him at the beginning, only to injure him in the end."

"Destiny has not dealt with me gently," replied Ottilie; "and whoever loves me has, perhaps, not much better to expect. Our friend is so good and so sensible, that I hope he will be able to reconcile himself to remaining in a simple relation with me: he will learn to see in me a consecrated person, lying under the shadow of an awful calamity, and only able to support herself, and bear up against it, by devoting herself to that Holy Being who is invisibly around us, and alone is able to shield us from the dark powers which threaten to overwhelm us."

Charlotte privately reflected on all the dear girl had so warmly uttered: on many different occasions, although only in the gentlest manner, she had hinted at the possibility of Ottilie's being brought again in contact with Edward; but the slightest mention of it, the faintest hope, the least suspicion, seemed to wound Ottilie to the quick. One day, when she could not evade it, she expressed herself to Charlotte clearly on the subject.

"If your resolution to renounce Edward," returned Charlotte, "is so firm and unalterable, then you had better avoid the danger of seeing him again. At a distance from the object of our love, the warmer our affection, the stronger is the control which we fancy that we can exercise on ourselves; because the whole force of the passion, diverted from its outward objects, turns inward on ourselves. But how soon, how swiftly is our mistake made plain to us, when the thing we thought we could renounce stands again before our eyes as indispensable to us! You must now do what you consider best suited to your circumstances. Look well into yourself: change, if you prefer it, the resolution which you have just expressed. But do it of yourself, with a free-consenting heart

Do not allow yourself to be drawn in by an accident: do not let yourself be surprised into your former position. It will place you at issue with yourself, and will be intolerable to you. As I said, before you take this step, before you remove from me, and enter upon a new life, which will lead you no one knows in what direction, consider once more whether really, indeed, you can renounce Edward for the whole time to come. If you have faithfully made up your mind that you will do this, then will you enter into an engagement with me, that you will never admit him into your presence, and, if he seeks you out, and forces himself upon you, that you will not exchange words with him?"

Ottilie did not hesitate a moment: she gave Charlotte the promise, which she had already made to herself.

Now, however, Charlotte began to be haunted with Edward's threat, that he would only consent to renounce Ottilie as long as she was not parted from Charlotte. Since that time, indeed, circumstances were so altered, so many things had happened, that an engagement which was wrung from him in a moment of excitement might well be supposed to have been cancelled. She was unwilling, however, in the remotest sense, to venture anything, or to undertake anything, which might displease him; and Mittler was therefore to find Edward, and inquire what, as things now were, he wished to be done.

Since the death of the child, Mittler had often been at the castle to see Charlotte, although only for a few moments at a time. The unhappy accident, which had made her reconciliation with her husband in the highest degree improbable, had produced a most painful effect upon him. But ever, as his nature was, hoping and striving, he rejoiced secretly at the resolution of Ottilie. He trusted to the softening influence

of passing time; he hoped that it might still be possible to keep the husband and the wife from separating; and he tried to regard these convulsions of passion only as trials of wedded love and fidelity.

Charlotte, at the very first, had informed the major by letter of Ottilie's declaration. She had entreated him most earnestly to prevail on Edward to take no further steps for the present. They should keep quiet, and wait, and see whether the poor girl would recover her spirits. She had let him know from time to time whatever was necessary of what had more lately fallen from her. And now Mittler had to undertake the really difficult commission of preparing Edward for an alteration in her situation. Mittler, however, well knowing that men can be brought more easily to submit to what is already done than to give their consent to what is yet to be done, persuaded Charlotte that it would be better to send Ottilie off at once to the school.

Consequently, as soon as Mittler was gone, preparations were at once made for the journey. Ottilie put her things together; and Charlotte observed that neither the beautiful box, nor anything out of it, was to go with her. Ottilie had said nothing to her on the subject; and she took no notice, but let her alone. The day of departure came: Charlotte's carriage was to take Ottilie the first day as far as a place where they were well known, where she was to pass the night; and on the second she would go on in it to the school. It was settled that Nanny was to accompany her, and remain as her attendant.

This capricious little creature had found her way back to her mistress after the death of the child, and now hung about her as warmly and passionately as ever: indeed, she seemed, with her loquacity and attentiveness, as if she wished to make good her past neglect, and henceforth devote herself entirely to

Ottilie's service. She was quite beside herself now for joy at the thought of travelling with her, and of seeing strange places, when she had hitherto never been away from the scene of her birth; and she ran from the castle to the village to carry the news of her good fortune to her parents and her relations, and to take leave. Unluckily for herself, she went among other places into a room where a person was who had the measles, and caught the infection, which came out upon her at once. The journey could not be postponed. Ottilie herself was urgent to go. She had travelled once already the same road. She knew the people of the hotel where she was to sleep. The coachman from the castle was going with her. There could be nothing to fear.

Charlotte made no opposition. She, too, in thought, was making haste to be clear of present embarrassments. The rooms Ottilie had occupied at the castle she would have prepared for Edward as soon as possible, and restored to the state in which they had been before the arrival of the captain. The hope of bringing back old happy days burns up again and again in us, as if it never could be extinguished. And Charlotte was quite right: there was nothing else for her, except to hope as she did.

CHAPTER XVI.

When Mittler was come to talk with Edward about the matter, he found him sitting by himself, with his head supported on his right hand, and his arm resting on the table. He appeared in great suffering.

"Is your headache troubling you again?" asked Mittler.

"It is troubling me," answered he; "and yet I cannot wish it were not so, for it reminds me of Ottilie. She, too, I say to myself, is also suffering in the same way at this same moment, and suffering more perhaps than I; and why cannot I bear it as well as she? These pains are good for me. I might almost say that they were welcome; for they serve to bring out before me, with the greater vividness, her patience and all her other graces. It is only when we suffer ourselves, that we feel really the true nature of all the high qualities which are required to bear suffering."

Mittler, finding his friend so far resigned, did not hesitate to communicate the message with which he had been sent. He brought it out piecemeal, however, in order of time, as the idea had itself arisen between the ladies, and had gradually ripened into a purpose. Edward scarcely made an objection. From the little which he said, it appeared as if he was willing to leave everything to them; the pain which he was suffering at the moment making him indifferent to all besides.

Scarcely, however, was he again alone, than he got up and walked rapidly up and down the room: he forgot his pain, his attention now turning to what was

external to himself. Mittler's story had stirred the embers of his love, and awakened his imagination in all its vividness. He saw Ottilie by herself, or as good as by herself, travelling on a road which was well known to him, — in a hotel with every room of which he was familiar. He thought, he considered, or rather he neither thought nor considered: he only wished, he only desired. He would see her: he would speak to her. Why, or for what good end that was to come of it, he did not care to ask himself; but he made up his mind at once. He must do it.

He summoned his valet into his council, and through him he made himself acquainted with the day and hour when Ottilie was to set out. The morning broke. Without taking any person with him, Edward mounted his horse, and rode off to the place where she was to pass the night. He was there too soon. The hostess was overjoyed at the sight of him: she was under heavy obligations to him for a service which he had been able to do for her. Her son had been in the army, where he had conducted himself with remarkable gallantry. He had performed one particular action of which no one had been a witness but Edward; and the latter had spoken of it to the commander-in-chief in terms of such high praise, that, notwithstanding the opposition of various ill-wishers, he had obtained a decoration for him. The mother, therefore, could never do enough for Edward. She got ready her best room for him, which indeed was her own wardrobe and storeroom, with all possible speed. He informed her, however, that a young lady was coming to pass the night there; and he ordered an apartment for her at the back, at the end of the gallery. It sounded a mysterious sort of affair; but the hostess was ready to do anything to please her patron, who appeared so interested and so busy about it. And he, what were his sensations as he watched through the long, weary hours

till evening? He examined the room round and round in which he was to see her: with all its strangeness and homeliness it seemed to him to be an abode for angels. He again and again turned over in his mind what he had better do: was he to take her by surprise, or whether to prepare her for meeting him. At last the second course seemed the preferable one. He sat down and wrote a letter, which she was to read.

EDWARD TO OTTILIE.

"While you read this letter, my best beloved, I am close to you. Do not agitate yourself; do not be alarmed: you have nothing to fear from me. I will not force myself upon you. I will see you or not, as you yourself shall choose.

"Consider, oh consider, your condition and mine! How much I thank you, that you have taken no decisive step! But the step which you have taken is important enough. Do not persist in it. Here, as it were, at a parting of the ways, reflect once again. Can you be mine? Will you be mine? Oh, you will be showing mercy on us all if you will; and on me infinite mercy!

"Let me see you again! — happily, joyfully see you once more! Let me make my request to you with my own lips; and do you give me your answer your own beautiful self, on my breast, Ottilie, where you have so often rested, and which belongs to you for ever!"

As he was writing, the feeling rushed over him that what he was longing for was coming, was close, would be there almost immediately. By that door she would come in; she would read that letter; she, in her own person, would stand there before him as she used to stand, — she, for whose appearance he had thirsted so long. Would she be the same as she was? Was her

form, were her feelings, changed? He still held the pen in his hand: he was going to write, as he thought, when the carriage rolled into the court. With a few hurried strokes he added, "I hear you coming. For a moment, farewell!"

He folded the letter, and directed it. He had no time for sealing. He darted into the room, through which there was a second outlet into the gallery; when the next moment he recollected that he had left his watch and seals lying on the table. She must not see these first. He ran back and brought them away with him. At the same instant he heard the hostess in the antechamber showing Ottilie the way to her apartments. He hastened to the bedroom-door, but it had suddenly shut. In his hurry, as he had come back for his watch, he had forgotten to take out the key, which had fallen out, and was lying inside. The door had closed with a spring, and he could not open it. He pushed at it with all his might, but it would not yield. Oh, how gladly would he have been a spirit, to escape through its cracks! In vain. He hid his face against the panels. Ottilie entered; and the hostess, seeing him, retired. From Ottilie herself, too, he could not remain concealed for a moment. He turned toward her; and there stood the lovers once more, in such strange fashion, in one another's presence. She looked at him calmly and earnestly, without advancing or retiring. He made a movement to approach her, and she withdrew a few steps toward the table. He stepped back again. "Ottilie!" he cried aloud, "Ottilie! let me break this frightful silence! Are we shadows, that we stand thus gazing at each other? Only listen to me: listen to this at least. It is an accident that you find me here thus. There is a letter on the table, at your side there, which was to have prepared you. Read it, I implore you: read it, and then determine as you will!"

She looked down at the letter; and, after thinking a few seconds, took it up, opened and read it. She finished it without a change of expression, and she gently laid it aside; then, pressing together the palms of her hands, raising them, and drawing them against her breast, she leaned her body a little forward, and regarded Edward with such a look, that, urgent as he was, he was compelled to renounce everything he wished or desired of her. Such an attitude cut him to the heart: he could not bear it. It seemed exactly as if she would fall upon her knees before him, if he persisted. He hurried in despair out of the room, and, leaving her alone, sent the hostess in to her.

He walked up and down the antechamber. Night had come on, and there was no sound in the room. At last the hostess came out, and drew the key out of the lock. The good woman was embarrassed and agitated, not knowing what it would be proper for her to do. At last, as she turned to go, she offered the key to Edward, who refused it; and, putting down the candle, she went away.

In misery and wretchedness, Edward flung himself down on the threshold of the door which divided him from Ottilie, moistening it with his tears as he lay. A more unhappy night had been seldom passed by two lovers in such close neighbourhood.

Day came at last. The coachman brought round the carriage; and the hostess unlocked the door, and went in. Ottilie was asleep in her clothes: she went back, and beckoned to Edward with a significant smile. They both entered, and stood before her as she lay; but the sight was too much for Edward. He could not bear it. She was sleeping so quietly that the hostess did not like to disturb her, but sat down opposite her, waiting till she woke. At last Ottilie opened her beautiful eyes, and raised herself on her feet. She declined taking any breakfast; and then Edward went in again,

and stood before her. He entreated her to speak but one word to him, to tell him what she desired. He would do it, be it what it would, he swore to her; but she remained silent. He asked her once more, passionately and tenderly, whether she would be his. With downcast eyes, and with the deepest tenderness of manner, she shook her head to a gentle "No." He asked if she still desired to go to the school. Without any show of feeling, she declined. Would she, then, go back to Charlotte? She inclined her head in token of assent, with a look of comfort and relief. He went to the window to give directions to the coachman; and, when his back was turned, she darted like lightning out of the room, and was down the stairs and in the carriage in an instant. The coachman drove back along the road which he had come the day before, and Edward followed at some distance on horseback.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was with the utmost surprise that Charlotte saw the carriage drive up with Ottilie, and Edward at the same moment ride into the courtyard of the castle. She ran down to the hall. Ottilie alighted, and approached her and Edward. Violently and eagerly she seized the hands of the wife and husband, pressed them together, and hurried off to her own room. Edward threw himself on Charlotte's neck, and burst into tears. He could not give her any explanation: he besought her to have patience with him, and to go at once to see Ottilie. Charlotte followed her to her room, and she could not enter it without a shudder. It had been all cleared out. There was nothing to be seen but the empty walls, which stood there looking cheerless, vacant, and miserable. Everything had been carried away except the little box, which, from an uncertainty what was to be done with it, had been left in the middle of the room. Ottilie was lying stretched upon the ground, her arm and head leaning across the cover. Charlotte bent anxiously over her, and asked what had happened; but she received no answer.

Her maid had come with restoratives. Charlotte left her with Ottilie, and herself hastened back to Edward. She found him in the saloon, but he could tell her nothing. He threw himself down before her, bathed her hands with tears, then fled to his own room: she was going to follow him thither, when she met his valet. From this man she gathered as much as he was able to tell. The rest she put together in her

own thoughts as well as she could, and then at once set herself resolutely to do what the exigencies of the moment required. Ottilie's room was put to rights again as quickly as possible: Edward found his, to the last paper, exactly as he had left it.

The three appeared again to fall into some sort of relation with one another. But Ottilie persevered in her silence, and Edward could do nothing except entreat his wife to exert a patience which seemed wanting to himself. Charlotte sent messengers to Mittler and to the major. The former was absent from home, and could not be found. The latter came. To him Edward poured out all his heart, confessing every most trifling circumstance to him; and thus Charlotte learned fully what had passed, what had produced such violent excitement, and how so strange an alteration of their mutual position had been brought about.

She spoke with the utmost tenderness to her husband. She had nothing to ask of him except that for the present he would leave the poor girl to herself. Edward was not insensible to the worth, the affection, the strong sense of his wife; but his passion absorbed him exclusively. Charlotte tried to cheer him with hopes. She promised that she herself would make no difficulties about the separation, but it had small effect with him. He was so much shaken that hope and faith alternately forsook him. A species of insanity appeared to have taken possession of him. He urged Charlotte to promise to give her hand to the major. To satisfy and humour him, she did what he required. She engaged to become herself the wife of the major, in the event of Ottilie consenting to the marriage with Edward, with this express condition, however, that for the present the two gentlemen should go abroad together. The major had a foreign appointment from the court, and it was settled that Edward should accompany him. They arranged it all together, and in

doing so found a sort of comfort for themselves in the sense that at least something was being done.

In the meantime they had to notice that Ottilie took scarcely anything to eat or drink. She still persisted in refusing to speak. They at first used to talk to her; but it appeared to distress her, and they left it off. We are not, universally at least, so weak as to persist in torturing people for their good. Charlotte thought of all possible remedies. At last she fancied it might be well to ask the assistant of the school to come to them. He had much influence with Ottilie, and had been writing with much anxiety to inquire the cause of her not having arrived at the time he had been expecting her; but as yet she had not sent him any answer.

In order not to take Ottilie by surprise, they spoke of their intention in her presence. It did not seem to please her: she thought for some little time; at last she appeared to have formed some resolution. She retired to her own room, and ere night sent the following letter to the assembled party:

"OTTILIE TO HER FRIENDS.

"Why need I express in words, my dear friends, what is in itself so plain? I have stepped out of my course, and I cannot recover it again. A malignant spirit which has gained power over me seems to hinder me from without, even if within I could again become at peace with myself.

"My sole purpose was to renounce Edward, and to separate myself from him for ever. I had hoped that we might never meet again: it has turned out otherwise. Against his own will he stood before me. Too literally, perhaps, I have observed my promise never to admit him into conversation with me. My conscience and the feelings of the moment kept me silent toward him at the time, and now I have nothing more to say.

I have taken upon myself, under the impulse of the moment, a difficult vow, which, if it had been formed deliberately, might perhaps be painful and distressing. Let me now persist in the observance of it as long as my heart shall enjoin it to me. Do not call in any one to mediate; do not insist upon my speaking; do not urge me to eat or to drink more than I absolutely must. Bear with me and let me alone, and so help me on through the time: I am young, and youth has many unexpected means of restoring itself. Suffer my presence among you; cheer me with your love; make me wiser and better with what you say to one another, — but leave me to my own inward self."

The two friends had made all preparation for their journey: but their departure was still delayed by the formalities of the foreign appointment of the major, a delay most welcome to Edward. Ottilie's letter had roused all his eagerness again: he had gathered hope and comfort from her words, and now felt himself encouraged and justified in remaining and waiting. He declared, therefore, that he would not go: it would be folly indeed, he cried, of his own accord to throw away, by over-precipitateness, what was most valuable and most necessary to him, when, although there was a danger of losing it, there was nevertheless a chance that it might be preserved. "What is the right name of conduct such as that?" he said. "It is only that we desire to show that we are able to will, to choose. I myself, under the influences of the same ridiculous folly, have torn myself away, days before there was any necessity for it, from my friends, merely that I might not be forced to go by the definite expiration of my term. This time I will stay: what reason is there for my going? is she not already removed far enough from me? I am not likely now to catch her hand or press her to my heart: I could not even think of it without

a shudder. She has not separated herself from me: she has raised herself far above me."

And so he remained as he desired, as he was obliged; but he was never easy except when he found himself with Ottilie. She, too, had the same feeling with him: she could not tear herself away from the same blissful necessity. On all sides they exerted an indescribable, almost magical, power of attraction over one another. Living as they were under one roof, without even so much as thinking of each other, although they might be occupied with other things, or diverted this way or that way by the other members of the party, they always drew together. If they were in the same room, in a short time they were sure to be either standing or sitting near each other: they were only easy when as close together as they could be, but they were then completely easy. To be near was enough; there was no need for them either to look or to speak; they did not seek to touch one another or make sign or gesture, but merely to be together. Then there were not two, there was but one, in unconscious and perfect content, at peace, and at peace with the world. So it was, that, if either of them had been imprisoned at the farther end of the house, the other would by degrees, without intending it, have moved thither. Life was to them a riddle, the solution of which they could find only in union.

Ottilie was throughout so cheerful and quiet that they were able to feel perfectly easy about her; she was seldom absent from the society of her friends; all that she had desired was, that she might be allowed to eat alone, with no one to attend upon her but Nanny.

What habitually befalls any person repeats itself more often than one is apt to suppose, because his own nature gives the immediate occasion for it. Character, individuality, inclination, tendency, locality, circumstance, and habits form together a whole, in which

every man moves as in an atmosphere, and where only he feels himself at ease in his proper element.

And so we find men, of whose changeableness so many complaints are made, after many years, to our surprise, unchanged, and in all their infinite tendencies, outward and inward, unchangeable.

Thus, in the daily life of our friends, almost everything glided on again in its old smooth track. Ottilie still displayed by many silent attentions her obliging nature, and the others like her continued each themselves; and then the domestic circle exhibited an image of their former life, so like it, that they might be pardoned if at times they fancied all might be again as it was once.

The autumn days, which were of the same length with those old spring days, brought the party back into the house out of the air about the same hour. The gay fruits and flowers which belonged to the season might have made them fancy it was now the autumn of that first spring, and the interval dropped out of remembrance; for the flowers which now were blowing were such as they then had sown, and the fruits were now ripening on the trees they had at that time seen in blossom.

The major went backwards and forwards, and Mittler came frequently. The evenings were generally spent in exactly the same way. Edward usually read aloud, with more life and feeling than before, much better, and even, it may be said, with more cheerfulness. It appeared as if he were endeavouring, by light-heartedness as much as by devotion, to quicken Ottilie's torpor into life, and dissolve her silence. He seated himself in the same position as he used to do, that she might look over his book: he was uneasy and distracted unless she was doing so, unless he was sure that she was following his words with her eyes.

Every trace had vanished of the unpleasant, ungra-

cious feelings of the intervening time. No one had any secret complaint against another: there were no cross purposes, no bitterness. The major accompanied Charlotte's playing with his violin; and Edward's flute sounded again, as formerly, in harmony with Ottilie's piano. Thus they were now approaching Edward's birthday, which the year before they had missed celebrating. This time they were to keep it without any festivities, in quiet enjoyment among themselves. They had so settled it together, half expressly, half from a tacit agreement. As they approached nearer to this epoch, however, an anxiety about it, which had hitherto been more felt than observed, became more noticeable in Ottilie's manner. She was to be seen often in the garden examining the flowers. She had signified to the gardener that he was to save as many as he could of every sort; and she had been especially occupied with the asters, which this year were blowing in immense profusion.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The most remarkable feature, however, which was observed about Ottilie was, that, for the first time, she had now unpacked the box, and had selected a variety of things out of it, which she had cut up, and which were intended evidently to make one complete suit for her. The rest, with Nanny's assistance, she had endeavoured to replace again; and she had been hardly able to get it done, the space being over full, although a portion had been taken out. The covetous little Nanny could never satisfy herself with looking at all the pretty things, especially as she found provision made there for every article of dress which could be wanted, even the smallest. Numbers of shoes and stockings, garters with devices on them, gloves, and various other things, were left; and she begged Ottilie just to give her one or two of them. Ottilie refused to do that, but opened a drawer in her wardrobe, and told the girl to take what she liked. The latter hastily and clumsily dashed in her hand and seized what she could, running off at once with her booty, to show it off and display her good fortune among the rest of the servants.

At last Ottilie succeeded in packing everything carefully into its place. She then opened a secret compartment, which was contrived in the lid, where she kept a number of notes and letters from Edward, many dried flowers, the mementos of their early walks together, a lock of his hair, and various other little matters. She now added one more to them, — her father's

portrait, — and then locked it all up, and hung the delicate key by a gold chain about her neck, against her heart.

In the meantime, her friends had now in their hearts begun to entertain the best hopes for her. Charlotte was convinced that she would one day begin to speak again. She had latterly seen signs about her which implied that she was engaged in secret about something; a look of cheerful self-satisfaction, a smile like that which hangs about the face of persons who have something pleasant and delightful, which they are keeping concealed from those whom they love. No one knew that she spent many hours in extreme exhaustion, and that only at rare intervals, when she appeared in public through the power of her will, she was able to rouse herself.

Mittler had latterly been a frequent visitor, and when he came he stayed longer than he usually did at other times. This strong-willed, resolute person was only too well aware that there is a certain moment in which alone it will answer to smite the iron. Ottilie's silence and reserve he interpreted according to his own wishes: no steps had as yet been taken toward a separation of the husband and wife. He hoped to be able to determine the fortunes of the poor girl in some not undesirable way. He listened, he allowed himself to seem convinced: he was discreet and unobtrusive, and conducted himself in his own way with sufficient prudence. There was but one occasion on which he uniformly forgot himself, — when he found an opportunity for giving his opinion upon subjects to which he attached a great importance. He lived much within himself: and when he was with others, his only relation to them generally was in active employment on their behalf; but if once, when among friends, his tongue broke fairly loose, as on more than one occasion we have already seen, he rolled out his words in

utter recklessness whether they wounded or whether they pleased, whether they did evil or whether they did good.

The evening before the birthday, the major and Charlotte were sitting together expecting Edward, who had gone out for a ride; Mittler was walking up and down the room; Ottilie was in her own room, laying out the dress which she was to wear on the morrow, and making signs to her maid about a number of things, which the girl, who perfectly understood her silent language, arranged as she was ordered.

Mittler had fallen exactly on his favourite subject. One of the points on which he used most to insist was, that in the education of children, as well as in the conduct of nations, there was nothing more worthless and barbarous than laws and commandments forbidding this and that action. "Man is naturally active," he said, "wherever he is; and, if you know how to tell him what to do, he will do it immediately, and keep straight in the direction in which you set him. I myself, in my own circle, am far better pleased to endure faults and mistakes, till I know what the opposite virtue is that I am to enjoin, than to be rid of the faults and to have nothing good to put in their place. A man is really glad to do what is right and sensible, if he only knows how to get at it. It is no such great matter with him: he does it because he must have something to do, and he thinks no more about it afterward than he does of the silliest freaks which he engaged in out of the purest idleness. I cannot tell you how it annoys me to hear people going over and over those Ten Commandments in teaching children. The fifth is a thoroughly beautiful, rational, preceptive precept. 'Thou shalt honour thy father and thy mother.' If the children will inscribe that well upon their hearts, they have the whole day before them to put it in practice. But the sixth now? What can we say to

that? 'Thou shalt do no murder;' as if any man ever felt the slightest general inclination to strike another man dead. Men will hate sometimes; they will fly into passions and forget themselves; and, as a consequence of this or other feelings, it may easily come now and then to a murder; but what a barbarous precaution it is to tell children that they are not to kill or murder! If the commandment ran, 'Have a regard for the life of another; put away whatever can do him hurt; save him, though with personal risk; if you injure him, consider that you are injuring yourself,' — that is the form which should be in use among educated, reasonable people. And in our catechism teaching we have only an awkward, clumsy way of sliding into it, through a 'what does that mean?'

"And as for the seventh, that is utterly detestable. What! to stimulate the precocious curiosity of children to pry into dangerous mysteries; to obtrude violently upon their imaginations ideas and notions which beyond all things you should wish to keep from them! It were far better if such actions as that commandment speaks of were dealt with arbitrarily by some secret tribunal, than prated openly of before church and congregation —"

At this moment Ottilie entered the room.

"'Thou shalt not commit adultery,'" Mittler went on: "how coarse! how brutal! What a different sound it has, if you let it run, 'Thou shalt hold in reverence the bond of marriage. When thou seest a husband and a wife between whom there is true love, thou shalt rejoice in it; and their happiness shall gladden thee like the cheerful light of a beautiful day. If there arise anything to make division between them, thou shalt use thy best endeavour to clear it away. Thou shalt labour to pacify them, and to soothe them; to show each of them the excellencies of the other.

Thou shalt not think of thyself; but with noble disinterestedness thou shalt seek to further the well-being of others, and make them feel what a happiness is that which arises out of all duty done, and especially out of that duty which holds man and wife indissolubly bound together.'"

Charlotte felt as if she was sitting on hot coals. The situation was the more distressing, as she was convinced that Mittler was not thinking the least where he was or what he was saying; and, before she was able to interrupt him, she saw Ottilie, after changing colour painfully for a few seconds, rise, and leave the room.

Charlotte constrained herself to seem unembarrassed. "You will leave us the eighth commandment," she said, with a faint smile.

"All the rest," replied Mittler, "if I may only insist first on the foundation of the whole of them."

At this moment Nanny rushed in, screaming and crying, "She is dying; the young lady is dying; come to her, come!"

Ottilie had found her way back with extreme difficulty to her own room. The beautiful things she was to wear the next day were spread on a number of chairs; and the girl, who had been running from one to the other, staring at them and admiring them, called out in her ecstasy, "Look, dearest madam, only look! There is a bridal dress worthy of you."

Ottilie heard the word, and sank upon the sofa. Nanny saw her mistress turn pale, fall back, and faint. She ran for Charlotte, who came. The medical friend was on the spot in a moment. He thought it was nothing but exhaustion. He ordered some strong soup to be brought. Ottilie refused it with an expression of loathing: it almost threw her into convulsions when they put the cup to her lips. A light seemed to break on the physician: he asked hastily and anxiously what

Ottilie had taken that day. The little girl hesitated. He repeated his question, and then she acknowledged that Ottilie had taken nothing.

There was a nervousness of manner about Nanny which made him suspicious. He carried her with him into the adjoining room; Charlotte followed; and the girl threw herself on her knees, and confessed, that, for a long time past, Ottilie had taken as good as nothing; at her mistress's urgent request, she had herself eaten the food which had been brought for her; she had said nothing about it, because Ottilie had by signs alternately begged her not to tell any one, and threatened her if she did; and, as she innocently added, "because it was so nice."

The major and Mittler now came up as well. They found Charlotte busy with the physician. The pale, beautiful girl was sitting, apparently conscious, in the corner of the sofa. They had begged her to lie down; she had declined to do this: but she made signs to have her box brought, and, resting her feet upon it, placed herself in an easy, half recumbent position. She seemed desirous of taking leave, and, by her gestures, was expressing to all about her the tenderest affection, love, gratitude, entreaties for forgiveness, and the most heartfelt farewell.

Edward, on alighting from his horse, was informed of what had happened: he rushed to the room, threw himself down at her side, and, seizing her hand, deluged it with silent tears. In this position he remained a long time. At last he called out, "And am I never more to hear your voice? Will you not turn back toward life, to give me one single word? Well, then, very well. I will follow you yonder, and there we will speak in another language."

She pressed his hand with all the strength she had: she gazed at him with a glance full of life and full of love; and drawing a long breath, and for a little while

moving her lips inarticulately, with a tender effort of affection she called out, "Promise me to live;" and then fell back immediately.

"I promise, I promise!" he cried to her; but he cried only after her: she was already gone.

After a miserable night, the care of providing for the loved remains fell upon Charlotte. The major and Mittler assisted her. Edward's condition was utterly pitiable. His first thought, when he was in any degree recovered from his despair, and able to collect himself, was, that Ottilie should not be carried out of the castle, she should be kept there, and attended upon as if she were alive; for she was not dead, it was impossible that she should be dead. They did what he desired; at least, so far as that they did not do what he had forbidden. He did not ask to see her.

There was now a second alarm, and a further cause for anxiety. Nanny, who had been spoken to sharply by the physician, had been compelled by threats to confess, and after her confession had been overwhelmed with reproaches, had now disappeared. After a long search she was found, but she appeared to be out of her mind. Her parents took her home; but the gentlest treatment had no effect upon her, and she had to be locked up for fear she should run away again.

They succeeded by degrees in rescuing Edward from utter despair, but only to make him more really wretched. He now saw clearly, he could not doubt how, that the happiness of his life was gone from him for ever. It was suggested to him, that, if Ottilie were buried in the chapel, she would still remain among the living; and it would be a calm, quiet, peaceful home for her. There was much difficulty in obtaining his consent: he would only give it under condition that she should be taken there in an open coffin; that the vault in which she was laid, if covered at all, should be only covered with glass; and a lamp should be kept

always burning there. It was arranged that this should be done, and then he seemed resigned.

They clothed the lovely body in the festal dress she had herself prepared, and wreathed about her head a garland of asters, which shone sadly there like melancholy stars. To decorate the bier and the church and chapel, the gardens were robbed of their beauty: they lay desolate, as if a premature winter had blighted all their loveliness. At early morning she was borne in an open coffin out of the castle, and the heavenly features were once more reddened with the rising sun. The mourners crowded about her as she was being taken along. None would go before, none would follow, every one would be where she was, every one would enjoy her presence for the last time. Not one of all present, men, women, boys, remained unmoved; least of all to be consoled were the girls, who felt most immediately what they had lost.

Nanny was not present: it had been thought better not to allow it, and they had kept secret from her the day and the hour of the funeral. She was at her parents' house, closely watched, in a room looking toward the garden. But, when she heard the bells tolling, she knew too well what they meant; and her attendant having left her out of curiosity to see the funeral, she escaped out of the window into a passage, and from thence, finding all the doors locked, into an upper open loft. At this moment the funeral was passing through the village, which had been all freshly strewed with leaves. Nanny saw her mistress plainly close below her, more plainly, more entirely, than any one in the procession underneath; she appeared to be lifted above the earth, borne as it were on clouds or waves: and the girl fancied she was making signs to her; her senses swam; she tottered, swayed herself for a moment on the edge, and fell to the ground. The crowd fell asunder on all sides with a cry of horror.

In the tumult and confusion, the bearers were obliged to set down the coffin; the girl lay close by it; it seemed as if every limb was broken. They lifted her up, and by accident or providentially she was allowed to lean over the body: she appeared, indeed, to be endeavouring, with what remained to her of life, to reach her beloved mistress. Scarcely, however, had the loosely hanging limbs touched Ottilie's robe, and the powerless finger rested on the folded hands, than the girl started up, and, first raising her arms and eyes toward heaven, flung herself down upon her knees before the coffin, and gazed with passionate devotion at her mistress.

At last she sprang, as if inspired, from off the ground, and cried with a voice of ecstasy, "Yes, she has forgiven me what no man, what I myself, could never have forgiven. God forgives me through her look, her motion, her lips. Now she is lying again so still and quiet; but you saw how she raised herself up, and unfolded her hands and blessed me, and how kindly she looked at me. You all heard, you can witness, that she said to me, 'You are forgiven.' I am not a murderess any more. She has forgiven me. God has forgiven me, and no one may now say anything more against me."

The people stood crowding around her. They were amazed: they listened, and looked this way and that; and no one knew what should next be done. "Bear her on to her rest," said the girl. "She has done her part: she has suffered, and cannot now remain any more among us." The bier moved on, Nanny now following it; and thus they reached the church and the chapel.

So now stood the coffin of Ottilie, with the child's coffin at her head, and her box at her feet, enclosed in a resting-place of massive oak. A woman had been provided to watch the body for the first part of the

time, as it lay there so beautifully beneath its glass covering. But Nanny would not permit this duty to be taken from herself. She would remain alone without a companion, and attend to the lamp which was now kindled for the first time; and she begged to be allowed to do it with so much eagerness and perseverance, that they let her have her way, to prevent any greater evil that might ensue.

But she did not long remain alone. As night was falling, and the hanging lamp began to exercise its full right and shed abroad a larger lustre, the door opened, and the architect entered the chapel. The chastely ornamented walls in the mild light looked more strange, more awful, more antique, than he was prepared to see them. Nanny was sitting on one side of the coffin. She recognised him immediately, but she pointed in silence to the pale form of her mistress. And there stood he on the other side, in the vigour of youth and of grace, with his arms drooping, and his hands clasped piteously together, motionless, with head and eye inclined over the inanimate body.

Once already he had stood thus before in the "Belisarius:" he had now involuntarily fallen into the same attitude. And this time how naturally! Here, too, was something of inestimable worth thrown down from its high estate. *There* were courage, prudence, power, rank, and wealth in one single man, lost irrevocably; *there* were qualities which, in decisive moments, had been of indispensable service to the nation and the prince, but which, when the moment was passed, were no more valued, but flung aside and neglected, and cared for no longer. And *here* were many other silent virtues, which had been summoned but a little time before by nature out of the depths of her treasures, and now swept rapidly away again by her careless hand, — rare, sweet, lovely virtues, whose peaceful workings the thirsty world had welcomed,

while it had them, with gladness and joy, and now was sorrowing for them in unavailing desire.

Both the youth and the girl were silent for a long time. But when she saw the tears streaming fast down his cheeks, and he appeared to be sinking under the burden of his sorrow, she spoke to him with so much truthfulness and power, with such kindness and such confidence, that, astonished at the flow of her words, he was able to recover himself; and he saw his beautiful friend floating before him in the new life of a higher world. His tears ceased flowing; his sorrow grew lighter: on his knees he took leave of Ottilie; and, with a warm pressure of the hand of Nanny, he rode away from the spot into the night without having seen a single other person.

The surgeon had, without the girl being aware of it, remained all night in the church; and, when he went in the morning to see her, he found her cheerful and tranquil. He was prepared for wild aberrations. He thought that she would be sure to speak to him of conversations which she had held in the night with Ottilie, and of other such apparitions. But she was natural, quiet, and perfectly self-possessed. She remembered accurately what had happened in her previous life: she could describe the circumstances of it with the greatest exactness, and never, in anything which she said, stepped out of the course of what was real and natural, except in her account of what had passed with the body, which she delighted to repeat again and again, how Ottilie had raised herself up, had blessed her, had forgiven her, and thereby set her at rest for ever.

Ottilie remained so long in her beautiful state, which more resembled sleep than death, that a number of persons were attracted there to look at her. The neighbours and the villagers wished to see her again, and every one desired to hear Nanny's incredible story

from her own mouth. Many laughed at it, most doubted, and some few were found who were able to believe.

Difficulties, for which no real satisfaction is attainable, compel us to faith. Before the eyes of all the world, Nanny's limbs had been broken, and by touching the sacred body she had been restored to strength again. Why should not others find similar good fortune? Delicate mothers first privately brought their children who were suffering from obstinate disorders, and they believed that they could trace an immediate improvement. The confidence of the people increased, and at last there was no one so old or so weak as not to have come to seek fresh life and health and strength at this place. The concourse became so great, that they were obliged, except at the hours of divine service, to keep the church and chapel closed.

Edward did not venture to look at her again: he lived on mechanically; he seemed to have no tears left, and to be incapable of any further suffering; his power of taking interest in what was going on diminished every day; his appetite gradually failed. The only refreshment which did him any good was what he drank out of the glass, which to him, indeed, had been but an untrue prophet. He continued to gaze at the intertwining initials, and the earnest cheerfulness of his expression seemed to signify that he still hoped to be united with her at last. And as every little circumstance combines to favour the fortunate, and every accident contributes to elate him; so do the most trifling occurrences love to unite to crush and overwhelm the unhappy. One day, as Edward raised the beloved glass to his lips, he put it down, and thrust it from him with a shudder. It was the same, and not the same. He missed a little private mark upon it. The valet was questioned, and had to confess that the real glass had not long since been broken,

and that one like it, belonging to the same set, had been substituted in its place.

Edward could not be angry. His destiny had spoken out with sufficient clearness in the fact, and how should he be affected by the shadow? and yet it touched him deeply. He seemed now to dislike taking any beverage, and thenceforward purposely to abstain from food and from speaking.

But from time to time a sort of restlessness came over him: he would desire to eat and drink something, and would begin again to speak. "Ah!" he said one day to the major, who now seldom left his side, "how unhappy I am that all my efforts are but imitations ever, and false and fruitless. What was blessedness to her, is pain to me; and yet, for the sake of this blessedness, I am forced to take this pain upon myself. I must go after her, follow her by the same road. But my nature and my promise hold me back. It is a terrible difficulty, indeed, to imitate the inimitable. I feel clearly, my dear friend, that genius is required for everything,—for martyrdom as well as the rest."

What shall we say of the endeavours which, in this hopeless condition, were made for him? His wife, his friends, his physician, incessantly laboured to do something for him. But it was all in vain: at last they found him dead. Mittler was the first to make the melancholy discovery: he called the physician, and examined closely, with his usual presence of mind, the circumstances under which he had been found. Charlotte rushed in; for she was afraid that he had committed suicide, and accused herself and accused others of unpardonable carelessness. But the physician on natural, and Mittler on moral, grounds, were soon able to satisfy her of the contrary, It was quite clear that Edward's end had taken him by surprise. In a quiet moment he had taken out of his pocketbook and out of a casket everything which remained to him as me-

morials of Ottilie, and had spread them out before him, — a lock of hair, flowers which had been gathered in some happy hour, and every letter which she had written to him from the first, which his wife had ominously happened to give him. It was impossible that he would intentionally have exposed these to the danger of being seen by the first person who might happen to discover him.

But so lay the heart, which, but a short time before, had been so swift and eager, at rest now, where it could never be disturbed; and falling asleep, as he did, with his thoughts on one so saintly, he might well be called blessed. Charlotte gave him his place at Ottilie's side, and arranged that thenceforth no other person should be placed with them in the same vault.

In order to secure this, she made it a condition under which she settled considerable sums of money on the church and the school.

So lie the lovers, sleeping side by side. Peace hovers above their resting-place. Fair angel faces gaze down upon them from the vaulted ceiling; and what a happy moment that will be when one day they wake again together!

The Good Women

The Good Women

HENRIETTA and Armidoro had been for some time engaged in walking through the garden, in which the Summer Club was accustomed to assemble. It had long been their practice to arrive before the other members; for they entertained the warmest attachment to each other, and their pure and virtuous friendship fostered the delightful hope that they would shortly be united in the bonds of unchanging affection.

Henrietta, who was of a lively disposition, no sooner perceived her friend Amelia approach the summer-house from a distance, than she ran to welcome her. The latter was already seated at a table in the antechamber, where the newspapers, journals, and other recent publications, lay displayed.

It was her custom to spend occasional evenings in reading in this appartment, without paying attention to the company who came and went, or suffering herself to be disturbed by the rattling of the dice, or the loud conversation which prevailed at the gaming-tables. She spoke little, except for the purpose of rational conversation. Henrietta, on the contrary, was not so sparing of her words; being of an easily satisfied disposition, and ever ready with expressions of commendation. They were soon joined by a third person, whom we shall call Sinclair. "What news do you

bring?" exclaimed Henrietta, addressing him as he approached.

"You will scarcely guess," replied Sinclair, as he opened a portfolio. "And even if I inform you that I have brought for your inspection the engravings intended for the 'Ladies' Almanac' of this year, you will hardly guess the subjects they portray; but when I tell you that young ladies are represented in a series of twelve engravings—"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Henrietta, interrupting him, "you have no intention, I perceive, of putting our ingenuity to the test. You jest, if I mistake not; for you know how I delight in riddles and charades, and in guessing my friends' enigmas. Twelve young ladies, you say,—sketches of character, I suppose; some adventures or situations, or something else that redounds to the honour of the sex."

Sinclair smiled in silence; whilst Amelia watched him with calm composure, and then remarked, with that fine sarcastic tone which so well became her, "If I read his countenance truly, he has something to produce of which we shall not quite approve. Men are so fond of discovering something which shall have the appearance of turning us into ridicule."

Sinclair.—You are becoming serious, Amelia, and threaten to grow satirical. I shall scarcely venture to open my little packet.

Henrietta.—Oh! produce it.

Sinclair.—They are caricatures.

Henrietta.—I love them of all things.

Sinclair.—Sketches of naughty ladies.

Henrietta.—So much the better: we do not belong to that class. Their portraits would afford us as little pleasure as their society.

Sinclair.—Shall I show them?

Henrietta.—Do so at once.

So saying, she snatched the portfolio from him,

took out the pictures, spread six of them upon the table, glanced over them hastily, and then shuffled them together as if they had been a pack of cards. "Capital!" she exclaimed: "they are done to the very life. This one, for instance, holding a pinch of snuff to her nose, is the very image of Madame S——, whom we shall meet this evening; and this old lady with the cat is not unlike my grand-aunt; that figure holding the skein of thread resembles our old milliner. We can find an original for every one of these ugly figures; and even amongst the men, I have somewhere or other seen such an old fellow bent double, and also a close resemblance to the figure holding the thread. They are full of fun, these engravings, and admirably executed."

Amelia, who had glanced carelessly at the pictures and instantly withdrawn her eyes, inquired how they could look for resemblances in such things. "One deformity is like another, just as the beautiful ever resembles the beautiful. Our minds are irresistibly attracted by the latter in the same degree as they are repelled by the former.

Sinclair. — But our fancy and our wit find more amusement in deformity than in beauty. Much can be made of the former, but nothing at all of the latter.

"But beauty exalts, whilst deformity degrades, us," observed Armidoro, who, from his post at the window, had paid silent attention to all that had occurred. Without approaching the table, he now withdrew into the adjoining cabinet.

All clubs have their peculiar epochs. The interest the members take in each other, and their friendly agreement, are of a fluctuating character. The club of which we speak had now attained its zenith. The members were, for the most part, men of refinement, or at least of calm and quiet deportment: they mutually recognised each other's value, and allowed all

want of merit to find its own level. Each one sought his own individual amusement, and the general conversation was often of a nature to attract attention.

At this time, a gentleman named Seyton arrived, accompanied by his wife. He was a man who had seen much of the world, first from his engagement in business, and afterward in political affairs: he was, moreover, an agreeable companion; although, in mixed society, he was chiefly remarkable for his talent as a card-player. His wife was a worthy woman, kind and faithful, and enjoying the most perfect confidence and esteem of her husband. She felt happy that she could now give uncontrolled indulgence to her taste for pleasure. At home she could not exist without a companion, and she found in amusement and diversions the only incentive to home enjoyment.

We must treat our readers as strangers, or rather as visitors to the club; and in full confidence we must introduce them speedily to our new society. A poet paints his characters by describing their actions: we must adopt a shorter course, and by a hasty sketch introduce our readers rapidly to the scenes.

Seyton approached the table and looked at the pictures.

"A discussion has arisen," observed Henrietta, "with respect to caricatures. What side do you take? I am in favour of them, and wish to know whether all caricatures do not possess something irresistibly attractive?"

Amelia. — And does not every evil calumny, provide it relate to the absent, also possess an incredible charm?

Henrietta. — But does not a sketch of this kind produce an indelible impression?

Amelia. — And that is just the reason why I condemn it. Is not the indelible impression of what is disagreeable precisely the evil which so constantly pursues us in life and destroys our greatest enjoyments?

Henrietta. — Favour us, Seyton, with your opinion.

Seyton. — I should propose a compromise. Why should our pictures be better than ourselves? Our nature seems to have two sides, which cannot exist separately. Light and darkness, good and evil, height and depth, virtue and vice, and a thousand other contradictions unequally distributed, appear to constitute the component parts of human nature; and why, therefore, should I blame an artist, who, whilst he paints an angel bright, brilliant, and beautiful, on the other hand paints a devil black, ugly, and hateful?

Amelia. — There could be no objection to such a course, if caricaturists did not introduce within their province subjects which belong to higher spheres.

Seyton. — So far, I think you perfectly right. But artists, whose province is the Beautiful alone, also appropriate what does not precisely belong to them.

Amelia. — I have no patience, however, with caricaturists who ridicule the portraits of eminent men. In spite of my better sense, I can never consider that great man Pitt as anything else than a snub-nosed broomstick; and Fox, who was in many respects an estimable character, anything better than a pig stuffed to its utmost capacity.

Henrietta. — Precisely my view. Caricatures of such a nature make an indelible impression, and I cannot deny that it often affords amusement to evoke their recollection and pervert them even into worse distortions.

Sinclair. — But, ladies, allow us to revert for a moment from this discussion to a consideration of our engravings.

Seyton. — I observe that a fancy for dogs is here delineated in no very flattering manner.

Amelia. — I have no objection, for I detest these animals.

Sinclair. — First an enemy to caricatures, and then unfriendly to the dog tribe.

Amelia. — And why not? What are such animals but caricatures of men?

Seyton. — You probably remember what a certain traveller relates of the city of Gratz, "that the place was full of dogs, and of dumb persons half idiotic." Might it not be possible that the habitual sight of so many barking, senseless animals should have produced an effect upon the human race?

Sinclair. — Our attachment to animals deteriorates our passions and affections.

Amelia. — But if our reason, according to the general expression, is sometimes capable of standing still, it may surely do so in the presence of dogs.

Sinclair. — Fortunately there is no one in our company who cares for dogs but Madame Seyton. She is very much attached to her pretty greyhound.

Seyton. — And that same animal is particularly dear and valuable to her husband.

Madame Seyton, from a distance, raised her finger in threat of her husband.

Seyton. — I know a proof that such animals detach our affections from their legitimate objects. May I not, my dear child (addressing his wife), relate our anecdote? We need not be ashamed of it.

Madame Seyton signified her assent by a friendly nod, and he commenced his narration.

"We loved each other, and had entered into an engagement to marry before we had well considered the possibility of supporting an establishment. At length better hopes began to dawn, when I was unexpectedly compelled to set out upon a journey which threatened to last longer than I could have wished. On my departure I forgot my favourite greyhound. It had often been in the habit of accompanying me to the house of my betrothed, sometimes returning with

me, and occasionally remaining behind. It now became her property, was a cheerful companion, and reminded her of my return. At home the little animal afforded much amusement; and in the promenades, where we had so often walked together, it seemed constantly engaged in looking for me, and barked as if announcing me, as it sprang from among the trees. My darling little Meta amused itself thus for a considerable time by fancying me really present, until at length, about the time when I had hoped to return, the period of my absence being again indefinitely prolonged, the poor animal pined away and died."

Madame Seyton. — Just so, dear husband. And your narrative is sweetly interesting.

Seyton. — You are quite at liberty to interrupt me, my dear, if you think fit. My friend's house now seemed desolate; her walks had lost all their interest; her favourite dog, which had ever been at her side when she wrote to me, had grown to be an actual necessity of existence; and her letters were now discontinued. She found, however, some consolation in the company of a handsome youth, who evinced an anxiety to fill the place of her former four-footed companion, both in the house and on her walks. But without enlarging on this subject, and let me be ever so inimical to rash judgments, I may say that matters began to assume a rather critical appearance.

Madame Seyton. — I must let you continue. A story which is all truth, and wholly free from exaggeration, is seldom worth hearing.

Seyton. — A mutual friend, versed in the world, and acquainted with human nature, continued to reside near my dear friend after my departure. He paid frequent visits at her house, and had noticed the change she had undergone. He formed his plan in secrecy, and called upon her one day, accompanied by a greyhound which precisely resembled mine. The cordially

affectionate and appropriate address with which he accompanied his present, the unexpected appearance of a favourite which seemed to have risen from the grave, the silent rebuke with which her susceptible heart reproached her at the sight, brought back to her mind a lively recollection of me. My young friend, who had hitherto filled my place, accordingly received his *congé* in the politest manner possible; and the new favourite was retained by the lady as her constant companion. When, upon my return, I held my beloved in my embrace, I thought the greyhound was my own, and wondered not a little that he barked at me as at a stranger. I thought that dogs of the present day had far less faithful memories than those of classical times, and observed that Ulysses had been remembered by his dog after many years' absence, whilst mine had forgotten me in an incredibly short space of time. "And yet he has taken good care of your Penelope," she replied, promising at the same time to explain her mysterious speech. This was soon done, for cheerful confidence has at all times caused the happiness of our union.

Madame Seyton. — Well, now, conclude with the anecdote. If you please, I will walk for an hour; for you intend doubtless to sit down to the card-table.

He nodded his assent. She took the arm of her companion, and went toward the door. "Take the dog with you, my dear!" he exclaimed as she departed. The entire company smiled, as did Seyton also, when he saw how apt had been his unintentional observation; and every one else silently felt a trifling degree of malicious satisfaction.

Sinclair. — You have told us of a dog that was happily instrumental in promoting a marriage: I can tell of another whose influence destroyed one. I was also once in love, and it was also my fate to set out upon a journey; and I also left my love behind me, with this

difference: my wish to possess her was as yet unknown to her. At length I returned. The many adventures in which I had engaged were strongly imprinted upon my mind. Like all travellers I was fond of recounting them, and I hoped by this means to win the attention and sympathy of my beloved. I was anxious that she should know all the experience I had acquired, and the pleasures I had enjoyed. But I found that her attention was wholly directed to a dog. Whether this was done from that spirit of opposition which so often characterises the fair sex, or whether it arose from some unlucky accident, it so happened that the amiable qualities of the dog, their pretty amusements, and her attachment to the little animal, were the sole topics of conversation which she could find for a lover who had long been passionately devoted to her. I marvelled, and ceased speaking; then related various other circumstances I had reserved for her whilst I was absent. I then felt vexed at her coldness, and took my leave, but soon returned with feelings of self-reproach, and became even more unhappy than before. Under these circumstances our attachment cooled, our acquaintance was discontinued; and I felt in my heart that I might attribute the misfortune to a dog.

Armidoro, who had once more joined the company from the cabinet, observed, upon hearing the anecdote, "that it would be interesting to make a collection of stories showing the influence social animals of the lower order exercise over mankind. In the expectation that such a collection will be one day made, I will relate an anecdote to show how a dog was the cause of a very tragical occurrence.

"Ferrand and Cardano, two noblemen, had been attached friends from their very earliest youth. As court-pages, and as officers in the same regiment, they had shared many adventures together, and had become thoroughly acquainted with each other's dispositions.

Cardano's attraction was the fair sex, whilst Ferrand had a passion for gambling. The former was thoughtless and haughty, the latter suspicious and reserved. It happened, at a time when Cardano was accidentally obliged to break off a certain tender attachment, that he left a beautiful little pet spaniel behind him. He soon procured another, which he afterward presented to a second lady, from whom he was about to separate; and from that time, upon taking leave of every new female friend with whom he had become intimate, he invariably presented her with a similar little spaniel. Ferrand was aware of Cardano's peculiar habit in this respect, but he never paid much attention to the circumstance.

"The different pursuits of the two friends at length caused a long separation between them; and, when they next met, Ferrand had become a married man, and was leading the life of a country gentleman. Cardano spent some time with him, either at his house or in the neighbourhood, where, as he had many relations and friends, he resided for nearly a year.

"Upon his departure, Ferrand's attention was attracted by a very beautiful spaniel of which his wife had lately become possessed. He took it in his arms, admired its beauty, stroked it, praised it, and inquired where she had obtained so charming an animal. She replied, 'From Cardano.' He was at once struck with the memory of bygone times and events, and with a recollection of the significant memorial with which Cardano was accustomed to mark his insincerity: he felt oppressed with the indignity of an injured husband, raged violently, flung the innocent little animal with fury to the earth, and ran from the apartment amid the cries of the spaniel and the supplications of his astonished wife. A fearful dispute and countless disagreeable consequences ensued, which, though they did not produce an actual divorce, ended in a mutual

agreement to separate; and a ruined household was the termination of this adventure."

The story was not quite finished when Eulalia entered the apartment. She was a young lady whose society was universally sought after; and she formed one of the most attractive ornaments of the club, — an accomplished woman and successful authoress.

The female caricatures were laid before her with which a clever artist had sinned against the fair sex, and she was invited to defend her good sisterhood.

"Probably," said Amelia, "a collection of these charming portraits is intended for the almanac, and possibly some celebrated author will undertake the witty task of explaining in words what the ingenious artist has represented in his pictures."

Sinclair felt that the pictures were not worthy of utter condemnation; nor could he deny that some sort of explanation of their meaning was necessary, as a caricature which is not understood is worthless, and is, in fact, only valuable for its application. For, however the ingenious artist may endeavour to display his wit, he cannot always succeed; and without a title or an explanation his labour is lost: words alone can give it value.

Amelia. — Then, let words bestow a value upon this little picture. A young lady has fallen asleep in an armchair, having been engaged, as it appears, with some sort of writing. Another lady, who stands by weeping, presents a small box, or something else, to her companion. What can it mean?

Sinclair. — Am I, after all, to explain it, notwithstanding that the ladies seem but ill disposed both to caricatures and their expounders? I am told that it is intended to represent an authoress, who was accustomed to compose at night: she always obliged her maid to hold her inkstand, and forced the poor creature to remain in that posture, even when she herself

had been overcome by sleep, and the office of her maid had thus been rendered useless. She was desirous, on awaking, to resume the thread of her thoughts and of her composition, and wished to find her pen and ink ready at the same moment.

Arbon, a thoughtful artist who had accompanied Eulalia, declared war against the picture. He observed, that to delineate this circumstance, or whatever it may be called, another course should have been adopted.

Henrietta. — Let us, then, compose the picture afresh.

Arbon. — But let us first of all consider the subject attentively. It seems natural enough that a person employed in writing should cause the inkstand to be held, if the circumstances are such that no place can be found to set it down. So Brantome's grandmother held the inkstand for the Queen of Navarre, when the latter, reposing in her litter, composed the history which we have all read with so much pleasure. Again, that any one who writes in bed should cause his inkstand to be held, is quite conceivable. But tell us, pretty Henrietta, you who are so fond of questioning and guessing, tell us what the artist should have done to represent this subject properly.

Henrietta. — He ought to have removed the table, and given the sleeper such an attitude, that nothing should appear at hand upon which an inkstand could be placed.

Arbon. — Quite right. I should have drawn her in a well-cushioned easy chair, of the fashion which, if I mistake not, are called Bergères: she should have been near the fireplace, and presenting a front view to the spectator. I should suppose her to be engaged in writing upon her knee, for usually one becomes uncomfortable in exacting an inconvenience from another. The paper sinks upon her lap, the pen from her hand; and a sweet maiden stands near, holding the inkstand with a forlorn look.

Henrietta. — Quite right. But here we have an inkstand upon the table already; and what is to be done, therefore, with the inkstand in the hand of the maiden? It is not easy to conceive why she should seem to be wiping away her tears.

Sinclair. — Here I defend the artist: he allows scope for the ingenuity of the commentator.

Arbon. — Who will probably be engaged in exercising his wit upon the headless men that hang against the wall. This seems to me a clear proof of the inevitable confusion that arises from uniting arts between which there is no natural connection. If we were not accustomed to see engravings with explanations appended to them, the evil would cease. I have no objection that a clever artist should attempt witty representations; but they are difficult to execute, and he should at all events endeavour to make his subject independent of explanations. I could even tolerate remarks and little sentences issuing from the mouths of his figures, provided he turn his own commentator.

Sinclair. — But, if you allow such a thing as a witty picture, you must admit that it is intended only for persons of intelligence; it can possess an attraction for none but those conversant with the occurrences of the day: why, then, should we object to a commentator who enables us to understand the nature of the intellectual amusement prepared for us?

Arbon. — I have no objection to explanations of pictures which fail to explain themselves. But they should be short and to the point. Wit is for the well-informed, they alone can understand a witty work; and the productions of bygone times and foreign lands are completely lost upon us. It is all well enough with the aid of such notes as we find appended to Rabelais and Hudibras, but what should we say of an author who should find it necessary to write one witty work to elucidate another? Wit, even when

fresh from its fountain, is oftentimes feeble enough: it will scarcely become stronger by passing through two or three hands.

Sinclair. — How I wish, that, instead of thus arguing, we could assist our friend, the owner of these pictures, who would be glad to hear the opinions that have been expressed.

Armidoro. — (Coming from the cabinet.) I perceive that the company is still engaged with these much-censured pictures: had they produced a pleasant impression, they would doubtless have been laid aside long ago.

Amelia. — I propose that that be their fate now: the owner must be required to make no use of them. What! a dozen and more hateful, objectionable pictures to appear in a Ladies' Almanac! Can the man be blind to his own interest? He will ruin his speculation. What lover will present a copy to his mistress, what husband to his wife, what father to his daughter, when the first glance will display such a libel upon the sex?

Armidoro. — I have a proposal to make. These objectionable pictures are not the first of the kind which have appeared in the best almanacs. Our celebrated Chodoviecki has, in his collection of monthly engravings, already represented scenes, not only untrue to nature, but low, and devoid of all pretensions to taste; but how did he do it? Opposite the pictures I allude to, he delineated others of a most charming character, — scenes in perfect harmony with nature, the result of a high education, of long study, and of an innate taste for the Good and Beautiful. Let us go a step beyond the editor of the proposed almanac, and act in opposition to his project. If the intelligent artist has chosen to portray the dark side of his subject, let our author or authoress, if I may dare to express my view, choose the bright side to exercise

her talents, and so form a complete work. I shall not longer delay, Eulalia, to unite my own wishes to this proposal. Undertake a description of good female characters. Create the opposite to these engravings, and employ the charm of your pen, not to elucidate these pictures, but to annihilate them.

Sinclair. — Do, Eulalia. Render us that favour: make haste and promise!

Eulalia. — Authors are ever apt to promise too easily, because they hope for ability to execute their wishes; but experience has rendered me cautious. And even if I could foresee the necessary leisure, within so short a space of time, I should yet hesitate to undertake the arduous duty. The praises of our sex should be spoken by a man, — a young, ardent, loving man. A degree of enthusiasm is requisite for the task, and who has enthusiasm for one's own sex?

Armidoro. — I should prefer intelligence, justice, and delicacy of taste.

Sinclair. — And who can discourse better on the character of good women than the authoress from whose fairy-tale of yesterday we all derived such pleasure and so much incomparable instruction?

Eulalia. — The fairy-tale was not mine.

Sinclair. — Not yours?

Armidoro. — To that I can bear witness.

Sinclair. — But still it was a lady's?

Eulalia. — The production of a friend.

Sinclair. —Then, there are two Eulalias.

Eulalia. — Many, perhaps; and better than —

Armidoro. — Will you relate to the company what you so lately confided to me? You will all hear with astonishment how this delightful production originated.

Eulalia. — A young lady, with whose great excellence I became accidentally acquainted upon a journey, found herself once in a situation of extreme perplexity, the circumstances of which it would be

tedious to narrate. A gentleman to whom she was under many obligations, and who finally offered her his hand, having won her entire esteem and confidence, in a moment of weakness obtained from her the privileges of a husband before their vows of love had been cemented by marriage. Some peculiar circumstances compelled him to travel; and, in the retirement of a country residence, she anticipated with fear and apprehension the moment when she should become a mother. She used to write to me daily, and informed me of every circumstance that happened. But there was shortly nothing more to fear — she now needed only patience; and I observed, from the tone of her letters, that she began to reflect with a disturbed mind upon all that had already occurred, and upon what was yet to take place in her regard. I determined, therefore, to address her in an earnest tone, on the duty she owed no less to herself than to her infant, whose support, particularly at the commencement of its existence, depended so much upon her mind being free from anxiety. I sought to console and to cheer her, and happened to send her several volumes of fairy-tales she had wished to read. Her own desire to escape from the burden of her melancholy thoughts, and the arrival of these books, formed a remarkable coincidence. She could not help reflecting frequently upon her peculiar fate; and she therefore adopted the expedient of clothing all her past sorrowful adventures, as well as her painful apprehensions for the future, in a garb of romance. The events of her past life, — her attachment, her passion, her errors, and her sweet maternal cares, — no less than her present sad condition, were all embodied by her imagination in forms vivid, though impalpable, and passed before her mind in a varied succession of strange and unearthly fancies. Pen in hand, she spent many a day and night noting down her reflections.

Amelia. — In which occupation she must have found it difficult to hold her inkstand.

Eulalia. — Thus did I acquire the rare collection of letters which I now possess. They are all picturesque, strange, and romantic. I never received from her an account of anything actual, so that I sometimes trembled for her reason. Her own situation, the birth of her infant, her sweet affection for her offspring, her joys, her hopes, and her maternal fears, were all treated as events of another world, from which she only expected to be liberated by the arrival of her husband. On her nuptial day she concluded the fairy-tale which you heard recited yesterday, almost in her own words, and which derives its chief interest from the unusual circumstances under which it was composed.

The company could not sufficiently express their astonishment at this statement; and Seyton, who had abandoned his place at the gaming-table to another person, now entered the apartment, and made inquiries concerning the subject of conversation. He was briefly informed that it related to a fairy-tale, which, partly founded on facts, had been composed by the fantastic imagination of a mind not altogether sound.

"It is a great pity," he remarked, "that private diaries are so completely out of fashion. Twenty years ago they were in general use, and many persons thought they possessed a veritable treasure in the record of their daily thoughts. I recollect a very worthy lady upon whom this custom entailed a sad misfortune. A certain governess had been accustomed from her earliest youth to keep a regular diary; and, in fact, she considered its composition to form an indispensable part of her daily duties. She continued the habit when she grew up, and did not lay it aside even when she married. Her memorandums were not looked upon by her as absolute secrets, she had no occasion for such mystery; and she frequently read passages from

it for the amusement of her friends and of her husband. But the book in its entirety was entrusted to nobody. The account of her husband's attachment had been entered in her diary with the same minuteness with which she had formerly noted down the ordinary occurrences of the day; and the entire history of her own affectionate feelings had been described from their first opening hour until they had ripened into a passion, and at length become a rooted habit. Upon one occasion this diary accidentally fell in her husband's way, and the perusal afforded him a strange entertainment. He had undesignedly approached the writing-desk upon which the book lay, and, without suspicion or intention, had read through an entire page which was open before him. He took the opportunity of referring to a few previous and subsequent passages, and then retired with the comfortable assurance that it was high time to discontinue the disagreeable amusement."

Henrietta. — But, according to the wish of my friend, our conversation should be confined to good women; and already we are turning to those who can scarcely be counted among the best.

Seyton. — Why this constant reference to bad and good? Should we not be quite as well contented with others as with ourselves, either as we have been formed by nature, or improved by education?

Armidoro. — I think it would be at once pleasant and useful to arrange and collect a series of anecdotes such as we have heard narrated, and many of which are founded on real occurrences. Light and delicate traits which mark the characters of men are well worthy of our attention, even though they give birth to no extraordinary adventures. They are useless to writers of romance, being devoid of all exciting interest; and worthless to the tribe of anecdote-collectors, for they are for the most part destitute of wit and spirit; but

they would always prove entertaining to a reader who, in a mood of quiet contemplation, should wish to study the general characteristics of mankind.

Sinclair. — Well said. And, if we had only thought of so praiseworthy a work a little earlier, we might have assisted our friend, the editor of the "Ladies' Calendar," by composing a dozen anecdotes, if not of model women, at least of well-behaved personages, to balance his catalogue of naughty ladies.

Amelia. — I should be particularly pleased with a collection of incidents to show how a woman forms the very soul and existence of a household; and this because the artist has introduced a sketch of a spendthrift and improvident wife, to the defamation of our sex.

Seyton. — I can furnish Amelia with a case precisely in point.

Amelia. — Let us hear it. But do not imitate the usual custom of men who undertake to defend the ladies: they frequently begin with praise, and end with censure.

Seyton. — Upon this occasion, however, I do not fear the perversion of my intention, through the influence of any evil spirit. A young man once became tenant of a large hotel which was established in a good situation. Amongst the qualities which recommend a host, he possessed a more than ordinary share of good temper; and, as he had from his youth been a friend to the ale-house, he was peculiarly fortunate in selecting a pursuit in which he found it necessary to devote a considerable portion of the day to his home duties. He was neither careful nor negligent, and his own good temper exercised a perceptible influence over the numerous guests who assembled around him.

He had married a young person who was of a quiet, pleasing disposition. She paid punctual attention to

her business, was attached to her household pursuits, and loved her husband; though she often found fault with him in secret for his carelessness in money matters. She had, as it were, a great reverence for ready money: she thoroughly comprehended its value, and understood the advantage of securing a provision for herself. Devoid of all activity of disposition, she had every tendency to avarice. But a small share of avarice becomes a woman, however ill extravagance may suit her. Generosity is a manly virtue, but parsimony is becoming in a woman. This is the rule of nature, and our judgments must be subservient thereto.

Margaret (for such was the name of this prudent personage) was very much dissatisfied with her husband's carelessness. Upon occasions when large payments were made to him by his customers, it was his habit to leave the money lying for a considerable time upon the table, and then to collect it in a basket, from which he afterward paid it away, without making it up into packages, and without keeping any account of its application. His wife plainly perceived, that even without actual extravagance, where there was such a total want of system, considerable sums must be wasted. She was above all things anxious to make her husband change his negligent habits, and became grieved to observe that the small savings she collected and so carefully retained were as nothing in comparison with the money that was squandered, and determined, therefore, to adopt a rather dangerous expedient to make her husband open his eyes. She resolved to defraud him of as much money as possible, and for this purpose had recourse to an extraordinary plan. She had observed, that, when he had once counted his money which he allowed to remain so long upon the table, he never reckoned it over a second time before putting it away: she therefore rubbed the bottom of a candlestick with tallow, and then, apparently without design,

placed it near the spot where the ducats lay exposed, a species of coin for which she entertained a warm partiality. She thus gained possession of a few pieces, and subsequently of some other coins, and was soon sufficiently well satisfied with her success. She therefore repeated the operation frequently, and entertained no scruple about employing such evil means to effect so praiseworthy an object, and tranquillised her conscience by the reflection that such a mode of abstracting her husband's money could not be termed robbery, as her hands were not employed for the purpose. Her secret treasure increased gradually, and soon became very much greater by the addition of the ready money she herself received from the customers of the hotel, and of which she invariably retained possession.

She had carried on this practice for a whole year, and, though she carefully watched her husband, never had reason to believe that his suspicions were awakened, until at length he began to grow discontented and unhappy. She induced him to tell her the cause of his anxiety, and learned that he was grievously perplexed. After the last payment he had made of a considerable sum of money, he had laid aside his rent; and not only this had disappeared, but he was unable to meet the demand of his landlord from any other channel: and as he had always been accustomed to keep his accounts in his head, and to write down nothing, he could not understand the cause of the deficiency.

Margaret reminded him of his great carelessness, censured his thoughtless manner of receiving and paying away money, and spoke of his general imprudence. Even his generous disposition did not escape her remarks; and, in truth, he had no excuse to offer for a course of conduct, the consequences of which he had so much reason to regret.

But she could not leave her husband long in this

state of grievous trouble, more especially as she felt a pride in being able to render him happy once more. Accordingly, to his great astonishment, on his birthday, which she was always accustomed to celebrate by presenting him with something useful, she entered his private apartment with a basket filled with rouleaux of money. The different descriptions of coin were packed together separately, and the contents carefully indorsed in a handwriting by no means of the best. It would be difficult to describe his astonishment at finding before him the precise sums he had missed, or at his wife's assurance that they belonged to him. She thereupon circumstantially described the time and the manner of her abstracting them, confessed the amount which she had taken, and told also how much she had saved by her own careful attention. His despair was now changed into joy; and the result was, that he abandoned to his wife all the duty of receiving and paying away money for the future. His business was carried on even more prosperously than before; although, from the day of which we have spoken, not a farthing ever passed through his hands. His wife discharged the duty of banker with extraordinary credit to herself; no false money was ever taken; and the establishment of her complete authority in the house was the natural and just consequence of her activity and care; and, after the lapse of ten years, she and her husband were in a condition to purchase the hotel for themselves.

Sinclair. — And so all this truth, love, and fidelity ended in the wife becoming the veritable mistress. I should like to know how far the opinion is just that women have a tendency to acquire authority.

Amelia. — There it is again. Censure, you observe, is sure to follow in the wake of praise.

Armidoro. — Favour us with your sentiments on this subject, good Eulalia. I think I have observed in

your writings no disposition to defend your sex against this imputation.

Eulalia. — In as far as it is an imputation, I should wish it were removed by the conduct of our sex. But, where we have a right to authority, we can need no excuse. We like authority, because we are human. For what else is authority, in the sense in which we use it, than a desire for independence, and the enjoyment of existence as much as possible? This is a privilege all men seek with determination; but our ambition appears, perhaps, more objectionable, because nature, usage, and social regulations place restraints upon our sex, whilst they enlarge the authority of men. What men possess naturally, we have to acquire; and property obtained by a laborious struggle will always be more obstinately held than that which is inherited.

Seyton. — But women, as I think, have no reason to complain on that score. As the world goes, they inherit as much as men, if not more; and in my opinion it is a much more difficult task to become a perfect man than a perfect woman. The phrase, "He shall be thy master," is a formula characteristic of a barbarous age long since passed away. Men cannot claim a right to become educated and refined, without conceding the same privilege to women. As long as the process continues, the balance is even between them; but, as women are more capable of improvement than men, experience shows that the scale soon turns in their favour.

Armidoro. — There is no doubt, that, in all civilised nations, women in general are superior to men; for, where the two sexes exert a mutual influence on each other, a man cannot but become more womanly, and that is a disadvantage; but, when a woman takes after a man, she is a gainer; for, if she can improve her own peculiar qualities by the addition of masculine energy, she becomes an almost perfect being.

Seyton. — I have never considered the subject so deeply. But I think it is generally admitted that women do rule, and must continue to do so; and therefore, whenever I become acquainted with a young lady, I always inquire upon what subjects she exercises her authority; since it must be exercised somewhere.

Amelia. — And thus you establish the point with which you started?

Seyton. — And why not? Is not my reasoning as good as that of philosophers in general, who are convinced by their experience? Active women, who are given to habits of acquisition and saving, are invariably mistresses at home; pretty women, at once graceful and superficial, rule in large societies; whilst those who possess more sound accomplishments exert their influence in smaller circles.

Amelia. — And thus we are divided into three classes.

Sinclair. — All honourable, in my opinion; and yet those three classes do not include the whole sex. There is still a fourth, to which perhaps we had better not allude, that we may escape the charge of converting our praise into censure.

Henrietta. — Then, we must guess the fourth class. Let us see.

Sinclair. — Well, then, the first three classes were those whose activity was displayed at home, in large societies, or in smaller circles.

Henrietta. — What other sphere can there be where we can exercise our activity?

Sinclair. — There may be many. But I am thinking of the reverse of activity.

Henrietta. — Indolence! How could an indolent woman rule?

Sinclair. — Why not?

Henrietta. — In what manner?

Sinclair. — By opposition. Whoever adopts such a course, either from character or principle, acquires more authority than one would readily think.

Amelia. — I fear we are about to fall into the tone of censure so general to men.

Henrietta. — Do not interrupt him, Amelia. Nothing can be more harmless than these mere opinions; and we are the gainers, by learning what other persons think of us. Now, then, for the fourth class: what about it?

Sinclair. — I think I may speak unreservedly. The class I allude to does not exist in our country, and does not exist in France; because the fair sex, both among us and our gallant neighbours, enjoys a proper degree of freedom. But in countries where women are under restraint, and debarred from sharing in public amusements, the class I speak of is numerous. In a neighbouring country, there is a peculiar name by which ladies of this class are invariably designated.

Henrietta. — You must tell us the name: we can never guess names.

Sinclair. — Well, I must tell you, they are called roguish.

Henrietta. — A strange appellation.

Sinclair. — Some time ago you took great interest in reading the speculations of Lavater upon physiognomy: do you remember nothing about roguish countenances in his book?

Henrietta. — It is possible, but it made no impression upon me. I may, perhaps, have construed the word in its ordinary sense, and read on without noticing it.

Sinclair. — It is true that the word "roguish," in its ordinary sense, is usually applied to a person, who, with malicious levity, turns another into ridicule; but, in its present sense, it is meant to describe a young lady, who, by her indifference, coldness, and reserve — qualities which attach to her as a disease — destroys the happi-

ness of one upon whom she is dependent. We meet with examples of this everywhere, sometimes even in our own circle. For instance, when I have praised a lady for her beauty, I have heard it said in reply, "Yes; but she is a bit of a rogue." I even remember a physician saying to a lady, who complained of the anxiety she suffered about her maid servant, "She is a rogue, and will give a deal of trouble."

Amelia rose from her seat, and left the apartment.

Henrietta. — That seems rather strange.

Sinclair. — I thought so too: and I therefore took a note of the symptoms, which seemed to mark a disease half moral and half physical, and framed an essay which I entitled, "Chapter on Rogues;" and, as I meant it to form a portion of a work on general anthropological observations, I have kept it by me hitherto.

Henrietta. — But you must let us see it; and, if you know any interesting anecdotes to elucidate your meaning of the word "rogue," they must find a place in our intended collection of novels.

Sinclair. — This may be all very well, but I find I have failed in the object which brought me hither. I was anxious to find some one in this gifted assembly to undertake an explanatian of these engravings, to recommend some talented writer for the purpose; in place of which, the engravings are abused and pronounced worthless, and I must take my leave without having attained my purpose. But, if I had only made notes of our conversation and anecdotes this evening, I should almost possess an equivalent.

Armidoro. — (Coming from the cabinet, to which he had frequently retired.) Your wish is accomplished. I know the motive of our friend, the editor of the work. I have taken down the heads of our conversation upon this paper. I will arrange the draught; and, if Eulalia will kindly promise to impart to the whole that spirit of charming animation which she possesses,

the graceful tone of the work, and perhaps also its contents, will in some measure expiate the offence of the artist for his ungallant attack.

Henrietta. — I cannot blame your officious friendship, Armidoro: but I wish you had not taken notes of our conversation; it is setting a bad example. Our intercourse has been quite free and unrestrained; and nothing can be worse than that our unguarded conversation should be overheard and written down, perhaps even printed for the amusement of the public.

But Henrietta's scruples were silenced by a promise that nothing should meet the public eye except the little anecdotes which had been related.

Eulalia, however, could not be persuaded to edit the notes of the shorthand writer. She had no wish to withdraw her attention from the fairy-tale with which she was then occupied. The notes remained in possession of the gentlemen of the party, who, with the aid of their own memories, generously afforded their assistance, that they might thereby contribute to the general edification of all "good women."

A Tale

A Tale

THE thick fog of an early autumnal morning obscured the extensive courts which surrounded the prince's castle; but through the mists, which gradually dispersed, a stranger might observe a cavalcade of huntsmen, consisting of horse and foot, already engaged in their early preparations for the field. The active employments of the domestics were already discernible. These latter were engaged in lengthening and shortening stirrup-leathers, preparing the rifles and ammunition, and arranging the game-bags; whilst the dogs, impatient of restraint, threatened to break away from the slips by which they were held. Then the horses became restive, from their own high mettle, or excited by the spur of the rider, who could not resist the temptation to make a vain display of his prowess, even in the obscurity by which he was surrounded. The cavalcade awaited the arrival of the prince, who was delayed too long while taking leave of his young wife.

Lately married, they thoroughly appreciated the happiness of their own congenial dispositions: both were lively and animated, and each shared with delight the pleasures and pursuits of the other. The prince's father had lived long enough to enjoy that period of life when one learns that all the members of a state should spend their time in diligent employ-

ments, and that every one should engage in some energetic occupation corresponding with his taste, and should by this means first acquire, and then enjoy, the fruits of his labour.

How far these maxims had proved successful might have been observed on this very day; for it was the anniversary of the great market in the town, a festival which might indeed be considered a species of fair. The prince had, on the previous day, conducted his wife on horseback through the busy scene, and had caused her to observe what a convenient exchange was carried on between the productions of the mountainous districts and those of the plain; and he took occasion then and there to direct her attention to the industrious character of his subjects.

But whilst the prince was entertaining himself and his courtiers almost exclusively with subjects of this nature, and was perpetually employed with his finance minister, his chief huntsman did not lose sight of his duty: and, upon his representation, it was impossible, during these favourable autumnal days, any longer to postpone the amusement of the chase; as the promised meeting had already been several times deferred, not only to his own mortification, but to that of many strangers who had arrived to take part in the sport.

The princess remained, reluctantly, at home. It had been determined to hunt over the distant mountains, and to disturb the peaceful inhabitants of the forests in those districts by an unexpected declaration of hostilities.

Upon taking his departure, the prince recommended his wife to seek amusement in equestrian exercise, under the conduct of her uncle Frederick. "And I commend you, moreover," he said, "to the care of our trusty Honorio, who will act as your esquire, and pay you every attention;" and saying this as he descended the stairs, and gave the needful instructions to a

comely youth, the prince quickly disappeared amid the crowd of assembled guests and followers.

The princess, who had continued waving her handkerchief to her husband as long as he remained in the courtyard, now retired to an apartment at the back of the castle, which showed an extensive prospect over the mountain; as the castle itself was situated on the brow of the hill, from which a view at once distant and varied opened in all directions. She found the telescope in the spot where it had been left on the previous evening, when they had amused themselves in surveying the landscape, and the extent of mountain and forest amid which the lofty ruins of their ancestral castle were situated. It was a noble relic of ancient times, and shone out gloriously in the evening illumination. A grand but somewhat inadequate idea of its importance was conveyed by the large masses of light and shadow which now fell on it. Moreover, by the aid of the telescope, the autumnal foliage was seen to lend an indescribable charm to the prospect, as it waved upon trees which had grown up amid the ruins, undisturbed, for a great many years. But the princess soon turned the telescope in the direction of a dry and sandy plain beneath her, across which the hunting cavalcade was expected to bend its course. She patiently surveyed the spot, and was at length rewarded, as the clear magnifying power of the instrument enabled her delighted eyes to recognise the prince and his chief equerry. Upon this she once more waved her handkerchief as she observed, or, rather, fancied she observed, a momentary pause in the advance of the procession.

Her uncle Frederick was now announced; and he entered the apartment, accompanied by an artist, bearing a large portfolio under his arm.

"Dear cousin," observed the vigorous old man, addressing her, "we have brought some sketches of the

ancestral castle for your inspection, to show how the old walls and battlements were calculated to afford defence and protection during stormy seasons in years long passed; though they have tottered in some places, and in others have covered the plain with their ruins. Our efforts have been unceasing to render the place accessible, since few spots offer more beauty or sublimity to the eye of the astonished traveller."

The prince continued, as he opened the portfolio containing the different views, "Here, as you ascend the hollow way, through the outer fortifications, you meet the principal tower; and a rock forbids all farther progress. It is the firmest of the mountain range. A castle has been erected upon it, so constructed that it is difficult to say where the work of nature ceases and that of art begins. At a little distance side walls and buttresses have been raised, the whole forming a sort of terrace. The height is surrounded by a wood. For upwards of a century and a half no sound of an axe has been heard within these precincts, and giant trunks of trees appear on all sides. Close to the very walls spring the glossy maple, the rough oak, and the tall pine. They oppose our progress with their boughs and roots, and compel us to make a circuit to secure our advance. See how admirably our artist has sketched all this upon paper; how accurately he has represented the trees as they become entwined amid the masonry of the castle, and thrust their boughs through the opening in the walls. It is a solitude which possesses the indescribable charm of displaying the traces of human power, long since passed away, contending with perpetual and still reviving nature."

Opening a second picture, he continued his discourse. "What say you to this representation of the castle court, which has been rendered impassable for countless years by the falling of the principal tower? We

endeavoured to approach it from the side, and, in order to form a convenient private road, were compelled to blow up the old walls and vaults with gunpowder. But there was no necessity for similar operations within the castle walls. Here is a flat, rocky surface which has been levelled by the hand of nature, through which, however, mighty trees have here and there been able to strike their roots. They have thriven well, and thrust their branches into the very galleries where the knights of old were wont to exercise, and have forced their way through doors and windows into vaulted halls, from which they are not likely now to be expelled, and whence we, at least, shall not remove them. They have become lords of the territory, and may remain so. Concealed beneath heaps of dried leaves, we found a perfectly level floor, which probably cannot be equalled in the world.

"In ascending the steps which lead to the chief tower, it is remarkable to observe, in addition to all we have mentioned above, how a maple-tree has taken root on high, and grown to a great size; so that, in ascending to the highest turret to enjoy the prospect, it is difficult to pass. And here you may refresh yourself beneath the shade; for, even at this elevation, the tree of which we speak throws its shadows over all around.

"We feel much indebted to the talented artist, who, in the course of several views, has brought thus the whole scenery as completely before us as if we had actually witnessed the original scene. He selected the most beautiful hours of the day, and the most favourable season of the year, for his task, to which he devoted many weeks. A small dwelling was erected for him and his assistant in the corner of the castle: you can scarcely imagine what a splendid view of the country, court, and ruins he there enjoyed. We intend these pictures to adorn our country-house;

and every one who enjoys a view of our regular parterres, of our bowers and shady walks, will doubtless feel anxious to feed his imagination and his eyes with an actual inspection of these scenes, and so enjoy at once the old and new, the rigid and the unyielding, the indestructible and the young, the pliant and the irresistible."

Honorio now entered, and announced the arrival of the horses. The princess, thereupon, addressing her uncle, expressed a wish to ride up to the ruins, and examine personally the subjects he had so graphically described. "Ever since my arrival here," she said, "this excursion has been intended; and I shall be delighted to accomplish what has been declared almost impracticable, and what the pictures show to be so difficult."

"Not yet, my dear," replied the prince; "these pictures only portray what the place will become, but many difficulties impede a commencement of the work."

"But let us ride a little toward the mountain," she rejoined, "if only to the beginning of the ascent: I have a great desire to-day to enjoy an extensive prospect."

"Your desire shall be gratified," answered the prince.

"But we will first direct our course through the town," continued the lady, "and across the market-place, where a countless number of booths wear the appearance of a small town or of an encampment. It seems as if all the wants and occupations of every family in the country were brought together and supplied in this one spot; for the attentive observer may here behold whatever man can produce or require. You would suppose that money was wholly unnecessary, and that business of every kind could be carried on by means of barter; and such, in fact, is the case.

Since the prince directed my attention to this view yesterday, I have felt pleasure in observing the manner in which the inhabitants of the mountain and of the valley mutually comprehend each other, and how both so plainly speak their wants and their wishes in this place. The mountaineer, for example, has cut the timber of his forests into a thousand forms, and applied his iron to multifarious uses; while the inhabitant of the valley meets him with his various wares and merchandise, the very materials and object of which it is difficult to know or conjecture."

"I am aware," observed the prince, "that my nephew devotes his attention wholly to these subjects, for at this particular season of the year he receives more than he expends; and this, after all, is the object and end of every national financier, and, indeed, of the pettiest household economist. But excuse me, my dear, I never ride with any pleasure through the market or the fair; obstacles impede one at every step: and my imagination continually recurs to that dreadful calamity which happened before my own eyes, when I witnessed the conflagration of as large a collection of merchandise as is accumulated here. I had scarcely —"

"Let us not lose our time," said the princess, interrupting him, as her worthy uncle had more than once tortured her with a literal account of the very same misfortune. It had happened when he was upon a journey, and had retired, fatigued, to bed, in the best hotel of the town, which was situated in the market-place. It was the season of the fair, and in the dead of the night he was awoke by screams and by the columns of fire which approached the hotel.

The princess hastened to mount her favourite palfrey, and led the way for her unwilling companion, when she rode through the front gate down the hill, in place of passing through the back gate up the mountain.

But who could have felt unwilling to ride at her side, or to follow wherever she led? And even Honorio had gladly abandoned the pleasure of his favourite amusement, the chase, in order to officiate as her devoted attendant.

As we have before observed, they could only ride through the market step by step; but the amusing observations of the princess rendered every pause delightful. "I must repeat my lesson of yesterday," she remarked, "for necessity will try our patience." And, in truth, the crowd pressed upon them in such a manner that they could only continue their progress at a very slow pace. The people testified great joy at beholding the young princess, and the complete satisfaction of many a smiling face evinced the pleasure of the people at finding that the first lady in the land was at once the most lovely and the most gracious.

Promiscuously mingled together were rude mountaineers who inhabited quiet cottages amongst bleak rocks and towering pine-trees, lowlanders from the plains and meadows, and manufacturers from the neighbouring small towns. After quietly surveying the motley crowd, the princess remarked to her companion, that all the people she saw seemed to take delight in using more stuff for their garments than was necessary, whether it consisted of cloth, linen, ribbon, or trimming. It seemed as if the wearers, both men and women, thought they would be better if they looked puffed out as much as possible.

"We must leave that matter to themselves," answered the uncle. "Every man must dispose of his superfluity as he pleases: well for those who spend it in mere ornament."

The princess nodded her assent.

They had now arrived at a wide, open square which led to one of the suburbs: they there perceived a number of small booths and stalls, and also a large

wooden building whence a most discordant howling issued. It was the feeding-hour of the wild animals which were there enclosed for exhibition. The lion roared with that fearful voice with which he was accustomed to terrify both woods and wastes. The horses trembled, and no one could avoid observing how the monarch of the desert made himself terrible in the tranquil circles of civilised life. Approaching nearer, they remarked the tawdry, colossal pictures on which the beasts were painted in the brightest colours, intended to afford irresistible temptation to the busy citizen. The grim and fearful tiger was in the act of springing upon a negro to tear him to pieces. The lion stood in solemn majesty, as if he saw no worthy prey before him. Other wonderful creatures in the same group presented inferior attractions.

"Upon our return," said the princess, "we will alight, and take a nearer inspection of these rare creatures."

"Is it not extraordinary," replied the prince, "that man takes pleasure in fearful excitements? The tiger, for instance, is lying quietly enough within his cage; and yet here the brute must be painted in the act of springing fiercely on a negro, in order that the public may believe that the same scene is to be witnessed within. Do not murder and death, fire and desolation, sufficiently abound, but that every mountebank must repeat such horrors? The worthy people like to be alarmed, that they may afterward enjoy the delightful sensation of freedom and security."

But whatever feelings of terror such frightful representations might have inspired, they disappeared when they reached the gate and surveyed the cheerful prospects around. The road led down to a river, a narrow brook in truth, and only calculated to bear light skiffs, but destined afterward, when swelled into a wider stream, to take another name, and to water distant

lands. They then bent their course further through carefully cultivated fruit and pleasure gardens, in an orderly and populous neighbourhood, until first a copse and then a wood received them as guests, and delighted their eyes with a limited but charming landscape. A green valley leading to the heights above, which had been lately mowed for the second time, and wore the appearance of velvet, having been copiously watered by a rich stream, now received them with a friendly welcome. They then bent their course to a higher and more open spot, which, upon issuing from the wood, they reached after a short ascent, and whence they obtained a distant view of the old castle, the object of their pilgrimage, which shone above the groups of trees, and assumed the appearance of a well-wooded rock. Behind them (for no one ever attained this height without turning to look round) they saw, through occasional openings in the lofty trees, the prince's castle on the left, illuminated by the morning sun; the higher portion of the town, obscured by a light, cloudy mist; and on the right hand, the lower part, through which the river flowed in many windings, with its meadows and its mills; whilst straight before them the country extended in a wide, productive plain.

After they had satisfied their eyes with the landscape, or rather, as is often the case in surveying an extensive view from an eminence, when they had become desirous of a wider and less circumscribed prospect, they rode slowly along a broad and stony plain, where they saw the mighty ruin standing with its coronet of green, whilst its base was clad with trees of lesser height; and proceeding onward they encountered the steepest and most impassable side of the ascent. It was defended by enormous rocks, which had endured for ages: proof against the ravages of time, they were fast rooted in the earth, and towered aloft. One part of the castle had fallen, and lay in huge fragments irregularly

massed, and seemed to act as an insurmountable barrier, the mere attempt to overcome which is a delight to youth: as supple limbs ever find it a pleasure to undertake, to combat, and to conquer. The princess seemed disposed to make the attempt; Honorio was at hand; her princely uncle assented, unwilling to acknowledge his want of agility. The horses were directed to wait for them under the trees; and it was intended they should make for a certain point where a large rock had been rendered smooth, and from which a prospect was beheld, which, though of the nature of a bird's-eye view, was sufficiently picturesque.

It was mid-day: the sun had attained its highest altitude, and shed its clearest rays around; the princely castle, in all its parts, battlements, wings, cupolas, and towers, presented a glorious appearance. The upper part of the town was seen in its full extent: the eye could even penetrate into parts of the lower town, and, with the assistance of the telescope, distinguish the market-place, and even the very booths. It was Honorio's invariable custom to sling this indispensable instrument to his side. They took a view of the river in its course and its descent, and of the sloping plain, and of the luxuriant country with its gentle undulations, and then of the numerous villages, for it had been from time immemorial a subject of contention, how many could be counted from this spot.

Over the wide plain there reigned a calm stillness, such as is accustomed to rule at mid-day, — an hour when, according to classical phraseology, the god Pan sleeps, and all nature is breathless, that his repose may be undisturbed.

"It is not the first time," observed the princess, "that, standing upon an eminence which presents a wide-extended view, I have thought how pure and peaceful is the look of holy Nature; and the impression comes upon me, that the world beneath must be free from

strife and care: but returning to the dwellings of man, be they the cottage or the palace, be they roomy or circumscribed, we find that there is, in truth, ever something to subdue, to struggle with, to quiet and allay."

Honorio, in the meantime, had directed the telescope toward the town, and now exclaimed, "Look, look! the town is on fire in the market-place."

They looked, and saw some smoke; but the glare of daylight eclipsed the flames. "The fire increases!" they exclaimed, still looking through the instrument. The princess saw the calamity with the naked eye: from time to time they perceived a red flame ascending amid the smoke. Her uncle at length exclaimed, "Let us return: it is calamitous! I have always feared the recurrence of such a misfortune."

They descended; and, having reached the horses, the princess thus addressed her old relative: "Ride forward, sir, hastily, with your attendant, but leave Honorio with me, and we will follow."

Her uncle perceived the prudence and utility of this advice, and, riding on as quickly as the nature of the ground would allow, descended to the open plain. The princess mounted her steed, upon which Honorio addressed her thus: "I pray your Highness to ride slowly; the fire-engines are in the best order, both in the town and in the castle; there can surely be no mistake or error, even in so unexpected an emergency. Here, however, the way is dangerous, and riding is insecure, from the small stones and the smooth grass; and, in addition, the fire will no doubt be extinguished before we reach the town."

But the princess indulged in no such hope: she saw the smoke ascend, and thought she perceived a flash of lightning and heard a thunder-clap; and her mind was filled with the frightful pictures of the conflagration her uncle's oft-repeated narrative had impressed on her.

That calamity had indeed been dreadful, sudden, and impressive enough to make one apprehensive for the repetition of a like misfortune. At midnight a fearful fire had broken out in the market-place, which was filled with booths and stalls, before the occupants of those temporary habitations had been roused from their profound dreams. The prince himself, after a weary day's journey, had retired to rest, but, rushing to the window, perceived with dismay the flames which raged around on every side, and approached the spot where he stood. The houses of the market-place, crimsoned with the reflection, appeared already to burn, and threatened every instant to burst out into a general conflagration. The fierce element raged irresistibly; the beams and rafters crackled; whilst countless pieces of consumed linen flew aloft, and the burnt and shapeless rags sported in the air and looked like foul demons revelling in their congenial element. With loud cries of distress, each individual endeavoured to rescue what he could from the flames. Servants and assistants vied with their masters in their efforts to save the huge bales of goods already half consumed, to tear what still remained uninjured from the burning stalls, and to pack it away in chests; although they were even then compelled to abandon their labours, and leave the whole to fall a prey to the conflagration. How many wished that the raging blaze would allow but a single moment's respite, and, pausing to consider the possibility of such a mercy, fell victims to their brief hesitation. Many buildings burned on one side, while the other side lay in obscure darkness. A few determined, self-willed characters bent themselves obstinately to the task of saving something from the flames, and suffered for their heroism. The whole scene of misery and devastation was renewed in the mind of the beautiful princess: her countenance was clouded, which had beamed so radiantly in the early morning;

her eyes had lost their lustre; and even the beautiful woods and meadows around now looked sad and mournful.

Riding onward, she entered the sweet valley, but felt uncheered by the refreshing coolness of the place. She had, however, not advanced far, before she observed an unusual appearance in the copse near the meadow where the sparkling brook which flowed through the adjacent country took its rise. She at once recognised a tiger crouched in the attitude to spring, as she had seen him represented in the painting. The impression was fearful. "Flee! gracious lady," cried Honorio, "flee at once!" She turned her horse to mount the steep hill she had just descended: but her young attendant drew his pistol, and, approaching the monster, fired; unfortunately he missed his mark, the tiger leaped aside, the horse started, and the terrified beast pursued his course and followed the princess. The latter urged her horse up the steep, stony acclivity, forgetting for a moment that the pampered animal she rode was unused to such exertions; but, urged by his impetuous rider, the spirited steed made a new effort, till at length, stumbling at an inequality of the ground, after many attempts to recover his footing, he fell exhausted to the ground. The princess released herself from the saddle with great expertness and presence of mind, and brought her horse again to its feet. The tiger was in pursuit at a slow pace. The uneven ground and sharp stones appeared to retard his progress; though, as Honorio approached, his speed and strength seemed to be renewed. They now came nearer to the spot where the princess stood by her horse; and Honorio, bending down, discharged a second pistol. This time he was successful, and shot the monster through the head. The animal fell, and, as he lay stretched upon the ground at full length, gave evidence of that might and terror which was now reduced to a

lifeless form. Honorio had leaped from his horse, and was now kneeling on the body of the huge brute. He had already put an end to his struggles with the hunting-knife which gleamed within his grasp. He looked even more handsome and active than the princess had ever seen him in list or tournament. Thus had he oftentimes driven his bullet through the head of the Turk in the riding-school, piercing his forehead under the turban, and, carried onward by his rapid courser, had oftentimes struck the Moor's head to the ground with his shining sabre. In all such knightly feats he was dexterous and successful, and here he had found an opportunity for putting his skill to the test.

"Despatch him quickly," said the princess, faintly: "I fear he may injure you with his claws."

"There is no danger," answered the youth; "he is dead enough: and I do not wish to spoil his skin, — it shall ornament your sledge next winter."

"Do not jest at such a time," continued the princess: "such a moment calls forth every feeling of devotion that can fill the heart."

"And I never felt more devout than now," added Honorio, "and therefore are my thoughts cheerful: I only consider how this creature's skin may serve your pleasure."

"It would too often remind me of this dreadful moment," she replied.

"And yet," answered the youth, with burning cheek, "this triumph is more innocent than that in which the arms of the defeated are borne in proud procession before the conqueror."

"I shall never forget your courage and skill," rejoined the princess; "and let me add that you may, during your whole life, command the gratitude and favour of the prince. But rise, — the monster is dead: rise, I say; and let us think what next is to be done."

"Since I find myself now kneeling before you," re-

plied Honorio, "let me be assured of a grace, of a favour, which you can bestow upon me. I have oftentimes implored your princely husband for permission to set out upon my travels. He who dares aspire to the good fortune of becoming your guest should have seen the world. Travellers flock hither from all quarters; and when the conversation turns on some town, or on some peculiar part of the globe, your guests are asked if they have never seen the same. No one can expect confidence who has not seen everything. We must instruct ourselves for the benefit of others."

"Rise!" repeated the princess: "I can never consent to desire or request anything contrary to the wish of my husband; but, if I mistake not, the cause of your detention here has already been removed. It was the wish of your prince to mark how your character would ripen, and prove worthy of an independent nobleman, who might one day be to both himself and his sovereign as great an honour abroad, as had hitherto been the case here at court; and I doubt not that your present deed of bravery will prove as good a passport as any youth can carry with him through the world."

The princess had scarcely time to mark, that, instead of an expression of youthful delight, a shade of grief now darkened his countenance; and he could scarcely display his emotion, before a woman approached, climbing the mountain hastily, and leading a boy by the hand. Honorio had just risen from his kneeling posture, and seemed lost in thought, when the woman advanced with piercing cries, and immediately flung herself upon the lifeless body of the tiger. Her conduct, no less than her gaudy and peculiar attire, bore evidence that she was the owner and attendant of the animal. The boy, by whom she was accompanied, was remarkable for his sparkling eyes and jet-black hair. He carried a flute in his hand, and

joined his tears to those of his mother; whilst, with a more calm but deep-felt sorrow than she displayed, he knelt quietly at her side.

The violent expression of this wretched woman's grief was succeeded by a torrent of expostulations, which rushed from her in broken sentences, reminding one of a mountain stream whose course is interrupted by impeding rocks. Her natural expressions, short and abrupt, were forcible and pathetic: vain would be the endeavour to translate them into our idiom; we must be satisfied with their general meaning. "They have murdered thee, poor animal, murdered thee without cause! Tamely thou wouldst have lain down to await our arrival; for thy feet pained thee, and thy claws were powerless. Thou didst lack thy burning native sun to bring thee to maturity. Thou wert the most beautiful animal of thy kind! Whoever beheld a more noble royal tiger stretched out to sleep, than thou art as thou liest here, never to rise again? When in the morning thou awokest at the earliest dawn of day, opening thy wide jaws, and stretching out thy ruddy tongue, thou seemedst to us to smile; and even when a growl burst from thee, still didst thou ever playfully take thy food from the hand of a woman, or from the fingers of a child. Long did we accompany thee in thy travels, and long was thy society to us as indispensable as profitable. To us, in very truth, did food come from the ravenous, and sweet refreshment from the strong. But alas, alas! this can never be again!"

She had not quite ended her lamentations, when a troop of horsemen was observed riding in a body over the heights which led from the castle. They were soon recognised as the hunting cavalcade of the prince, and he himself was at their head. Riding amongst the distant hills, they had observed the dark columns of smoke which obscured the atmosphere; and pushing on over hill and dale, as if in the heat of the chase,

they had followed the course indicated by the smoke, which served them as a guide. Rushing forward, regardless of every obstacle, they had come by surprise upon the astonished group, who presented a remarkable appearance in the opening of the hills. Their mutual recognition produced a general surprise; and, after a short pause, a few words of explanation cleared up the apparent mystery. The prince heard with astonishment the extraordinary occurrence, as he stood surrounded by the crowd of attendants on foot and on horseback. There seemed no doubt about the necessary course. Orders and commands were at once issued by the prince.

A stranger now forced his way forward, and appeared within the circle. He was tall in figure, and attired as gaudily as the woman and her child. The members of the family recognised each other with mutual surprise and pain. But the man, collecting himself, stood at a respectful distance from the prince, and addressed him thus:

"This is not a moment for complaining. My lord and mighty master, the lion has also escaped, and is concealed somewhere here in the mountain; but spare him, I implore you! have mercy upon him, that he may not perish like this poor animal!"

"The lion escaped!" exclaimed the prince. "Have you found his track?"

"Yes, sir. A peasant in the valley, who needlessly took refuge in a tree, pointed to the direction he had taken, — this is the way, to the left; but, perceiving a crowd of men and horses before me, I became curious to know the occasion of their assembling, and hastened forward to obtain help."

"Well," said the prince, "the chase must begin in this direction. Load your rifles, go deliberately to work: no misfortune can happen, if you but drive him into the thick woods below us. But in truth, worthy

man, we can scarcely spare your favourite: why were you negligent enough to let him escape?"

"The fire broke out," replied the other, "and we remained quiet and prepared: it quickly spread round, but raged at a distance from us. We were provided with water in abundance; but suddenly an explosion of gunpowder took place, and the conflagration immediately extended to us and beyond us. We were too precipitate, and are now reduced to ruin."

The prince was still engaged in issuing his orders, and there was general silence for a moment, when a man was observed flying, rather than running, down from the castle. He was quickly recognised as the watchman of the artist's studio, whose business it was to occupy the dwelling and look after the workmen. Breathless he advanced, and a few words served to announce the nature of his business.

"The lion had taken refuge on the heights, and had lain down in the sunshine behind the lofty walls of the castle. He was reposing at the foot of an old tree in perfect tranquillity. But," continued the man in a tone of bitter complaint, "unfortunately, I took my rifle to the town yesterday, to have it repaired, or the animal had never risen again: his skin, at least, would have been mine; and I had worn it in triumph all my life."

The prince, whose military experience had often served him in time of need, — for he had frequently been in situations where unavoidable danger pressed on every side, — observed, in reply to the man, "What pledge can you give, that, if we spare your lion, he will do no mischief in the country?"

"My wife and child," answered the father hastily, "will quiet him and lead him peacefully along, until I repair his shattered cage; and then we shall keep him harmless and uninjured."

The child seemed to be looking for his flute. It was

are good, each after its kind. Behold how the rocks stand firm and motionless, proof against the effects of sun and storm. Their summits are crowned with ancient trees; and, elated with the pride of their ornaments, they look round boldly far and wide. But, should a part become detached, it no longer appears as before: it breaks into a thousand pieces, and covers the side of the declivity. But even there the pieces find no resting-place: they pursue their course downward, till the brook receives them, and carries them onward to the river. Thence, unresisting and submissive, their sharp angles having become rounded and smooth, they are borne along with greater velocity from stream to stream, till they finally attain the ocean, in whose mighty depths giants abide and dwarfs abound.

"But who celebrates the praise of the Lord, whom the stars praise from all eternity? Why, however, should we direct our vision so far? Behold the bee, how he makes his provision in harvest-time, and constructs a dwelling, correct in angle and level, at once the architect and workman. Behold the ant: she knows her way, and loses it not; she builds her habitation of grass and earth and tiny twigs, builds it high, and strengthens it with arches, but in vain, — the prancing steed approaches, and treads it into nothing, destroying the little rafters and supports of the edifice. He snorts with impatience and with restlessness; for the Lord has formed the horse as companion to the wind, and brother to the storm, that he may carry mankind whither he will. But in the palm forest even *he* takes to flight. There, in the wilderness, the lion roams in proud majesty: he is monarch of the beasts, and nothing can resist his strength. But man has subdued his valour: the mightiest of animals has respect for the image of God, in which the very angels are formed; and they minister to the Lord and his

servants. Daniel trembled not in the lions' den: he stood full of faith and holy confidence, and the wild roaring of the monsters did not interrupt his pious song."

This address, which was delivered with an expression of natural enthusiasm, was accompanied by the child's sweet music. But, when his father had concluded, the boy commenced to sing with clear and sonorous voice, and some degree of skill. His parent in the meantime seized his flute, and in soft notes accompanied the child as he sung:

"Hear the prophet's song ascending
From the cavern's dark retreat,
Whilst an angel, earthward bending,
Cheers his soul with accents sweet.
Fear and terror come not o'er him,
As the lion's angry brood
Crouch with placid mien before him,
By his holy song subdued."

The father continued to accompany the verses with his flute, whilst the mother's voice was occasionally heard to intervene as second.

The effect of the whole was rendered more peculiar and impressive by the child's frequently inverting the order of the verses. And if he did not, by this artifice, give a new sense and meaning to the whole, he at least highly excited the feelings of his audience:

"Angels o'er us mildly bending
Cheer us with their voices sweet.
Hark! what strains enchant the ear!
In the cavern's dark retreat
Can the prophet quake with fear?
Holy accents, sweetly blending,
Banish ev'ry earthly ill,
Whilst an angel choir, descending,
Executes the heavenly will."

Then all three joined with force and emphasis:

"Since the eternal Eye, far-seeing,
Earth and sea surveys in peace,
Lion shall with lamb agreeing
Live, and angry tempests cease.
Warriors' sword no more shall lower,
Faith and Hope their fruit shall bear:
Wondrous is the mighty power
Of Love, which pours its soul in prayer."

The music ceased. Silence reigned around. Each one listened attentively to the dying tones, and now only one could observe and note the general impression. Every listener was overcome, though each was affected in a different manner. The prince looked sorrowfully at his wife, as though he had only just perceived the danger which had lately threatened him; whilst she, leaning upon his arm, did not hesitate to draw forth her embroidered handkerchief to dry the starting tear. It was delightful to relieve her youthful heart from the weight of grief with which she had for some time felt oppressed. A general silence reigned around; and forgotten were the fears which all had experienced, both from the conflagration below and the appearance of the formidable lion above.

The repose of the whole company was first interrupted by the prince, who made a signal to lead the horses nearer: he then turned to the woman, and addressed her thus: "You think, then, to master the lion wherever you meet him, by the power of your song, assisted by that of the child and the tones of your flute, and believe that you can thus lead him harmless and uninjured to his cage?"

She protested and assured him that she would do so, whereupon a servant was ordered to show her the way to the castle. The prince and a few of his attendants now took their departure hastily; whilst the

princess, accompanied by the rest, followed more slowly after. But the mother and the child, accompanied by the servant, who had armed himself with a rifle, hastened to ascend the mountain.

At the very entrance of the narrow road which led to the castle, they found the hunting attendants busily employed in piling together heaps of dry brushwood, to kindle a large fire.

"There is no necessity for such precaution," observed the woman: "all will yet turn out well."

They perceived Honorio at a little distance from them, sitting upon a fragment of the wall, with his double-barrelled rifle in his lap, prepared as it seemed for every emergency. But he paid little attention to the people who approached: he was absorbed in his own contemplations, and seemed engaged in deepest thought. The woman entreated that he would not permit the fire to be kindled: he, however, paid not the smallest attention to her request. She then raised her voice, and exclaimed, "Thou handsome youth who killed my tiger, I curse thee not; but spare my lion, and I will bless thee!"

But Honorio was looking upon vacancy: his eyes were bent upon the sun, which had finished its daily course, and was now about to set.

"You are looking to the setting sun," cried the woman; "and you are right, for there is yet much to do: but hasten, delay not, and you will conquer. But, first of all, conquer yourself." He seemed to smile at this observation. The woman passed on, but could not avoid looking round to observe him once more. The setting sun had cast a rosy glow upon his countenance; she thought she had never beheld so handsome a youth.

"If your child," said the attendant, "can, as you imagine, with his fluting and his singing, entice and tranquillise the lion, we shall easily succeed in mastering him; for the ferocious animal has lain down to

sleep under the broken arch, through which we have secured a passage into the castle court, as the chief entrance has been long in ruins. Let the child, then, entice him inside, when we can close the gate without difficulty; and the child may, if he please, escape by a small winding staircase, which is situated in one of the corners. We may, in the meantime, conceal ourselves; but I shall take up a position which will enable me to assist the child at any moment with my rifle."

"These preparations are all needless: Heaven, and our own skill, bravery, and good fortune, are our best defence."

"But first let me conduct you by this steep ascent to the top of the tower, right opposite to the entrance of which I have spoken. The child may then descend into the arena, and there he can try to exercise his power over the obedient animal."

This was done. Concealed above, the attendant and the mother surveyed the proceeding. The child descended the narrow staircase, and soon appeared in the wide courtyard. He immediately entered into the narrow opening opposite, when the sweet sounds of his flute were heard; but these gradually diminished, till they finally ceased. The pause was fearful: the solemnity of the proceeding filled the old attendant with apprehension, accustomed as he was to every sort of danger. He declared that he would rather engage the enraged animal himself. But the mother preserved her cheerful countenance, and, leaning over the parapet in a listening attitude, betrayed not the slightest sign of fear.

At length the flute was heard again. The child had issued from the dark recess, his face beaming with triumph: the lion was slowly following, and seemed to walk with difficulty. Now and then the animal appeared disposed to lie down; but the child continued to lead him quietly along, bending his way through

the half-leafless autumn-tinged trees, until he arrived at a spot which was illumined by the last rays of the setting sun. They were shedding their parting glory through the ruins; and in this spot he recommenced his sweet song, which we cannot refrain from repeating:

"Hear the prophet's song ascending
From the cavern's dark retreat,
Whilst an angel, earthward bending,
Cheers his soul with accents sweet.
Fear and terror come not o'er him,
As the lion's angry brood
Crouch with placid mien before him,
By his holy song subdued."

The lion, in the meantime, had lain quietly down, and, raising his heavy paw, had placed it in the lap of the child. The latter stroked it gently, and continued his chant, but soon observed that a sharp thorn had penetrated into the ball of the animal's foot. With great tenderness, the child extracted the thorn, and, taking his bright-coloured silk handkerchief from his neck, bound it round the foot of the huge creature; whilst the attentive mother, still joyfully leaning over the parapet with outstretched arms, would probably, as was her wont, have testified her approbation with loud shouts and clapping of hands, if the attendant had not rudely seized her, and reminded her that the danger was not yet completely over.

The child now joyfully continued his song, after he had hummed a few notes by way of prelude:

"Since the eternal Eye, far-seeing,
Earth and sea surveys in peace,
Lion shall with lamb agreeing
Live, and angry tempests cease.
Warriors' sword no more shall lower,
Faith and Hope their fruit shall bear:
Wondrous is the mighty power
Of Love, which pours its soul in prayer."

If it were possible to conceive that the features of so fierce a monster, at once the tyrant of the forest and the despot of the animal kingdom, could display an expression of pleasure and grateful joy, it might have been witnessed upon this occasion; and, in very truth, the child, in the fulness of his beauty, looked like some victorious conqueror; though it could not be said that the lion seemed subdued, for his mighty power was only for a time concealed. He wore the aspect of a tamed creature, who had been content to make a voluntary surrender of the mighty power with which it was endued. And thus the child continued to play and to sing, transposing his verses or adding to them, as he felt inclined.

"Holy angels, still untiring,
  Aid the good and virtuous child,
Every noble deed inspiring,
  And restraining actions wild.
So the forest king to render
  Tame as child at parent's knee,
Still be gentle, kind, and tender,
  Use sweet love and melody."

THE END.

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